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A. C. Rogers

HISTORY
OF
THE TOWN OF PARIS,
AND THE
VALLEY OF THE SAUQUOIT;

PIONEERS AND EARLY SETTLERS; MERCHANTS, MECHANICS AND MANUFACTURERS; SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION; VETERANS OF 1812; BOYS IN BLUE OF THE GREAT REBELLION; MILLS, FURNACES AND FACTORIES; CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS; FREE MASONS', ODD FELLOWS', GOOD TEMPLARS' AND GRANGER SOCIETIES; MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY, SUPERVISORS, &C.; INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS AND FIRES;

Anecdotes and Reminiscences.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CEREMONIES ATTENDING

THE RE-INTERMENT OF COL. ISAAC PARIS.

BY HENRY C. ROGERS.

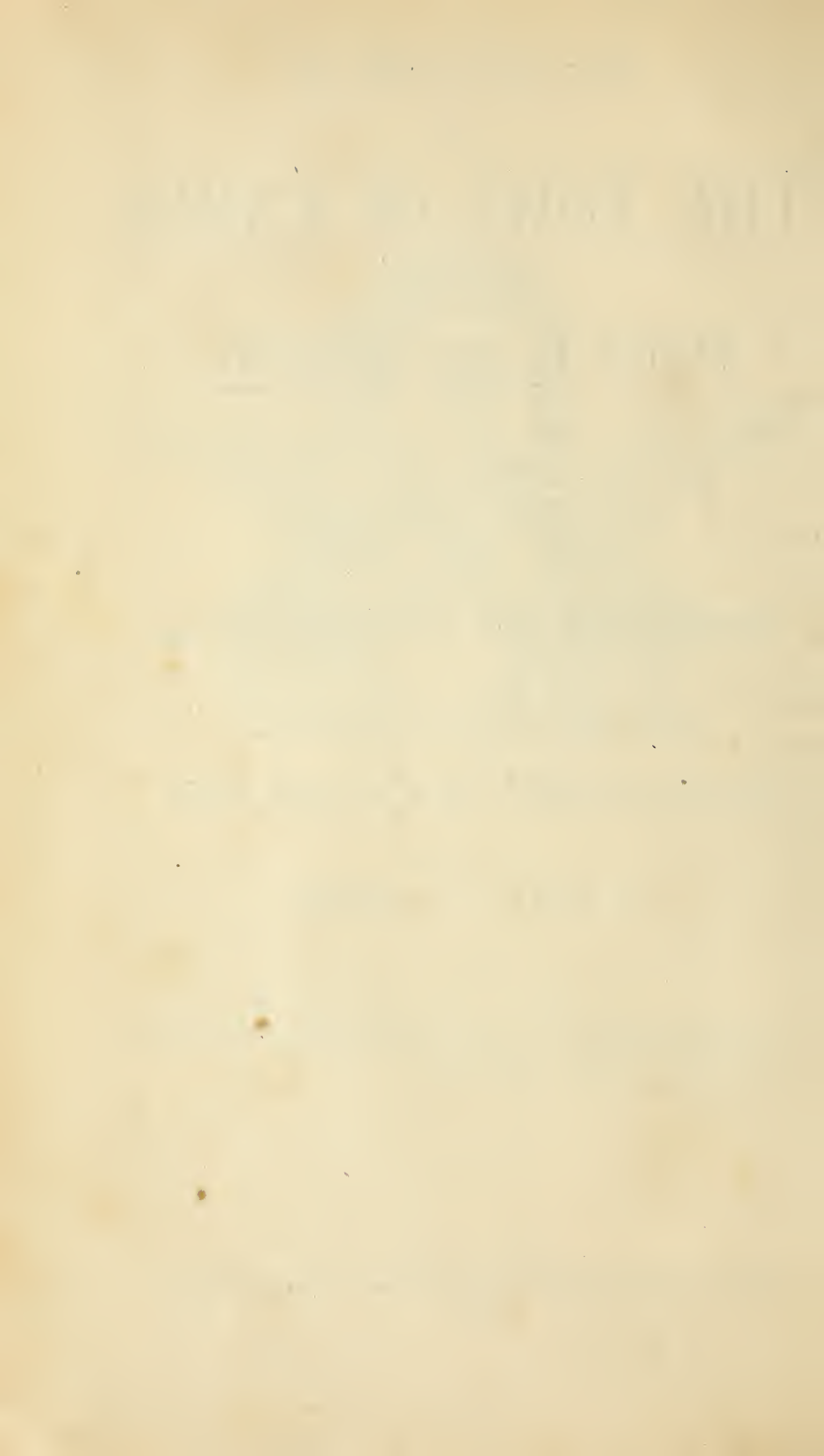
"My son, forget not my law, but let thine heart keep my commandments; and remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set."—SOLOMON.

"Set down naught in malice; or aught extenuate."

UTICA, N. Y.:

WHITE & FLOYD, PRINTERS, CORNER BROAD AND JOHN STREETS.

1881.



The author of this book, HENRY C. ROGERS, was attacked with acute rheumatism the latter part of April, 1880. The disease went to his heart and he died the 12th of May following. He bore his intense sufferings with remarkable patience and fortitude, and in several conversations with his mother during his illness, he expressed his belief in the Saviour, and his happiness in that belief.

While he was lying perfectly helpless, with rheumatism, his wife, who had been tenderly caring for him, was suddenly stricken down by heart disease. They leave two children, Harry S. and Louise E., and the proceeds of the sale of this book will be devoted to their benefit. The funeral of Mr. ROGERS was attended by his Brother Masons, at the residence of his father, in Sauquoit, and he sleeps in the Sauquoit Valley Cemetery, on the spot where the primitive forest trees were felled by his grandfather, Theodore Gilbert, the pioneer.



TO HARRIET GILBERT,

Youngest daughter of Theodore Gilbert, the Valley Pioneer, wife of Solomon Rogers, born in the "old red house," 'mid the crash and roar of falling forest trees, the mephitic smoke of charcoal pit, and the roaring, crackling blaze of brush heap and fallow, where in childhood's sunny hours, she gleefully sported at "hide and seek" among the stumps of the new-cleared lot, now tastefully laid out in well kept plots and lawns, tenderly enshrined with flowers or deciduous and ever-green shrubbery, close-shaved mounds of beautiful green dot the hillside, beneath which, one by one gathered home, sweetly sleep her once gleesome childhood playmates—now the Valley Cemetery. Generations have come and gone; the wild tangled forest steadily yielding to the sturdy hand of toil, gave place to villages, grown up beneath her gaze, with clattering mills, busy teeming factories; churches, schools and homesteads. Where the ox-cart slowly creaked along, the shrieking locomotive, in mighty grandeur, now goes thundering by, flanked with a network of wire, flashing intelligence on lightning borne. In the pleasant evening of life, old age creeping gently on, not yet resigning the active duties so long and well performed, in every walk of life; in church, neighborhood, sickness, death or the home circle, ever gentle, faithful, kind and cheery; a true type of the American wife and mother—the tenderest and best of mothers—this volume is lovingly inscribed, by her affectionate son,

HENRY.

INTRODUCTORY.

Most of the facts and incidents herewith presented, were received many years ago from the lips of those old pioneers now all gone before. Many valuable facts have been gleaned from the files of the Utica Herald and the Observer, access to which has been courteously extended. The valuable works of predecessors in this field of historical lore—"Annals of Oneida County," by Judge Pomroy Jones, "History of Oneida County," by Samuel W. Durant, and "Pioneers of Utica," by M. M. Bagg, M. D.,—have aided materially. Interesting chapters are contributed by Rev. B. F. Willoughby, Rev. Lansing Bailey, Rev. W. Watson, Hon. Lorenzo Rouse and Hon. James W. Seaton. The names of those throughout the town who have cheerfully furnished information and accorded access to family records and documents are legion. If there is any meagerness in the sketches of some few that are known to be early settlers, or manufacturers, it is owing solely to their descendants, in not responding to the request for the necessary data. The venerable Dr. L. Bishop, Daniel Blackman, Daniel Bacon, Squire Albert Barnett, Squire William Gallup, Squire Charles C. Wicks, Solomon Rogers, Julius A. Walker, Hon. Chauncey S. Butler, Hon. Eli Avery, James Avery, Gen. Leroy Gates, Col. Isaac L. Addington, George D. Dunham and William Pierce—many of them whose memories run back to the early years of the century—the editor of the Sauquoit Valley Register, H. N. Gilbert, Fulton, N. Y., and Charles C. Curtiss, Hillsdale, Mich., and the officers of the various societies, who have contributed valuable statistics, will each and all hereby accept my warmest thanks.

That the reader may find that pleasure in perusing that the writer has derived in collecting, and thus preserving the stirring incidents and interesting reminiscences in the lives of those valiant old pioneers of Paris, is the heartfelt wish of

AITCH SEA AR.



HISTORY OF TOWN OF PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY—SOME ERRORS MADE BY THE HISTORIANS CORRECTED.

So-called history is often imperfect in facts and details. In writing the history of the Town of Paris, in addition to collecting the facts, it becomes necessary to correct some of the statements of previous historians.

In Judge Jones' Annals it is recorded, page 297, that Benj. Merrills was an early settler in this vicinity. "He was a soldier in the old French War, and was one of a detachment of five hundred Connecticut troops sent to Havana, on the Island of Cuba, in that contest. It is recorded in its history that such was the unhealthiness of the climate, and the fatality of sickness, that but seventeen of their number lived to return, and of this number was Mr. Merrills." As a matter of history, Benj. Merrills was not engaged in the French War, and no record can be found that the United States Government ever sent any troops to Cuba. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and one of a company of one hundred from Hartford, Conn., that was sent to Savannah, Georgia, of whom only two survived to return—Benj. Merrills and one other.

Samuel W. Durant's History of Oneida County records on page 505, in regard to Clayville and the Empire Mills: "Mr. Hollister built the mill in 1843-44. In the latter year, Hon. Henry Clay visited the place and spoke at a meeting held in the factory, the floors having been laid and the balance remaining unfinished." Of course the above errors were the fault of the parties who furnished the information to the historians. As a matter of history, Henry Clay never was inside the Empire Mill, and never visited Clayville but once

during his life, the occasion of his visit being five years thereafter, on the 10th day of September, 1849. During the contest to elect Henry Clay, in 1844, a Whig meeting was assembled at Paris Furnace on Wednesday, August 7, and was addressed briefly by David J. Millard, who was followed by Spencer Kellogg, the speaker of the evening. The press records that at the conclusion of his address, "Mr. K. performed the ceremony of naming the village Clayville in the happiest manner." Later in the fall, the mass meeting alluded to in the Empire Mill was held, and addressed by the "Buck-eye Orator of Ohio," a Mr. Kellogg, and also a Mr. Halleck. Henry Clay was not there, but at Ashland, from which place the same day he wrote his celebrated letter to the Lexington (Ky.) Observer and Reporter, so widely published. The attempt to change Paris Furnace to Clayville hung fire until the spring of 1849. After the inauguration of Gen. Zachary Taylor, Wm. H. Barnett, the last Postmaster of Paris Furnace, was removed, and Eason Allen, the first Postmaster of Clayville, was appointed in March, 1849. In September following, the great statesman, Henry Clay, on his way to attend the State Fair at Syracuse, stopped over at Utica, Saturday, September 8th, the guest of Frederick Hollister, attended church on Sunday, and on Monday, the 10th, accompanied by leading citizens of Utica, went to Clayville, and, as the guest of D. J. Millard, in a happy speech, thanked the people for naming the village in his honor. From thence, on his return, he went to New Hartford, where he was transferred to the carriage of Walcott & Campbell, visiting New York Mills, and then returned to Utica—his first and only visit to Utica—being five years after the time recorded in the History of Oneida County by Durant.

Hon. Wm. Tracy, in his recent address before the Oneida Historical Society, in giving the history of the Methodist Church at Rome, and its difficulties in establishing a steeple to the church, says that, after submitting the question of steeple or no steeple to the General Conference at Pittsburgh, it was decided "that as the lowest section of the steeple would serve as a belfry and hold a bell to call people to church, that might stand, but that the upper section, not being

intended for use, but merely for ornament, like other vanities, should be abandoned by sober, Christian people. The judgment was submitted and carried out, and it was said that this was the first meeting-house in the land (1826) with a steeple." As a matter of fact, the Methodist Church at Bethelville, (afterwards East Sauquoit,) built in 1801, in the plain, old-fashioned, barn-like style, erected a steeple and attached it to their church in front, in the year 1816, ten years before the steeple to the Rome Church was erected.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST SETTLER IN THE SAUQUOIT VALLEY—A BLACK SLAVE'S EARLY HOME—HIS FLIGHT FROM THE INDIANS.

The great Indian trail, from the Mohawk valley west to Buffalo, left the valley at a point a few miles below where now is Utica, and entering the forest led "over the hill" and on west, crossing the Valley of Sagh-da-que-da, (Sauquoit,) where now is the village of Sauquoit; thence over Paris Hill, and onward across the Valley of Oriskany, and so on west. It was a favorite route of the Indians, by which they avoided the swampy ground of the trail at Yah-nun-dah sis, ("around the hill,") now Utica.

Many of the early settlers of those valleys went in by this trail, and, as they in time "cut it out" for the passage of their ox-teams, it came to be known as the "Old Moyer Road," taking its name from a Dutchman named Moyer, who kept a tavern in the Mohawk valley at the point where the "trail" left the valley and entered the forest for the West. At an early day, and some years previous to the settlement of Judge White, in 1784, at the mouth of the Sauquoit; or Abram Van Eps, on the Oriskany, in 1785; Moses Foot, at Clinton, 1787; Judge Sanger, at New Hartford, 1788; or Major Royce, at Paris Hill, in 1789, a negro slave, servant

of an officer of some passing detachment, en route up the valley, ran away from his servitude, boldly struck out into the forest wilds, taking this trail over the hill, not pausing in his flight until he halted in the forest free as the feathered songsters that caroled him a welcome in the beautiful valley of the Sauquoit. The Sauquoit Creek and the numerous spring brooks pouring into it from either hill-side, filled to repletion with speckled trout, was the favorite fishing ground of the "Six Nations," who from time to time crossed it on the great western trail or followed it up from the point where it debouched into the Mohawk, from which point a noted trail led up along its banks, intersecting the great trail at what is now Sauquoit village, thence up the creek, diverging into two trails at Cassville, one leading over the bluff to the headwaters of the Susquehanna (Unadilla there takes its rise) and the other following the creek to its source and thence over the summit to the headwaters of the Chenango at Skanawis, ("long swamp,") now Sangerfield. Our negro pioneer selected his future home at a point west of the creek and south of the great trail near the great elm—destroyed by tempest a year or two since—and not far from the bank of the unfailing spring brook that takes its rise on the western hill-side, at the famous spring on the old William Babbitt farm, (now Mr. Throop's.) At the foot of the little mound—the old burying ground where some of the Paris pioneers silently and solemnly sleep—the runaway slave struck the first axe (of a settler) in a tree in the great town of Whitestown, afterwards Paris. With great industry and perseverance he ere long completed a substantial and comfortable log cabin, located between the little mound and the present site of the ruins of the Franklin factory, and then set to work vigorously to clear up the land, of which he had possessed himself by right of "Squatter Sovereignty."

It was no uncommon thing in this section, in the early days, for persons to clear off the land before purchasing it, and in the end, if they did not buy it, custom required that the party who did purchase should pay for the "betterments," as it was termed. At the end of a year or two, as the fruit of well directed labor, his eyes were gladdened by a fine field of

rustling, growing corn, and the apple seeds that he planted (having obtained them by furtive visits to the German flats,) were well up in his nursery, giving promise of his future fruitful orchard, and together with other crops, prosperity seemed insured in the future—a just reward of the early Divine command, in obedience to which he had “tilled the soil.” The Indians that in their roving traversed these trails, although not then on the war-path in open hostility, yet viewed the rapid encroachment of the settlers upon and the sure destruction of their ancient forest hunting-grounds, with a jealousy verging on hatred. But bound by their treaties, influenced by the powerful arguments of the Christian missionaries, mixed with a wholesome fear of the “long knives,” “big Injun” gulped down his chagrin and did not openly revolt at the progress of the white man’s civilization. But a “nigger!”—that was too much—the drop that overflowed the bucket. Perhaps the tempting field of corn, just then at a period of its promise of future ripening—in the roasting ear—which toothsome luxury no Indian ever yet was known to pass by without helping himself, regardless of ownership—fixed their determination. At all events, the blow fell. The attack came suddenly, but the wary black, schooled from his exposed and isolated position to be ever on the alert, eluded the cunning of the wily savages and made his escape, but they confiscated his corn, destroyed his other growing crops, and by the light of his burning cabin indulged in a grand pow-wow and impromptu “green-corn dance,” making night hideous with their yelling orgies, as only an Indian can. The “negro” never returned to claim his “betterments.” The savages made general havoc and ruin of everything, save the thickly-sprouting clump of apple sprouts, which they somehow overlooked, and thus they grew unmolested, so that by the time the pioneers (white) came in they were large enough to transplant, and some of the first orchards (Cooley’s and others in the immediate vicinity) were set from the “Jim Crow” nursery, as it was called, the name even of this actual first settler being lost; but the fact of his title to pioneership outranking White’s, Van Eps’, Foot’s or Royce’s in priority, is incontrovertible. Parties still in the “land of the living” remember well the clump of young apple trees that

grew near the spot where the mighty locomotive now goes thundering over the dismantled, desecrated hearthstone of the Black Pioneer. It seems almost akin to sacrilege to do the work of verifying the facts of our early history so thoroughly as to necessitate the upsetting of all these many years, proud laudation of those who were first to fell the tree, bow the mighty heads of the forest giants, subdue the stubborn glebe and plant the blossoming orchard; and it is a positive relief to think that as the name of the poor, black runaway-slave pioneer is lost and none of his descendants are likely to put in a claim, we can go on composedly reading our histories as they are written, only, "in the mind," inserting the word "white" before the words pioneer or first settler, wherever they occur.

CHAPTER III.

THE SOUTHERN PART OF THE TOWN OF PARIS—THE GREAT WATER-SHED OF THE STATE.

Traveling south from Utica some twelve miles up the beautiful valley of the Sauquoit, and emerging from the deep cut through which the railroad passes the bluff at the junction, the tourist finds himself in an elevated plateau of surpassing loveliness, some thousand feet above the level of the sea. A little to the west reposes the quiet little village of Cassville, and a short distance to the east the limestone ridge of Babcock Hill, from out of whose solid bosom, in plain view, leaps a full grown rivulet, the birthplace of the Susquehanna River, being its extreme northern source—on the maps the head of the Unadilla—flowing gently to the south, and reaching the sea at Chesapeake Bay, some 300 miles away, at an average fall from our standing point to tide-water of only three or four feet to the mile.

Gushing from the gravel bank at our very feet, and tumbling tumultuously down through the "cut" to the north, and

through the Sauquoit to the Mohawk, a little brook accomplishes nearly the whole of this 1,000 feet plunge to sea-level, in about fifteen miles. Traveling westward through the State, along this bluff or plateau—nowhere more than about 1,000 feet elevation—this scene continually repeats itself; the north-flowing streams making this plunge to the great “sixty-nine mile level” of the Erie Canal, in a distance of say fifteen miles. Reaching a point near Syracuse, this dividing ridge bears away to the southwest, the numerous little lakes to the north of it pouring their waters through the Seneca and Oswego Rivers to Lake Ontario, while on the southerly slope of this ridge we have in succession passed the sources of the Susquehanna, Unadilla, Otselic, Chemung, and finally, in Pennsylvania, the west branch of the Susquehanna Rivers, all gently flowing to the south or southeast, and, uniting in their course to the Atlantic, go to make up the noble Susquehanna. In the extreme southwest of the State, the short mountain streams plunge northwesterly into Lake Erie, and thence hundreds of miles away, through Ontario and the St. Lawrence River, wend their way to the ocean; while the little southern-flowing rivulets wander away into the Alleghany, thence through the Ohio and Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, thousands of miles away. Than on this great water-shed of the Susquehanna, with its southern exposure—formerly the favorite hunting grounds of the most powerful tribes of the aboriginal “Six Nations”—the sun rising to-day in its course illuminates no more fertile and salubrious, and, all things considered, more perfect home for man, of like extensive area, on God’s earth. Every fruit, nut, vine, root, and cereal of the Temperate Zone is here produced in lavish abundance. Though under cultivation for nearly one hundred years, this soil refuses not her accustomed yield. No drouth or famine, plague, pestilence or malarious scourge, cyclone or devastating storms ever laid waste this favored region; but peace and plenty have here ever rewarded the earnest toil of the intelligent husbandman. Beautiful villages, sheltered in her many valleys, with their varied manufactures, churches and schools, happy homesteads dotting each spring-watered hillside, grazing cattle, selected from the choicest herds of the world, orchards and sheltering woods,

with dancing rivulets as yet preserved, stamp this whole fair region a wonderful panorama of rural beauty, most fit wherein to develop the highest type of manhood. The former savage occupants of this fair region have passed away, and a few relics, curiously wrought flint arrow-heads and stone implements, brought to light by the plow, to find their way into the cabinet of the antiquarian, with the quaint names they affixed to the rivers, lakes and creeks, alone tell the tale that they once existed here.

The dusky, half-naked hunter, creeping stealthily through the dark forest, with softened tread of moccasined feet, was all unconscious that he was treading over hundreds of massive marine engines, with their immense proportions, capable of propelling great ships, with their thousands of tons of freight, and whole colonies of the human race, through the ocean from zone to zone, to every land and clime; eighty thousand miles of railroad—three times the span of the earth—now gridironing these United States, with thousands of locomotives thereon, thundering and screeching from ocean to ocean; clattering looms and millions of humming spindles; ponderous columbiads; whole cities of iron fronted buildings; bridges spanning wide rivers at dizzy heights; millions of various implements of mechanics and husbandry—all this and more, buried beneath his feet—simply iron and coal. This painted “hair lifting” barbarian has been “lifted” out of the path of civilization, and all this wealth and wondrous mechanism “lifted” into existence, from out the bowels of the earth, within the memory of men yet moving among us.

To preserve, and transmit to succeeding generations, these happy homes, is the solemn, imperative duty of their present favored occupants. To insure this, the forests must be preserved, as their further depletion perils the very existence of this vast area of fertility. A country denuded of its forest growth, and the mountain streams drying up, the rivers dwindle away and a barren waste is the certain, inevitable result of such improvidence. The yearly growth of the present forest area will safely furnish the necessary building and fencing material, but in no event should more be cut for fuel. Coal is, then, the only solution for this problem, and, fortu-

nately, the great river that drains this whole region, as it reaches the Wyoming valley, and thence towards the sea, flows over vast deposits of this indispensable substitute for wood. A flowing river with slow current would suggest, to the skillful engineer, a system of "slack-water" navigation, to cheaply place this much needed coal at the firesides of those consumers "up the river." Such was the idea of the projectors of the Chenango Canal, who foresaw this, our present necessity, and builded for us well, as far as they went, and to fully secure to this generation the benefit of their wise forethought, it only remains for us to complete what they began, and build that canal through to the coal mines.

On the northern boundary of this region—and equally distant from the coal deposits on the southern boundary—are situated two cities at either extremity of the long Erie Canal level: Utica, with its great iron beds, and Syracuse, with her immense salt deposits. To interchange economically these three heavy and important staples, coal, iron, salt, a water communication is absolutely essential. To perfect this desired result a link of a few miles below Binghamton remains unfinished. Nature and the skill of man have already combined to render this great water-way easily attainable. Nestling among the hills of Madison, at the source of the Chenango River, are numerous capacious reservoirs and lakes, furnishing a never-failing supply of water to float this great commerce on the summit; and the abundance of water and the easy grade en route along the Chenango and Susquehanna Rivers, render this so necessary attainment of a water-way to the coal mines, not only practicable, but almost ready-made to our hands. Can we afford to throw away such opportunities of future economy, in which the prosperity and happiness—the existence even—of this whole region, is so vitally interested? The able and patriotic statesmen who planned so well for us are no more. They were wont to point with a State pride to our "internal improvements"—the canals—as the foundation of our pre-eminence as a commercial State, and they were right. Albany, Troy and Buffalo, Syracuse and Oswego, Utica and Binghamton, Elmira and Rochester, are the cities of importance in the State, and every one of

them owe their existence and prosperity to canals at whose termination they are located. New York city, the unrivaled metropolis of this great country, directly owes such prominence to the same cause in conjunction with the Hudson River and the great lakes. Of bituminous coal lands there are in America, 200,000 square miles, and 8,000 square miles in Great Britain. In the United States there are only 450 square miles of anthracite coal, of which the Philadelphia & Reading Company own one-third, the balance being held by private individuals and the other coal companies.

The so-called inexhaustible coal measures of Pennsylvania are being steadily and fast depleted in this present generation.

Many in this vicinity will remember Mr. Archibald, the distinguished engineer, who, after assisting in the construction of the Erie Canal, turned his attention to the development of coal, and projected the system of "gravity railroads," with stationary engines, to transport the coal from the Lackawanna valley over the mountain to the terminus of the Delaware & Hudson Canal, thence by which to reach tide-water.

His combined system of gravity roads and canal attests his wisdom and skill, and has proved the most economical of any plan yet devised to move coal, and he lived long enough to see the mines, at the northern part of the valley, where operations were first commenced, exhausted of coal, and the great mining companies pushing their operations further down the valley to new fields.

When those fields are exhausted, we must look to the West for cheap coal, for underlying the great States of Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and Ohio, is embedded the largest area of coal yet discovered, and although soft-bituminous of inferior quality, it may yet serve our successors in a great need.

This great belt of coal extends east and nearly to the seaboard, gradually improving in quality in its progress east, and changing successively at each stage from dirty, imperfect bituminous, to good gas coal; semi-bituminous; Sullivan county; Lackawanna valley—tolerable anthracite; and cul-

minating lastly in Lehigh valley coal, the best and purest anthracite yet discovered. Further east near the sea-board it "crops out" as graphite or plumbago.

The coals underneath Ohio and portions of Kentucky are rich in bitumen and petroleum, and furnish us our best gas coals. At Breckenridge, Ky., some years since, and previous to the great Rebellion, the coal in that region was distilled, producing a coal oil for lubricating purposes, and similar to our afterwards discovered petroleum. When we reach the western part of Pennsylvania, the coal proves still richer in petroleum, and just at this point happened one of the most important discoveries of which the human family has any record. At a period when the whale fisheries had proved inadequate to furnish us with light and lubrication, and resort was had to the fatty pine of the South, substituting for us camphene, burning-fluid, etc., and when the gory hand of war laid an embargo on this supply, then indeed was the North a place of darkness; but garnered up in the bowels of the earth, accumulating since the time when "the stars sang together," was a reservoir awaiting this our dire necessity.

That somebody at this critical period chanced to "strike oil," even to the casual observer seemed remarkable, but do not we rather in this recognize the superintending hand of Him who doeth all things well; an echo of that Divine command reverberating along down through time from the remotest period of which we have a history, the grandest seven words in any tongue spoken of men—"Let there be Light, and Light was," and that His will guided the fortunate drill that pierced this pent-up reservoir of light, bursting forth to illuminate our homes and work-shops, and furnish at hand an article of export ranking next in importance to cotton and the cereals, and which we send to every civilized clime?

The latent power which forces the oil to the surface is sulphureted hydrogen gas, confined in the rock strata and coal through which the oil percolates.

This gas is always found with this grade of coal, but it by no means follows that the presence of this gas is a sure indication that coal or oil can there be found, as it exists with the numerous sulphur spas throughout the country, and in many

marshy localities, is very offensive to smell, will blacken silver and some other metals, and is in large volumes fatal to life.

In many parts of the country the presence of this gas has led adventurous capitalists to "bore for oil" in regions far remote from the great coal belt and oil basin, and where it is geographically impossible to find either coal or oil.

With anthracite coal is found carbureted hydrogen gas, fatally known as "fire damp;" when mixed with eight or ten volumes of air it explodes with terrific violence, forming highly expanded steam and carbonic acid gas, or "choke-damp," and the miner that escapes the explosion of the former is frequently smothered with the latter.

Traveling further east along the coal belt in Pennsylvania, we find the Morris Run and Fall Brook coals, which are semi-bituminous—i. e., not quite anthracite, nor yet bituminous, but having characteristics of both. It is a valuable coal for the purpose of generating steam for locomotives, for which it is being generally used, to the exclusion of wood, as it ignites readily, blazes fiercely, and makes steam rapidly.

Its adoption by our railroads proves timely in another respect, as their enormous consumption of wood for fuel and ties threatened the extinction of our forests, which scientists assure us would change the atmospheric conditions of our continent, dry up our streams, and render this fertile land of ours a howling desert.

This may be true; if so, it is fortunate that the evil is somewhat mitigated in the use of this coal.

It is noticeable that streams in our immediate vicinity are much reduced in volume of late years, and since the cutting off of the forests along the banks and at their source.

The Sauquoit Creek, once noted throughout the State as one of the best water-powers therein, has diminished in volume fully one-half within the memory of residents there who are yet young enough to read this without spectacles, and their teeming mills and factories have been forced to curtail their production to that extent, or add the steam engine.

There are miles enough of railroads in the United States, including double tracks, turnouts, &c., to extend more than

three times around the globe, and at every sixteen inches of this vast mileage a railroad tie is imbedded.

A person starting from New York, or any of our seaboard cities, could walk on ties from ocean to ocean and from Maine to farthest Texas, without once putting foot to ground, and to traverse all our vast network of roads in this manner would consume, using ordinary working hours, many years, and all these ties must be renewed every seven years. They are cut from small trees, the size in diameter of the tie, that should be growing to supply the place of the old and failing trees of our forests, and the aggregate acres denuded of trees for this purpose is truly appalling and sufficient to devastate some of the kingdoms of Europe, and lay waste every living tree within their borders, and, at no distant period, iron suitably constructed with regard to elasticity must take the place of wood for ties.

CHAPTER IV.

TOWN OF PARIS AS FIRST FORMED FROM WHITESTOWN.

The town was named in honor of Colonel Isaac Paris, of Fort Plain, Montgomery County, N. Y. The first settlers at Clinton, (then in the town of Whitestown,) in 1788, did not raise sufficient crops during the year to sustain themselves and the new-comers in 1789, and famine, in all its horrors, stared them in the face, the stock of wheat flour and the old crop of potatoes being entirely exhausted, and in this emergency a committee went to Fort Plain to obtain supplies, if possible. Isaac Paris, a merchant and miller of that place, consented to supply them on the only terms that they were able to offer. They, not having either gold or silver, proposed to pay him at some future time in ginseng, which abounded in the forest, the roots of which were then an article of export to China, where ginseng was supposed to be an antidote to the plague. Mr. Paris accordingly loaded a flat-

boat with flour and meal, and sent it up the Mohawk to the mouth of the Oriskany Creek, where the precious cargo was transferred to log canoes made by the settlers, who, by means of paddles, ropes and setting-poles, worked it up the creek as far as the present Clinton factory, where it was unloaded, and thence transported in carts to the little settlement. Its arrival was the occasion of great joy. A recent notice of the funeral of Irving Paris, which was held in St. Mark's Church, New York, on Sunday, November 2, 1879, reads: "The deceased was one of the few remaining nephews of Washington Irving, and was a highly respected member of the bar. His father, Daniel Paris, was a lawyer of some distinction in his day, having represented Montgomery County in the State Senate, and filled other offices of importance. Isaac Paris, whose name is perpetuated by a township, was grandfather of the deceased. Daniel Paris married Catherine Irving, (sister of the author,) and both are now among the dead. At the funeral of Daniel Paris, at St. Mark's, twenty-five years ago, there were Washington Irving and others of the old-fashioned gentry—all of whom are now passed away. Among those present on the recent funeral occasion was the venerable Judge Ulshoffer, father-in-law of the deceased, who is now eighty-three. Thirty years ago he was a prominent member of the judiciary, but now he lingers in the community as a memorial of the past. What an old man to bear a part as a mourner at a funeral!"

April 10th, 1792, the town of Whitestown was divided, and the town of Paris formed as follows: Beginning at Stillman's bridge, on Oriskany Creek; thence southeasterly to the house of James Fairwell, on lot 80 in the seventh division of Cox's Patent; thence southerly in a direct line until it meets the New Hartford road, where it crosses a creek a few rods west from the house of Samuel Wells; thence southerly in a line to the southwestern corner of lot No. 7 in the eleventh division of Cox's Patent; thence due east to the line of German Flats; thence southerly along said line to Tioga County; thence westerly along the line of Tioga County to the western line of the Twenty Townships; thence northerly to the line of Oneida Reservation; thence along the last line to the

line of Westmoreland; thence along the last line to the place of beginning. This great township, embracing what is now several counties, was named by the inhabitants Paris, as a tribute to their generous benefactor of "the year of scarcity," Isaac Paris. The first town-meeting, April 2d, 1793, was held at the house of Captain Moses Foot, at Clinton, at which the following officers were chosen: Supervisor, David Ostrom; Town Clerk, Henry McNeil; Assessors, Joshua Holiburt, Joel Bristol, Daniel Chapman, Benjamin Barnes, Ithamar Coe, Joseph Farwell, William Babbitt; Commissioners of Roads, Amos Kellogg, Simeon Coe, Stephen Barrett; Poormasters, Timothy Tuttle, Levi Sherman; Constables, Jesse Curtiss, Amos Dutton, Nathan Marsh; Fence-Viewers, Barnabas Pond, Joseph Plumb, Borden Wilbur, Joshua Preston; Poundmaster, Amos Kellogg.

In 1794, Sangerfield, Oneida County, Sherburne, Chenango County, and Brookfield, Hamilton and a part of Cazenovia, Madison County, were taken from Paris. At this period, the territory thus far mentioned was in Herkimer County. March 15th, 1798, by act of the Legislature, Herkimer County was divided, and the Counties of Chenango and Oneida were formed, Paris being within the limits of the new-made County of Oneida. In 1827, Kirkland (including Marshall) was taken off, but in 1839 a small portion of Kirkland was reannexed to Paris on the northwest part of the town.

The present town of Paris, State of New York, County of Oneida, is situated in the southeast part of the county, in latitude 42 deg. 54 min. north, longitude 1 deg. 38 min. east from Washington, and is bounded on the north by the towns of New Hartford and Kirkland; on the south, by Bridge-water and Marshall; on the east, by Litchfield, Herkimer County, and on the west, by Marshall and Kirkland. Its surface is a hilly upland, broken by the valley of Sauquoit Creek. The hills bordering this valley approach the mountainous; Paris Hill rising to a height of 840 feet above Sauquoit; Tassel Hill, in the southwest portion of the town, named after a Dutchman named Van Tassel, who once lived there, being the highest point of land in the county, and rises

2,100 feet above the level of the sea, and 1,680 feet above Utica. Paris has an area of 19,310 acres, the soil being a sandy, calcareous loam. It has a population of 3,593. There are four post-villages: Paris, Cassville, Clayville and Sauquoit—Clayville having a population of 944, and Sauquoit 459. Holman City, a small village in the southeast part of the town, has a population of 75. The western portion of the town is included in Cox's Patent, and the eastern portion (rather more than one-half) in the Free-Mason's or Bayard's Patent, the line dividing the Patents running through the town from north to south, somewhat west of the center. Limestone abounds in the hills on both sides of the valley, which is quarried for building stone and for lime burning. Most of the ravines, on each side of the creek, display the red slaty formation of the Clinton group. In the Holman City gorge, and also in the Dexter brook, near Clayville, is found a limy, porous formation, called "horsebone." In the southern part of West Sauquoit is found the Burning Spring, highly charged with sulphureted hydrogen gas, which ignites and burns readily. The waters of this spring are similar in taste and give about the same analysis as the Richfield Spring. Indications in the hills favor the conclusion that the Sauquoit valley was once a lake. At Coe's hill, in the Todd gravel bank, some 400 feet above the creek, the layers of gravel in strata, intermixed with shells, have a striking appearance of the shore of a lake. The southern part of the town is one of the great water-sheds of the continent—rivulets contiguous to each other flowing north into the Mohawk, and thence through the Hudson into the ocean, and others flowing south through the Unadilla and Susquehanna to the ocean at Chesapeake Bay. The Sauquoit Creek takes its rise at the base of Tassel Hill, flows to the southeast a distance of three miles to Cassville, where it makes a sharp bend to the north, flowing through the central part of the town, thence through New Hartford and Whitestown to the Mohawk, its entire length being seventeen miles, falling in the distance 1,014 feet, or an average of 60 feet to the mile, constituting one of the most noted water powers in the State for manufacturing purposes. The first settler in the town was Major

Amaziah Royce, who located near Paris Hill, in the spring of 1789, on the old Pioneer road leading from Sauquoit, and intersecting the Oxford turnpike, a little north of Paris Hill. The next settlers were John and Sylvester Butler and Asa Shepard, in December, 1789, who also located on the old Pioneer road, about one-half mile west of Sauquoit, up the hillside. The first settler in the valley was Phineas Kellogg, in December, 1789, about one-half mile north of West Sauquoit. The next settler in the valley was Theodore Gilbert, with his family, in the spring of 1790, at the Burning Spring, at West Sauquoit. The first settler on the "old Moyer road," between Sauquoit and Paris Hill, was William Babbitt, with his family, on what is now the Throop farm, in 1790. The first settler at East Sauquoit was Lieutenant Spencer Briggs, in the spring of 1791. The first settler on the old Moyer road, east of Sauquoit, was Simeon Coe, in the spring of 1791. Captain Abner Bacon settled at West Sauquoit in the spring of 1791. His son, Kendall Bacon, was born July 5, 1791—the first male child born in Sauquoit. Molly Gilbert, daughter of Theodore Gilbert, born August 26, 1791, was the first female child born in Sauquoit.

CHAPTER V.

AREA—POPULATION AND PRODUCTS—MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY—
SUPERVISORS—VOTES FOR GOVERNOR.

Population:—1800, 4,721 ; 1810, 5,418 ; 1820, 6,707 ; 1830, 2,765. The town of Kirkland (including Marshall) was formed from Paris in 1827. 1840, 2,844 ; 1845, 3,097 ; 1850, 4,283 ; 1860, 3,762 ; 1865, 3,595 ; 1870, 3,575 ; viz: Native born, 2,835 ; foreign, 740 ; colored, 4. Cassville—population, 152 ; native born, 140 ; foreign, 12. Clayville—population, 944 ; native born, 667 ; foreign, 277. Holman City—population, 75 ; native born, 73 ; colored, 2. Sauquoit—population, 459 ;

native born, 397; foreign, 62. 1875—population, 3,593; native born, 2,899; foreign, 694; colored, 6; aliens, 115. Males of voting age, 983; native born, 656; naturalized, 239; aliens of voting age, 88; voters 895; subject to military duty, 636, (between 18 and 45 years old;) of school age, males, 486; females, 503; owners of land, 421; cannot read or write, 72. 1874—Area, 19,310 acres; improved, 16,812; wood-land, 1,969; other than wood land, 429. Value of farms, \$1,528,170; dwellings, \$636,425; farm buildings, \$198,770. Value of stock, \$193,326; tools and implements, \$63,320; produce sold, \$199,774; area plowed, 3,742; pastured, 7,328; mown, 5,242 acres; hay, 7,875 tons; grass seed, 86 bushels; barley, 393 acres, 10,679 bushels; buckwheat, 45 acres, 870 bushels; corn, 657 acres, 24,892 bushels; oats, 1,346 acres, 49,628 bushels; spring wheat, 52 acres, 665 bushels; winter wheat, 101 acres, 2,609 bushels; corn fodder, 89 acres; beans, 16 acres, 180 bushels; peas, 24 acres, 433 bushels; hops, 192 acres, 116,467 lbs.; potatoes, 583 acres, 72,081 bushels; apples, 22,667 trees, 21,597 bushels, 922 bbls. of cider; maple sugar, 275 lbs., 412 gallons syrup; honey, 630 lbs.; horses, 664; colts, 35; mules 1; poultry owned, \$3,815; sold, \$2,311; eggs, \$3,501; cattle, 166; yearlings, 276; calves, 439; bulls, 181; oxen and steers, 62; slaughtered, 128; cows, 2,108; cows for factory, 1,020; butter made in family, 155,342 lbs.; cheese made in family, 4,375 lbs.; milk sold, 6,247 gallons. Sheep, wool shorn, 561; weight, 2,280 pounds. Lambs, 396; slaughtered, 65; killed by dogs, 14. Swine, 457; pigs, 379; slaughtered, 636; pork, 167,239 lbs. Population, 3,593; families, 779; houses, 749; persons to a family, 4.61; to a house, 4.80.

VOTES FOR GOVERNOR.

1801—*George Clinton, 47; Stephen Van Rensselaer, 612.

1804—*Morgan Lewis, 128; Aaron Burr, 403.

1807—*Daniel D. Tompkins, 143; Morgan Lewis, 412.

1810—*Daniel D. Tompkins, 187; Jonas Platt, 465.

1813—*Daniel D. Tompkins, 158; Stephen Van Rensselaer, 500.

*Elected.

- 1816—*Daniel D. Tompkins, 186; Rufus King, 433.
 1817—*DeWitt Clinton, 340; Scattering, 8.
 1820—Daniel D. Tompkins, 129; *DeWitt Clinton, 430.
 1821—For Constitutional Convention, 272; Against, 409.
 1822—For Constitutional Convention, 252; Against, 269.
 1822—*Joseph C. Yates, 621; Scattering, 14.
 1824—Samuel Young, 287; *DeWitt Clinton, 704.
 1826—William B. Rochester, 233; *DeWitt Clinton, 511.
 1828—*Martin Van Buren, 165; Smith Thompson, 319.
 1830—Enos T. Throop, 205; Francis Granger, 261.
 1832—*William L. Marcy, 214; Francis Granger, 317.
 1834—*William L. Marcy, 219; William H. Seward, 397.
 1836—*William L. Marcy, 146; Jesse Buel, 204.
 1838—*William L. Marcy, 237; William H. Seward, 197.
 1840—William C. Bouck, 244; *William H. Seward, 315.
 1842—*William C. Bouck, 225; Luther Bradish, 229.
 1844—*Silas Wright, 264; Millard Fillmore, 316; Alvan
 Stewart, 66.
 1846—Silas Wright, 228; *John Young, 272.
 1848—Reuben H. Walworth, 112; *Hamilton Fish, 299;
 John A. Dix, 241.
 1850—Horatio Seymour, 272; *Washington Hunt, 385.
 1852—*Horatio Seymour, 269; Washington Hunt, 325;
 M. Tompkins, 95.
 1854—Horatio Seymour, 249; *Myron H. Clark, 336; G. C.
 Bronson, 28.
 1856—Amasa J. Parker, 155; *John A. King, 503; Erastus
 Brooks, 43.
 1858—Amasa J. Parker, 126; *E. D. Morgan, 469; L. Bur-
 rows, 14; Gerrit Smith, 1.
 1860—William Kelly, 260; *E. D. Morgan, 515; J. T. Brady,
 1; William Goodell, 1.
 1862—*Horatio Seymour, 248; James S. Wadsworth, 482.
 1864—Horatio Seymour, 286; *R. E. Fenton, 530.
 1866—*John T. Hoffman, 296; R. E. Fenton, 557.
 1868—*John T. Hoffman, 318; John A. Griswold, 515.
 1870—*John T. Hoffman, 294; Stewart L. Woodford, 478.
 1872—Francis Kernan, 285; *John A. Dix, 479.

*Elected.

1874—*Samuel J. Tilden, 284 ; John A. Dix, 407.

1876—*Lucius Robinson, 359 ; E. D. Morgan, 485.

1879—Lucius Robinson, 358 ; *A. B. Cornell, 399 ; John Kelly, 7 ; Harris Lewis, 5 ; Rev. J. W. Mears, 13.

First Governors, (not voted for in town of Paris) 1777, George Clinton ; 1795, John Jay.

MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY FROM PARIS.

1798—Henry McNiel, David Ostrom.

1799, 1800, 1801, 1803—David Ostrom.

1805—Thomas Hart.

1806—Uri Doolittle.

1808, 1809—David Ostrom.

1810—Henry McNiel.

1813—Henry McNiel.

1815—Jesse Curtiss.

1816—Martin Hawley.

1819—Henry McNiel.

1822—Uri Doolittle.

1827—Gardiner Avery.

1835—William Knight : (Official Canvass) 4,746 votes, William Knight, 1 ; Billy Knight, 1 ; Captain Knight, 1 ; Bill Knight, 1 ; (scattering,) Uncle Joe, 1 ; Eliza Bowen, 1 ; Mrs. Alvan Stewart, 1 ; John Mott's dog, 1 ; "Perish Credit," 1 ; Misses Noah Propper, 1 ; Miss Braymans, 1 ; Old Stephens, 1 ; Delia Williams, 1 ; "Anti Bank," 4 ; "No Bank," 1 ; Little Jonny Stryker, 1 ; Ben Peck, 1 ; Mrs. Phillips, 1 ; Nel Tucker, 2 ; Andrew Jack, 2 ; Martin Van Buren, 2 ; William L. Marcy, 1 ; Bill Peckham, 1 ; The ladies of the Utica mob, *alias* First Judge, 1.

1843—Justus Childs.

1851—Chauncy S. Butler.

1854—Levi Blakeslee.

1868—Eli Avery.

1871—Martin L. Hungerford.

1876—James Corbett.

*Elected.

- 1794—David Ostrom.
1795—George W. Kirkland.
1796-97—Jesse Curtiss.
1798—Thomas Hart.
1799-1805—Jesse Curtiss.
1806-7—Isaac Miller.
1808-17—Jesse Curtiss.
1818—Ebenezer Griffin.
1819—Henry McNiel.
1820-23—Jesse Curtiss.
1824-27—Othniel Williams. The act dividing the town and creating Kirkland was passed April 13, 1827, and a second election was held for Paris, at which Henry McNiel was chosen Supervisor and re-elected in 1828.
1829—Jared P. Todd.
1830—Henry McNiel.
1831—Theophilus Steele.
1832—Jeremiah Knight.
1833-34—Jared P. Todd.
1835-37—Constant H. Wicks.
1838—Jeremiah Knight.
1839-43—Naaman W. Moore.
1844—George M. Brownell.
1845-49—David J. Millard.
1850-51—Sterling A. Millard.
1852-53—William S. Bartlett.
1854-55—Eli Avery.
1856—William Gallup.
1857—Justus Childs.
1858-59—Barzilla Budlong.
1860-62—Harvey Head.
1863-64—Frederick S. Savage.
1865—D. J. Millard, who resigned on account of ill-health—
Harvey Head appointed to the vacancy.
1866—Eli Avery.
1867—Eli C. Green, resigned, and Samuel B. Rhodes, at a special meeting, was elected to the vacancy.
1868-70—Harvey Head.

1871-72—Martin L. Hungerford.

1873-75—Harvey Head.

1876-77—William F. Mould.

1878—Harvey Head.

1879-80—A. J. Rhodes.

CHAPTER VI.

PARIS HILL. (P. O., PARIS.)

Paris Hill, called by the Indians Ga-nun-do-gee, signifying *hills shrunk together*, was the first settlement in the town of Paris, Major Amaziah Royce being the pioneer and first settler in the town, on the farm now owned and occupied by Colonel Isaac L. Addington, northeast of the village, on the "old Pioneer road." The village is 1,660 feet above the sea-level, and 1,240 feet above Utica.

In the spring of 1791, Major Royce, a hero of the Revolution, with axe on his shoulder and knapsack on his back, bidding adieu to his wife, (Mary Wright,) took his line of march from Shaftsbury, Vt., for the wilderness of Central New York. In due time, reaching New Hartford, he pushed on up the hill, alone, in the wilderness, and selected his future home near what is now Paris Hill. A few rods east of the present residence of Colonel Addington, beside the little spring, he erected his log-cabin, and, single-handed, commenced his battle with the forest, and with his gleaming axe felling the mighty trees of the primeval growth, to which, when felled, he applied the torch, burning them up to clear the land, thus making ready to put in his crops for the coming season. During the summer, a Mr. Babcock came in, (about one-half mile west, on the Abram Bartlett farm, afterwards,) and commenced clearing off the land, neither being aware of the other's proximity. One day, the wind blowing favorably from the east, Mr. Babcock, pausing in his work,

distinctly heard the steady, repeated strokes of an axe, borne on the wings of the wind. He immediately started out, with axe over his shoulder, guiding his footsteps by the increasing sound, to ascertain who his unknown neighbor might be. In due time arriving, he found the sturdy Major hard at work, who extended a cordial, hearty welcome, glad in the companionship of a new found neighbor. They at once repaired to the cabin, where, in eager conversation and discussing such hospitality as the Major could tender his guest, the moments sped unheeded away, and to the surprise of both, the darkening shades of the forest night settling down, abruptly terminated their visit, and Mr. Babcock started through the woods for his cabin. On the way, and when near the "Dresser pond," in clambering over the trunk of a large fallen tree, he came face to face with a huge she-bear, with two cubs, who at once showed fight, when Mr. Babcock hastily dropping his axe, nimbly climbed a tree. Although he was for the time safe, having, with a frontiersman's tact, selected a tree too small for a bear to grasp and climb, still, alone in the woods, night fast approaching, and "treed" by a she-bear with cubs, who persisted in keeping guard with angry growls at the foot, was not altogether a pleasant situation, and he did the only thing to do in the emergency—shouted at the top of his voice for Major Royce, whose attention was at length attracted by the continued hallooing. Arming himself and lighting a torch, he hastily set out, and following the direction of the shouts, before long reached the spot, the bear retreating into the forest at the approach of the flaming torch. At early dawn the next day, they together set out, properly armed, to hunt the bear, but did not succeed in finding her; they, however, were fortunate enough to secure both of the cubs.

Mr. Babcock did not permanently locate there, but sold out his "betterments" (not having purchased the land) and settled elsewhere. The following year, Major Royce went back to Vermont and brought forward his wife, and also brought on various seeds, supplies and utensils, and, among other things, two small pigs, for which on his arrival he built a strong log-pen near his log-house, to protect them from the bears. On two occasions his wife, during his absence, some

distance from the house at his work, defended those pigs and drove bruin from the pen—once by belaboring him with a large old-fashioned fire-poker, and at another time her weapon being a pitchfork. The Indians were at that early day somewhat troublesome, and on one occasion the Major discovered one of the dusky braves in his cornfield helping himself, and, taking a circuitous route, came upon him unexpectedly, and gave him a tremendous “thrashing,” and he was never again annoyed by them. His wife had lived here six months without seeing any of her own sex, when her desire to see a woman was gratified by a visit to their log-house of a squaw, whom she welcomed heartily with a kiss. Among the seeds he brought with him were a considerable variety of medicinal plants, which he planted and raised for use in case of need, for in the event of sickness there was no physician in all that section. Many of those plants still, though after the lapse of ninety years, grow among and thrive around the ruins of the old hearthstone of the pioneer. He also, among other things, brought silk-worms and planted mulberry trees, thinking to make their own silk. Of the apple trees which he started, one still stands, like a lone sentinel, the oldest apple tree set out by a white man in the town of Paris. He was very successful in “clearing up” and improving his farm, and in a few years it was looked upon as one of the best farms on “the hill.”

They had several children born to them in the old log-house near the spring, two of whom died and now lie in unmarked graves in the old orchard. In May, 1806, he sold out his farm to Henry Addington, grandfather of the present occupant, and removed to Westmoreland, where he purchased another farm. Later on, he removed to Marcellus, where he died July 30, 1814, aged 49. His family consisted of six sons: Daniel, William, Hiram, Clark, Charles and Henry; and three daughters: Polly, Betsey and Catharine. Two of the sons alone survive: Clark, in Cleveland, Ohio, and Henry, the youngest, who, hale and hearty, bearing his 73 years lightly, resides in New Hartford. Charles was long and favorably known on the “hill,” where he pursued the tanning business for many years. He passed away in the prime of life, leaving a wife and family. His widow again married

(to William Osborn) and again widowed, passes her declining years pleasantly with her son, Spencer Royce. The surviving daughter, Mary, wife of Milton R. Hubbard, resides in Buffalo. William Royce, the second son of the pioneer, lived for many years at Sauquoit; in early days carrying on a cooper shop, and later, the tannery there. He was born May 19, 1793, and married Mercy, daughter of Hobert Graves, January 4, 1815. Their children were, William Harrison, Eliza, George W., Henry M., Jane E. and George W., 2d, who married Lucy A., daughter of Alpha Smith, the millwright. She died April 16, 1858. Henry M., who carried on the tannery for many years at East Sauquoit, married Martha, daughter of George Wadsworth, now both deceased, two children surviving them: Eugene, residing at New Hartford, and Cornelia M., wife of Julian A. Rogers, of Providence, R. I. After a busy life, prominent in all the various civic, military and educational enterprises of the village, William Royce was gathered to his repose, September 1, 1870, at the advanced age of 77. There survive of his family: his eldest son, William Harrison Royce, a well-known business man of Utica; a daughter, Jane E., wife of Hon. Martin L. Hungerford, also of Utica, and the youngest son, George W., in a western State. Mary Wright, the wife of the Paris pioneer, and the first white woman that made a home in the wilderness of Paris, after the death of her husband, came back to the old neighborhood, and married Martin Porter, a widower, whose farm adjoined her old home, and who, coming from Connecticut, settled there in 1792. He has many descendants from his first wife, who reside in the "Porter neighborhood." They were gathered "home" almost literally together: he, June 16th, she, June 20th, 1843, in the 75th year of her age.

Colonel Timothy Tuttle was the first settler at the village proper of Paris Hill. In the year 1788, in company with twenty families, (Rev. Samuel Kirkland among the number,) he settled at Clinton, on the now "Royce farm," where he built the first frame house in the town. His daughter, Miss Merab Tuttle, was drowned in the Oriskany Creek in the spring of 1788. In crossing the creek on a log extended

from shore to shore, when near the center of the creek, she became dizzy and fell into the stream, which was swollen into a spring freshet. Her companion, Miss Anna Foot, daughter of Captain Moses Foot, had just previously crossed in safety, and at once gave the alarm, and assistance was promptly on hand, but such was the force of the current that she was swept down stream and under a pile of drift-wood, and when recovered life was extinct. Her sudden and untimely fate created a profound sensation, and cast a deep gloom over the little community. At the funeral, there being no clergyman in the frontier settlement, Captain Foot offered the prayer, and Nehemiah Jones, father of Hon. Pomroy Jones, read an appropriate sermon. Her grave was first dug on "the green," but it being thought too wet, she was buried in the south part of the present burying-ground, which was then a part of her father's farm. The scene of the fatality was a little below the site of the bridge, on the road to the college; no bridge, however, at that day spanned the stream. Her death was the first among the settlers. Colonel Tuttle, having accepted the position of Land Agent for the sale of land at what was afterward Paris Hill, erected the first framed house and took up his residence there. The house was built on the site, and is a part of the house afterward in 1806 the tavern of Jesse Thomson, and now occupied by Mr. D. C. Addington as a residence, and is opposite the road leading to Clinton. Colonel Tuttle was a prominent man in the early affairs, and one of the first officers chosen at the organization of the town of Paris, at the first town meeting, April 2, 1793. He gave to the village the land that forms the east half of "Paris Green"—other citizens contributing the west half. He was a leading, influential member of old Amicable Lodge, No. 25, F. and A. M., being made a Mason in that Lodge, under the Mastership of Judge Sanger, in 1793.

About the year 1803, Eli Moore occupied this building as a store, and until about 1806, when Jesse Thomson converted it into a hotel. Eli Moore was a mason by trade, and in company with Hon. Uri Doolittle, also a mason, built the first brick building in Utica, for J. P. Dorchester, at the lower end of Genesee street, near Bagg's Square. Mr. Moore married a daughter of Mr. Doolittle. His nephew, Leonard Moore, now

in his 91st year, and residing in Utica, was his clerk in the store, the only other store on the Hill being kept by a Mr. Stanton, father of Daniel Stanton—these two stores being the first on Paris Hill. Leonard Moore was born in Union, Tolland County, Ct., August 28, 1789, and about the year 1800 came with his father to Vernon; thence soon after engaged with his uncle, Eli Moore, on Paris Hill.

Henry Addington, who purchased the "pioneer farm" of Major Royce, and settled thereon in the spring of 1806, was born at Greenwich, Conn., September 18, 1751, and died in the house now on the farm, September 9th, 1834. His son Henry, who succeeded to the farm, was born in the town of Oyster Bay, Long Island, May 1, 1781, and in the same room in the old house in which his father died, he, too, passed away, September 23, 1863, in the fullness of years, aged 82. At his death the title of the old pioneer farm was vested in his son, Colonel Isaac L. Addington, the present occupant, who was born in the same old house, February 25, 1824. It is a coincidence that his brother, David C. Addington, born in the same house, now owns and occupies the pioneer frame house on "the hill," erected by Colonel Tuttle. The Major Royce farm was in lot 41 of the seventh division of a patent of 47,000 acres, granted to Daniel Coxe, &c., and subject to quit-rents to be paid to the State annually, at the rate of "two shillings and six-pence sterling for one hundred acres." The quit-rents were finally commuted by Henry Addington for the sum of \$400, paid into the State Treasury, as per certificate issued to him at Albany, November 18, 1818, and signed by John Eli, Jr., Deputy Comptroller, and Gerritt L. Dox, Treasurer. The commutation was effected in accordance with an act of Legislature for all such cases.

Some of the land in the vicinity of Paris Hill was owned by General George Washington. The deed of the old place of Darius Scovil, in 1804, where he settled, coming from Watertown, Litchfield county, Conn., was from the executors of George Washington's estate. Some years later, Bushrod Washington, (a kinsman,) visited Paris Hill to look after the lands in that vicinity that had fallen to him as legatee of George Washington. Governor DeWitt Clinton also owned lands in the vicinity, as legatee of his father.

The original deed to Major Royce was given September 15, 1794, and bears the signature of Will Coxe, of the city of Burlington, N. J., and witnessed by Edwin Shippen, Jr., and Jedediah Sanger. Salmon Hecox, a Revolutionary veteran, born in Barrington, Ct., in 1760, came to Paris in 1796, and settled on the farm now occupied by his grandson, George Hecox, where he died in August, 1826, which was in lot No. 23, Coxe's Patent, seventh grand division. One deed signed and witnessed same as Major Royce's, was issued to him and Martin Porter, November 19, 1798, jointly, they afterwards dividing the land into two farms. Will Coxe was the principal proprietor of Coxe's Patent, embracing 47,000 acres.

Benjamin Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, Jr., John Humaston, the Simmons brothers, (Aaron, Adams and Abel,) and Stephen Barrett, came in soon after Major Royce. Mr. Barrett was one of the town officers chosen at the first town meeting, April 2, 1793. Luther Richards, Fobes and Jonathan Head, Darius Scovil and his sons Isaac, Seabury and Edward, were also early settlers. A post-office was early established here, the first postmaster, Henry McNiel, being the first town clerk, and was afterwards supervisor and member of Assembly. Samuel Stiles, David, his son, and Peter Selleck were early settlers. Captain Uri Doolittle, Captain Gideon Seymour and Eli Blakeslee were also early settlers and prominent men in town. Captain Doolittle was sent to the Legislature several times. Jesse Thomson came from Connecticut with his brother, Dr. Gurdon Thomson, to Paris Hill in 1806, his son, Jesse E., being 6 years old. He was a farmer and also kept a popular hotel for many years in the first house built on the hill, (by Colonel Tuttle,) where D. C. Addington now resides. His brother, Dr. Gurdon Thomson, was the father of Samuel Thomson, the well-known dry goods merchant in Utica in 1822, whose store was a few doors below the Ontario Branch Bank, and known by the sign of "the green door and brass knocker;" a gigantic gilt knocker being placed on the door of the second story over the entrance. He went to California in the early days of gold excitement, and with his wife now resides at Oakland, in that State. Polly Thomson, daughter of Jesse Thomson, married Norman Gridley, a brother of the late Judge Gridley, of Utica, and her

son, Judge Thomson Gridley, now resides in Jackson, Mich. Jesse E. Thomson succeeded his father (Jesse) in business and was a prominent man at Paris Hill for many years, finally removing to Utica about 1848, where he afterwards died. His sons, Milton, LaMott, Mortimer and Jesse, well-known in business circles in Utica, and a daughter, Mrs. William Bailey, survive him, as well as his widow, now well advanced in years, who was the daughter of William Babbitt, a Revolutionary soldier, who, with his father, Nathaniel, were both in the war, much of the time in or near Boston. Among the first grievances that led to the Revolution was the duty imposed on tea, which at length culminated in a public meeting, November 29, 1773, which resolved "that the tea should not be landed, that no duty should be paid, and that it should be sent back in the same vessel." Vessel after vessel arrived in the harbor, and finding they could not unload, desired to return with their cargo to England, but Governor Hutchinson refused to grant permission for them to pass the castle. The agitation increased, and a large meeting was held December 18, 1773, addressed by Josiah Quincy. In the evening, the question was put, "Do you abide by your former resolution to prevent the landing of the tea?" The vote was unanimous in the affirmative. Application was again made to the Governor for a "pass." After a short delay, his refusal was communicated to the assembly. Instantly a person, disguised like an Indian, gave the "war-whoop" from the gallery. At the signal, the people rushed out of the house and hastened to the wharves. About twenty persons, in the dress of Mohawks, boarded the vessels, and protected by the crowd on shore, broke open three hundred and forty-two chests of tea, and emptied their contents into the ocean. Nathaniel Babbitt was the hero of the "war-whoop," and one of those twenty "Mohawks" at that celebrated "tea party" that precipitated the Revolution. His son, William, was 17 years old when he enlisted, and thereafter served through the war. In the spring of 1791, he left Middlefield, Ct., with his family, and took his way to the wilderness of Central New York. Arriving at Utica, he was offered the land now comprising the city and extending well out towards New Hartford, for twenty-five cents per acre, but concluded to go on, and up

the Sauquoit valley, where he purchased a farm one-half mile west of Sauquoit, on the "Old Moyer Road," (the Indian trail from the Mohawk to Buffalo,) being the first settler on that road to Paris Hill, paying fifty cents per acre, and thereon erecting a house, commenced his battle with the wilderness. At that time there were but three houses at Paris Hill. He became a prominent man in town, and at the first town meeting, at the house of Captain Foot, at Clinton, (then Paris,) held April 2, 1793, was chosen one of the first Assessors. The old farm that he cleared off is now occupied by Mr. Throop. He had a large family and many descendants, his son, the late Miller Babbitt, being long identified with the growth and business of Waterville; one daughter married Daniel Prior, a veteran of "1812," and son of Jesse Prior, a pioneer and Revolutionary soldier; another daughter married Charles Robinson, the old Justice of the Peace of Sauquoit, and another daughter, Widow Jesse Thomson—verging upon 80—now of Utica, is the only survivor in this section; the only surviving son (Curtis) resides in Flat Rock, Ohio. When he settled on the Moyer Road, the nearest grist-mill and the nearest doctor were at Whitestown. Some years after he settled here, his brother, Nathaniel, Jr., came on and settled near Holman City, but afterwards removed to East Sauquoit, where he kept tavern in the house now occupied by Asher Gallup. One of his sons (George) died many years ago; the other, (Benjamin,) who is remembered as an active, enterprising lad—when a mere boy peddling razor strops and notions on "training days," or any occasion that called together a crowd—survives him and resides in New York—B. T. Babbitt, the millionaire soap manufacturer, of world-wide fame, and proprietor of the extensive machine shops at Whitesboro, and the only descendant of a Paris pioneer who has attained to a colossal fortune. October 29, 1831, William Babbitt, hero of the Revolution and a pioneer of Paris, at the ripe age of 75, after filling well his station in life, folded his arms and went to his rest, now calmly reposing in the old burying ground on the little mound at West Sauquoit, past which bubbles dancingly down the clear running brook, flowing from the famous spring that bursts from the hillside of his old pioneer farm and home.

Dr. Amos G. Hull was the pioneer physician of Paris Hill. He was a fine physician and one of the best surgeons in the country. He removed to New Hartford, in 1796, and was that year made a Mason in old Amicable Lodge, and was the first physician there. On the organization of the Oneida County Medical Society, in 1806, he was elected its first president. He removed to Utica in 1811. He was the pioneer manufacturer of hernial trusses in 1817. He was a second time president of the Oneida County Medical Society in 1820, and a permanent member of the State Medical Society. About the year 1821, he removed to New York, and died about 1835, while on a visit in Connecticut. His successor at Paris Hill was Dr. Sampson, who, about the year 1810, took Dr. Judd in partnership, and in 1812, during the epidemic or typhus fever that raged fatally on the Hill, sold out to Dr. Judd, who practiced for many years, and was succeeded by the late Dr. Larrabee, who practiced there during his lifetime, and at his death was succeeded by Dr. H. R. Hughes, the present physician.

There were two distilleries on the "Hill," one carried on by a Mr. Haywood and the other by Samuel Addington, who also carried on a pot-ashery. Other pot-asheries were carried on by Mr. Mott, Southard & Hammond, and John Grandy.

Justus and Julius Munson, the Kingsburys, Tompkins, Val Pierce, Isaac Welton, Erastus Weber, Uri Doolittle, Jr., and his son Carlos, John J. Wicks, Leander Richards, Isaac Scovil, Lysander and Harvey Head, John Bailey and William Richards are well remembered farmers south of the Hill; Anson Hubbard, William Burrett, Seabury Scovil, Abram Bartlett, the Walkers, Hecoxes, Porters and Seth Smith, (father of John Smith,) Thompsons and Neals, prominent farmers north; also Hon. Levi Blakeslee, member of Assembly in 1855, 1864 and 1867, and the Simmonses, Seymours, Laphams, Paul Bailey and Scoffields near the village, also Schuyler Hubbard, deputy sheriff and noted detective, and Ralph Head. The late Chester Scoffield being the first male child born there. On the Moyer Road, towards Sauquoit, Tillinghast Simmons and Beriah Head, also prominent farmers. Joseph Greenhill kept the tavern on the corner. George W. Head was a noted merchant there for many years and until about 1849, when he

was succeeded by Porter C. Huntley. Daniel Kelley and William Wooden, about that time, were also merchants. D. C. Addington, more recently, and the present merchant and postmaster is William H. Ferris. John Wicks was a sailor, and born in East Hampton, Long Island, April 11, 1764, and married Sally Bartlett, December 17, 1789. When the British took Long Island, he removed to North Guilford, Ct., and from there came to Paris, in 1800. He lived in the old church three weeks, and then located on the old "pioneer road" on the high ground south of the road and opposite the location of Major Royce, where he lived to a good old age, respected by all, dying May 3, 1836. He had seven children. His son, Constant H. Wicks, was a prominent man in town, Justice of the Peace, and several times Supervisor. He finally removed to Clinton, where he died a few years since. He was first elected Supervisor in 1835, with the following (Whig) ticket :

For Supervisor, Constant H. Wicks; For Town Clerk, David J. Millard; For Assessors, Thomas W. Dixon, Horace Bartlett, Caleb Green; For Overseers of the Poor, John Baily, Jr., Moses Gray; For Commissioners of Highways, John J. Wicks, Orange Barber, John D. Campbell; For Commissioners of Common Schools, James M. Gray, Charles C. Wicks, Jeremiah Knight; For Inspectors of Common Schools, Leveritt Bishop, Rufus Priest, Alonzo Gray; For Constables, Camp Griffin, Joseph Greenhill, Gersham Randall, Hiram Holman; For Collector, Camp Griffin; For Justices of the Peace, William Walker, William J. Eager; For Sealer of Weights and Measures, Jordan Gray.

Another son, (John J.,) farmer, and holding various offices in town, resided during his lifetime in the Doolittle neighborhood, with the exception of a few years' proprietorship of the Hollister House, (now Murray House,) Clayville, the management of which he assumed in 1850. The only surviving one of the family is 'Squire Charles C. Wicks, born in 1811, who resided many years on the old farm, and but recently removing to the village, where he now resides. He has repeatedly been honored by his townsmen, being elected Justice of the Peace and to various other positions. His son, Rev. John B. Wicks, is the present rector of St. Paul's Church, and is educating four Indians of the far-western tribes, in the

Christian religion, that they may go back to their tribes as missionaries.

In the olden time the town-meetings were held in the old church on the green, and when the hour for voting arrived, the legal voters were assembled in the church, a table was placed at the door, at which was seated the old Justice of the Peace, 'Squire Asahel Curtis, who, placing his hat on the table, in lieu of a ballot-box, received therein the votes, which were written by the voters and deposited with uncovered head, in the old 'Squire's hat, as they one by one passed out. When the church was thus emptied, the polls closed. Elections were held at six different polling places in town, consuming three days. First day, morning, at Paris Hollow, (now Cassville,) at Stanley & Marsh's distillery storehouse, about 40 voters; afternoon, Paris Hill, in old church, about 100 voters. Second day, morning, East Sauquoit, Henry Crane's tavern, about 100 voters; afternoon, West Sauquoit, Savage's tavern, about 100 voters. Third day, morning, school-house, near Babcock Hill, about 30 voters; afternoon, Paris Furnace, (now Clayville,) at Schollard's tavern, (afterwards "Hod" Luce's,) receiving about 50 votes. They then repaired to Deacon Howard's grocery, adjoining his brewery, near the old Paris furnace, and proceeded to count up. Later on, the town-meetings were held in rotation, Paris Hill, Sauquoit, Clayville and Cassville, and the past few years at Clayville solely. The town is now divided into two election districts, with polling places on election day at Sauquoit and Cassville. 'Squire Charles C. Wicks has been clerk or connected with the counting of the ballots and receiving votes at every election for more than forty years.

As an incident of the period when New York was a "slave State," Tracy Wilmot traded a merino sheep for a negro slave, who, being afterward freed by the law, went away, but finally came back and died at Paris Hill.

A BEAR HUNT.

At an early day a bear crossed the green, and being discovered was hastily pursued by men and dogs, and run to a point near Major Royce's, where he was treed. In the haste no

one had taken forethought to bring a gun, so, while the men and boys surrounded the tree to keep bruin up there, Captain Whitney went up to John Wicks' and got his old "queen's arms" musket, which he loaded with "nine buckshot and a ball"—the traditional bear charge—and returning to the tree took deliberate aim and blazed away, when down came the bear badly wounded, but not *hors de combat*, and old "Bose," the favorite dog of Major Royce, pitched in, but the bear with a stroke of his paw nearly severed his throat, and put him out of the fight, but the Major, flying to the relief of his dog, single-handed, with an axe, dispatched the bear. "Bose" bled profusely, and all supposed he was fatally wounded, but he eventually recovered. The bear was taken in triumph to Colonel Tuttle's tavern, on the Hill, where they held an old-fashioned carousal, day and evening, dressing the bear, dividing the spoils, and keeping the flip-iron hot. They were the leading men in town, and such was then the custom, that their revelry excited no surprise or comment, but such a "spree" now-a-days of the leading men in town would "astonish the natives."

AN OLD-TIME WOLF HUNT.

In the year 1805, a wolf crossed the road between the Hill and Seabury Scovil's place, and led off across the lots, and crossing the Sangerfield road below the green, and so on down near the Doolittle neighborhood. He, being discovered, was soon pursued by a number of the villagers on horseback, the snow being very deep at the time, and was finally brought to bay in the woods near the tannery, south of the Hill, (near the Carlos Doolittle place,) where he was shot by Hubbard Howe. Jesse Thomson, who was well mounted on a powerful horse, took Mr. Howe on horseback behind him, and with the wolf on the horse in front of him, he headed the procession for the Hill, followed by Leonard Moore and a large number of others on horseback, who had joined in the chase, and with shouts of triumphant rejoicing, finally arrived at Stanton's store on the west side of the "green." Arriving here, it was decided that as Mr. Howe had shot the wolf, he should have it, provided he bought a gallon of New England

rum for the party, to which he readily consented; and they all proceeded to make merry in an old-fashioned jollification. Mr. Howe could well afford to "stand treat" liberally, as the bounty for killing a wolf was at that time \$60.

Samuel Addington was clerk at Stanton's store; was afterward in the pottery business in Utica, and later on, removed to Buffalo. His son, Charles Addington, met with an appalling death, in the summer of 1849, while visiting Niagara Falls. At the foot-bridge above the cataract he playfully held a little girl of his party over the rushing waters, who, in her fright, struggled from his grasp and fell into the seething rapids. He plunged in to the rescue, and both were swept over the falls.

THE GREAT WOLF HUNT IN THE WINTER OF 1831.

A large he-wolf crossed the Genesee turnpike a little west of Dunham's Half-Way House, on Sunday, January 23, 1831. He destroyed for Mr. Abraham Bartlett, of Paris Hill, the same night, eleven fine sheep. He bent his course south, through Paris, Bridgewater and Brookfield, probably for the great Chenango swamp. He was pursued through these towns by the inhabitants, in a very promiscuous and irregular manner, each man for himself, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, when he was wounded through the flank by Mr. Burdick. On Wednesday noon, a party of energetic and high-spirited young men, of Paris Hill, sixteen in number, viz., Julius D. Walker, Abram Bartlett, J. Mabbett Mott, Stephen G. Mott, Cornelius Palmer, Samuel Collins, James Smith, John A. Brooks, Schuyler Hubbard, Charles Royce, Beriah Head, Lewis Babbitt, (Frederick S. Savage and Stephen Hull, of Sauquoit,) Cornelius Strong and ——— Welton, combined and formed themselves into a junto, resolving to pursue him until taken. By this party he was headed in a swamp on Beaver Creek, a little north of Bailey's Corners, in Brookfield, Madison County, about sunset. In the evening, they marshaled themselves into regular and well-disciplined small parties, with the best possible understanding of arrangements by signs, sounds and gestures. At peep of day all were at their posts, assisted particularly by a Mr. Denison,

of Brookfield, by request, to put them on the track where he had left him on the evening before. At about 7 o'clock in the morning, he was shot through the head, at a distance of about seven rods, by Mr. Denison, in the lair where he had lodged during the night. He had destroyed but one sheep in that section. He was then hung up in a sleigh, on a gallows about ten feet high, with a tri-colored flag flying on a pole twenty feet high. As they passed in this manner triumphantly through the villages of Bridgewater, Paris Furnace, (Clayville,) and Sauquoit, on to Paris Hill, they were greeted with shouts of applause. He was on exhibition for several days at Thomson's Inn, Paris Hill, suspended in the air on a gallows, with the tri-colored flag still flying.

ANOTHER WILD ANIMAL KILLED ON BEAVER CREEK.

An old hand-bill, printed in 1864, reads as follows :

Go and See the Brookfield Panther.—Mr. John P. Reynolds, of Unadilla Forks, having purchased this celebrated animal, will exhibit him in this place for a short time.

The history of this fine specimen of Panther is in brief as follows: His cry was heard by various persons during the past year on the "Dry Lots" in Paris, and all about the valley of Beaver Creek, in the town of Saugerfield and Brookfield, also on Wharton Creek, in Exeter, and he had killed a large number of sheep in different parts of the country.

On the 20th of December, 1864, Mr. Nathan P. Langworthy, of Brookfield, Madison Co., N. Y., lost three sheep, and attributed it to dogs, and had damages awarded by the town authorities. On the 23d he lost two more from his barn. Following a suspicious looking track he found the Panther under an upturned tree; it came out, and Mr. L. "made tracks" for some of his neighbors, who went out armed with shot guns and hounds. Mr. H. H. Dennison and Mr. Cheesbro soon came up to a tree, against which Cheesbro leaned and heard a snarl above. They fired at him twice, when he came down part way and then jumped 30 feet at a leap, made for the Bascom Swamp. The hunters followed him and found him at bay under a tree-top. A Mr. Ramsdell, 16 years of age, came up with his rifle and gave him his death blow. The party fired five shots, three of which took effect, the last of which was fired by Mr. Ramsdell.

It is thought that this same animal carried off a pig belonging to Mr. Henry Babcock, of Clarkville, a short time

ago, as he had been seen in the woods near by, and had also been heard upon Mr. B.'s house.

Competent judges concur in the belief that he is the largest and finest specimen on exhibition in this State. He measures six feet and six inches in length, weighs one hundred pounds and stands as he was killed.

A look at him will convince the most skeptical that he has muscle enough to make him the terror of the forest.

Admission 10 cents. Children under 10 years, 5 cents.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, (EPISCOPAL,) PARIS HILL.

This is the oldest Episcopal Church in the State of New York, west of Johnstown. The matter of establishing the church was initiated as early as 1795. Upon the arrival of the Blakeslees, in the year 1796, the subject was again agitated, and in the fall of that year, on "general training" day, those present that were Episcopalians, met in an *ox-cart* and took the preliminary steps for an organization, so soon as ten could be found to constitute the legal number for a vestry. The prime movers in the matter were Captain Uri Doolittle, Captain Gideon Seymour and Eli Blakeslee, Revolutionary veterans. The first formal meeting of members was held February 13, 1797. The following is a copy of the minutes:

PARIS, February 13, 1797.

At a meeting of the members of the Protestant Episcopal order, legally warned and met at the dwelling-house of Selah Seymour, and proceeded according to an act for the relief of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the State of New York, as follows:

Firstly, chose Gideon Seymour, Chairman.

Secondly, chose Selah Seymour, Clerk of Meeting. [Selah Seymour was made a Mason in old Amicable Lodge, No. 25, in 1796.]

Thirdly, chose Eli Blakeslee, Senior Warden.

Fourthly, chose Gideon Seymour, Junior Warden.

Fifthly, chose eight Vestrymen, as they stand: Uri Doolittle, Benjamin Graves, Peter Selleck, Epaphroditus Bly, (Bligh,) Selah Seymour, Thomas Stebins, George Harden, Noah Humaston, Silas Judd.

Same time voted, That the Monday after Easter Sunday shall be held as a day for election to Church Wardens and Vestrymen.

Then voted, The name of the Church shall be styled and called St. Paul's Church, in Herkimer County.

Voted to dissolve this meeting the 31st of February, 1797.

The following is the record of the second meeting :

Met on Monday, 17th April, 1797.

Chose Gideon Seymour, Chairman.

Chose Selah Seymour, Clerk.

Firstly, chose Gideon Seymour, Senior Warden.

Secondly, chose Eli Blakeslee, Junior Warden.

Chose Jonathan Thorn, Uri Doolittle, Thomas Dakin, Benjamin Graves, Thomas Stebins, Abram Bailey, Peter Selleck, George Harden, Vestrymen.

Chose Thomas Dakin and Eli Blakeslee, clerks to read public service.

Chose Thomas Dakin and Selah Seymour as a committee to settle with Mr. Ellison and Mr. Steele for the services that they have done for us. (Mr. Ellison, familiarly known as the "English Domine," was rector of an Episcopal Church in Albany; Mr. Steele was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Paris Hill.)

Voted, That Thomas Dakin and Selah Seymour shall furnish a Society Book, and be allowed for it by the Society.

Then dissolved the meeting, April 17, 1797.

Regular services commenced the following Sunday, Eli Blakeslee reading the service and Selah Seymour the sermon, and no Sunday has gone over since that time that the church has not been opened and service held.

The first clergyman that paid them a visit was the Rev. Robert Griffith Wetmore, on the 14th of November, 1797, when he administered the rite of baptism at the houses of Peter Selleck and Uri Doolittle, at which time he baptized Rufus Lockwood Selleck, Jesse Selleck, Drake Selleck, Mary Selleck, Ebenezer Lockwood Selleck and George Selleck. Father Nash visited the parish, December 10, 1798; Rev. Philander Chase, December 16, 1798; and during the next few years, Rev. John Urquhart, Rev. Mr. Thatcher, Rev. Mr. Judd and Rev. Davenport Phelps. In 1809, Rev. Amos G. Baldwin officiated as rector, one-half the time in Utica, and also at Paris and Fairfield, and until 1814. Bishop Moore visited in 1810, and Bishop Hobart in 1812, each confirming a number of persons. In 1814, Rev. William B. Lacey officiated, and Rev. William A. Clark and Rev. Mr. Nash in

1815. In 1817, while the latter was at Paris, \$2,000 were raised by subscription to build a church, \$475 of which was raised by Darius Scovil and his sons, Isaac, Seabury and Edward. Rev. Mr. Huse was here from 1817 and until after 1819. From 1824 to 1828, Rev. Algernon S. Hollister officiated. He is remembered as a very eloquent speaker. He was "made a Mason" in Paris Lodge, No. 346, December 6, 1824, and afterward delivered the address when they celebrated St. John's Day. During the year 1828, Rev. Orsamus H. Smith, "the first clergyman to devote his undivided attention to the welfare of the parish," began his rectorship, and continued until 1833. The rectors since have been: Revs. Henry Peck, until 1844; Isaac Swart, 1844; John Hughes, 1845; William Baker, 1847-53; M. Northrup, occasionally in 1854; William Atwell, 1854-57; William J. Alger, 1857-68, Rev. John B. Wicks was lay-reader during the latter year, and until November, when he was ordained, and has since been the rector of the parish, and officiates also at Clayville and Bridgewater.

Their first church edifice was erected about 1800, and afterwards used as a dwelling, and finally burned. The present frame church was erected in 1818, and consecrated by Bishop Hobart, September 20, 1819, who that day confirmed seventy-nine persons. Memorial inscriptions: A marble tablet near the entrance reads:

"Erected to the memory of the Founders and First Vestry of St. Paul's Church, Paris. Organized the 13th of February, 1797. Eli Blakeslee, Senior Warden; Gideon Seymour, Junior Warden; Vestrymen, Uri Doolittle, Selah Seymour, Benjamin Graves, Thomas Stebins, Peter Selleck, George Harden, Ep'o's Bly, Silas Judd."

On the windows are inscribed as follows:

"In memoriam: Isaac Scovil, vestryman of the parish 28 years, between 1808 and 1861, and warden from 1844 to 1855. Died December, 1861, aged 81."

"In memory of Anson Hubbard. Died December 28, 1863. He was a vestrymen of this church thirty-two years."

"In memory of Nabby Hubbard, who died September 11, 1857."

"Gift of the family of Charles P. Davis, and in memory of the Rt. Rev. William Heathcote DeLancey, first Bishop of

Western New York. Born October 8, 1797. Died April 5, 1865."

The organ in the church is a very old one, and believed to be the first one in the county. November 16, 1801, a subscription was raised amounting to \$4.85, to purchase a bass-viol, but the ancient musician thereof is unknown.

OBITUARIES FROM THE PRESS.

William Osborn was born in Fairfield, Ct., November 2, 1779; removed to Waterville, N. Y., about 1805, and afterward to Paris Hill, where he resided until his death, which occurred June 15, 1853, aged 74 years. He has since his childhood been a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and for more than forty years a constant attendant at St. Paul's, Paris Hill. Although living for thirty years a distance of six miles, and a great portion of the year the roads in very bad condition, the weather or roads were never an obstacle to his attendance at church, unless of quite as formidable a character as would be necessary to suspend secular pursuits during the week, and his energy was such that business was never allowed to stop for trifles, and the business of the Sabbath was to go to church. The faithfulness and energy which characterized Mr. Osborn as a Christian, was exhibited in all the relations of life. He was honest, active, energetic, ever at his post of duty, and his advice might always be relied upon as sound and prudent. His place in the church and in society, it will be difficult to fill. He died in peace, patiently bearing the pangs of an acute disease, and looking forward with holy hope to a joyful resurrection.

David Stiles, son of Samuel Stiles, the Revolutionary veteran, born in Southbury, Ct., April 11, 1773, came to Paris Hill in 1801, where he lived and died, January 18, 1870, aged 97 years. The last of our pioneer churchmen has passed away. Coming to Paris Hill when thirty years of age, he dwelt among us almost sixty-seven years, knowing the parish in its infancy, and in all the years of its life and growth to the present time. His life was ever an exemplary one—active and faithful when in health, calm and hopeful under

the great infirmities of his advanced age. For twenty years his life was heavily burdened, and he rarely left his dwelling; yet, in all the long, weary hours of waiting, "patience did her perfect work." His faith never once grew dim, but brightened as the time drew near the evening of life, and in the blessed hope of a joyful resurrection, he rested from his labor. To our parish wealth in saintly living, our venerable brother has contributed a goodly portion; and for the good example which he set before us, we yield hearty thanks to our Heavenly Father, feeling that the second Master will bring the living to a blissful reunion with the fathers gone before.

PARIS RELIGIOUS SOCIETY, (CONGREGATIONAL,) PARIS HILL.

This was the first religious society in the town, and was formed of five members: Solomon Wright and his wife Sibil, Timothy Tuttle and his wife Mehitable, and Reuben Fowler, who met at the dwelling-house of Timothy Tuttle on the 29th day of August, 1791. Dr. Jonathan Edwards, pastor of a church in New Haven, Ct., while on a visit to the "frontier settlements," came by appointment and performed the office of moderator, examined their "letters" from the churches whence they had removed, drew up a confession of faith, church covenant, rules for admission of members, and they organized under the style of the "Second Church of Christ in White's Town." (Dr. Edwards, during the same visit, organized churches at Clinton and New Hartford.) The first church edifice was a small, barn-like affair, built in 1791 and not finished off inside. Colonel Tuttle, after a time, purchased it and converted it into a barn, and a larger church was erected on the "green," near the west side, with a very tall steeple. The bell in the steeple was brought from Albany in a sleigh by Peter S. Scofield, (who died August 11, 1865, aged 84,) and was the first church bell in town. The church on the green was finally torn down, and a new one erected on the present site, which burned in the fall of 1856, the old bell being destroyed in the conflagration, which lit up the whole surrounding country. The fire department of Utica—so bright was the light—were called out, supposing the fire

to be on Corn Hill; not finding it there, the engines pushed on up to Cemetery Hill, from whence they discovered that the fire was on the distant height of Paris Hill. The present church was on the site of the burned one, and also a session-house north of it, which was afterwards enlarged by the Good Templars to a suitable size for the purpose of their meetings. Rev. Eliphalet Steele was the first regular pastor of the society, coming from Hartford, Ct., and was installed July 15, 1795, and continued its pastor until his death, which occurred October 7, 1817. The table-stone over his grave in the old church burying ground reads:

This Monument is erected
to the memory of the
Rev. ELIPHALET STEELE, A. M.,
by his affectionate Church,
In testimony of
their respect for his talents,
and gratitude for his
faithful labors
in the pastoral office.
Watchful and diligent,
An impartial inquirer
after truth,
An able defender of the
Christian faith.
He was born at Hartford, Conn.
June 26, 1742,
Graduated at Yale College, 1764,
Was ordained to the work of
the Gospel Ministry
at Egremont, Mass., 1770,
Dismissed from his pastoral charge
in that place, 1794,
Installed at Paris, July 15, 1795,
Died Oct. 7, 1817, aged 75.
The Church in Paris,
of which he was the first Pastor,
was formed by the
Rev. Jonathan Edwards, D. D., in 1791,
of 5 members.
When Mr. Steele was installed,
it consisted of 19,
273 were added during his ministry,
and at the time of his decease
there were 193 members.

During Mr. Steele's pastorship, he assisted in forming churches at the following places, viz :

August, 1795, at Litchfield ; September, 1796, at Hamilton ; March, 1797, at Sangerfield ; May, 1797, at Steuben ; June 14, 1797, at Paris, " Hanover Society." (now Marshall.) This was the third church in Paris. February 19, 1798, a church was formed out of Paris' first church, at Fish Creek, (Camden,) with eight members ; June 9, 1798, at Bridgewater. 13 members ; June 19, 1798, at Norwich Corners, 11 members, from the churches in Paris, Whitestown and Litchfield ; August 23, 1799, second church at Litchfield, 10 members. The church at Paris Hill finally adopted the Presbyterian form of government. The last great " revival" took place in 1849, under the pastorship of the late Rev. S. W. Brace, since which time it has gradually dwindled down to a small membership, Rev. B. F. Willoughby, of Sauquoit, officiating as pastor each Sunday afternoon.

Rev. Mr. Steele was the author of a book, the title page of which explains its scope, and reads :

FIVE DISCOURSES :

CONTAINING

A careful inquiry into the nature of the religion God enjoined
on the Church under the Old Testament dispensation.

BEING

AN ATTEMPT TO VINDICATE THE BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

ON

A plan in some respects

NEW.

BY THE

REV. ELIPHALET STEELE, A. M.,

Pastor of the First Church, in the town of Paris, [N. Y.]

“He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.”—*Jesus Christ*.

“These were more noble than those at Fesalonica in that they received
the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily
whether these things were so.”—*St. Paul*.

“Search the Scriptures.”—*Jesus Christ*.

SHERBURNE: (CHENANGO COUNTY.)

PRINTED BY ABRAHAM ROMYEN, FOR THE AUTHOR.

1805.

Although it has gone into history that Rev. Mr. Steele was the first pastor of the church, it is nevertheless well authenticated that the Rev. Asahel S. Norton, pastor of the church at Clinton, in 1792, and for forty years thereafter, officiated at this church, as well up to the time of Rev. Mr. Steele's arrival in 1795.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

Paris Lodge, I. O. G. T., No. 22, was instituted January 29, 1878. The first officers were, Orson D. Head, W. C.; Mrs. Carlos Simmons, R. H. S.; Mrs. W. D. Lapham, L. H. S.; Mrs. H. M. Rouse, W. V. T.; H. M. Rouse, W. Sec.; Miss Marie Bailey, W. A. Sec.; John E. Head, W. F. Sec.; Dr. H. R. Hughes, W. T.; Fred Simmons, W. Chap.; George Spicer, P. W. C.; Joseph McDermott, W. M.; Miss Del. Bard, W. D. M.; Miss Jennie Osborn, W. I. G.; William R. Alport, W. O. G.; Colonel Isaac L. Addington, D. Number of charter members, 63.

The Lodge leased the session house of the Presbyterian Congregational Society for fifteen years, free of rent, on condition that they keep it in repair and insured, with the privilege of putting on the needed addition of 20 feet in length, which cost the Lodge nearly or quite \$300, which becomes the property of the Society by reversion at the end of the fifteen years. It is one of the strongest Lodges in the county in numbers and influence, and has enrolled among its members many of the best citizens of the place, whose character and zeal has placed them in the front rank in the Order. Although it has not been in existence two years, its present Worthy Chief was elected County Chief at the session of the County Lodge, held at this place, in October, 1879. H. M. Rouse and J. E. Head have held the position of Chief since the first organization. Present officers: Orson D. Head, W. C.; Miss Marie Bailey, R. H. S.; Mrs. Charles Tompkins, L. H. S.; Mrs. I. L. Addington, W. V. T.; Eliat Simmons, W. Sec.; Medwill Throop, W. A. Sec.; Floyd Throop, W. F. S.; William Osborn, W. T.; H. M. Rouse, W. Chap.; John E. Head, P. W. C.; Herbert Jones, W. M.; Miss Jennie Goodwin, W. D. M.; Miss Mary Head, W. I. G.; Charles Tompkins, W. O. G.; M. D. Lapham, D. Number of members, December 1, 1879, 104.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS HILL.

Hon. Lorenzo Rouse, member of Assembly in 1850, 1851 and 1865, who has long resided in the immediate vicinity, writes as follows :

My knowledge of the early history of Paris, is, of course, limited as to personal observation, my first acquaintance with it having commenced in the spring of 1816, that is, twenty-seven years after the first settlement was made, which was at Paris Hill and vicinity. The first settlement in the town was in 1789. It was then in the town of Whitestown, and was the fourth settlement in the county, Whitestown being the first in 1784, Clinton in 1787, Utica in 1788, and Paris in 1789. The first settler at Paris Hill was Major Amaziah Royce; soon after him came Benjamin Barnes and son, Stephen Barrett, Abel Simmons, Sr., John and Sylvester Butler, Asa Shepard and others who settled near. None of them, however, settled at the present village, but in the vicinity. Tradition says that one of the earliest settlers, if not the earliest, at Paris Hill proper, was Colonel Tuttle, who was quite a land owner on the east side of what is now "the green." Indeed he gave the east half of the green for a public park, other parties giving the west half for the same purpose. Colonel Tuttle built the first framed house, which I recollect as standing in the rear and attached to the house now owned by D. C. Addington. It was two low stories in height and was painted yellow. The present front part of that house was built afterward, and for several years was occupied by Jesse Thomson (father of the late Jesse E. Thomson, of Utica,) as a tavern. Tradition further says that in Colonel Tuttle's day a large pine tree was standing in the upper part of the park or green. The Colonel caught and tamed a young bear, which he used to pet very much. When winter came on the bear disappeared, and the Colonel felt the loss deeply—was inclined to think some one had shot or stolen it—but on a sunny day in March, the bear was discovered coming out of a hole in that pine tree, and he returned to his master, who was greatly rejoiced thereat; he had been hibernating.

The first church, erected in 1791, was a plain, barn like looking structure, innocent of paint, and in fact never was finished off inside. After its erection settlers began to come in rapidly, and Colonel Tuttle persuaded the people to sell the building to him, and to build larger, both of which they did. He then removed the first building to the rear of his house, and converted it into a barn. The new church was located

near the centre of the green, nearest the west side, and was reasonably capacious. It had a high steeple and a bell, and the inside was arranged with square pews, with doors, like so many sheep-pens, a portion of the congregation sitting with their backs to the minister. It had a very high pulpit, nearly on a level with the galleries, and had a large sounding-board, as it was called, suspended over the head of the minister. The pulpit, when I first saw it, was occupied by the Rev. Eliphalet Steele,* who was its only pastor up to his death, in 1816. The tall spire was taken down in that or the following year, and materially shortened. The old edifice stood till 1832, when it was taken down and the materials used in building a new one, located on the spot where the present Presbyterian Church stands. That church was subsequently burned (in the fall of 1856) through carelessness, and the present one erected. The Episcopal Church was erected in 1797. That, too, was a very plain structure, and unpainted. In 1818, it was removed to the west of the church lot, and the present structure was erected. Val Pierce was the builder, assisted by his brother; also Roderick White and others. Russel Brooks, Eli Gilbert and the Saxton boys did the plastering. The old structure, after its removal, was fitted up and occupied (with some additions) by Rev. William R. Weeks, as a residence and school building. Afterwards, Chester Cook bought it and occupied a part as a dwelling and the rest as a saddle-harness shop. It subsequently took fire and burned.

The Methodist Church stood on the road going towards Clinton, east of the present burial-ground. It had a good congregation when I first knew it; had its regular services by a circuit-preacher, and had a number of zealous members. The society afterwards became extinct, and the church was taken down about 1850.

I have stated that Paris was originally included in the town of Whitestown, then a part of Herkimer County. In 1792, the town of Paris was organized as a separate town, and included not only Kirkland and Marshall, but also the present towns of Sangerfield, Brookfield, Hamilton, Cazenovia and Sherburne. These five latter towns were taken off in 1795, and Kirkland, including Marshall, in 1827, leaving the town of Paris with nearly its present boundaries, the only change being the addition of a narrow strip from Kirkland, in 1839, to accommodate a few individuals.

Paris Hill, as we have seen, was the third or fourth settlement in order of time in the original town of Whitestown, and being the farthest south was generally known as the

*Asahel Norton was the first minister.—[Ed.]

"South Settlement." When the present village began to manifest itself, it was known as "Shax's Borough," but after a new town had been organized and named Paris, it gradually assumed its present name of Paris Hill. When I first saw the place, nearly sixty-two years ago, and for a few years after, it was a more important point than at present, and a place of much more business. It had three churches, two taverns, (as they were then called,) two stores, two blacksmith shops, two saddle-harness shops, several carpenters' and shoe-makers' shops, one wagon shop, one spinning-wheel maker's shop, two tailor shops, two asheries or potash establishments, and two cooper shops for the making of barrels, to be used for pork, cider, potash, and for whisky, the latter being manufactured on the premises recently occupied by Mr. Van Valkenberg. The whisky was mainly sold to the farmers in the vicinity at from twenty-five to thirty cents per gallon. No doubt there were other manufacturers' shops not recollected, but Chester Cook's silver-plating shop must not be overlooked. A turnpike running through the village for some years, connected the place, and all south and southwest of it, as far as Oxford, with Utica, by means of intersecting the Seneca turnpike at New Hartford. A toll-gate stood a little north of the Episcopal Church. The turnpike not proving a profitable investment, soon shared a fate similar to that of the plank-road, which succeeded at a more modern date, (1849,) and was abandoned, to the stockholders' loss. A grist-mill was standing when I first knew the place, on the east side of the road, opposite a portion of the Episcopal cemetery. It was originally intended to be operated by horse-power, the horses to travel on the inner circumference of a large wheel, nearly or quite thirty feet in diameter. This wheel revolved with an axle, or shaft, which furnished the water-power to the machinery. The builder of this novel grist-mill was a Mr. Simister. The working of it proved too destructive to horseflesh to be profitable, and it was therefore abandoned. Subsequently an attempt was made to utilize the building by putting in a steam apparatus, but as the construction of stationary steam engines was then but little understood, that plan was also abandoned, and the building was demolished about 1820. At the lower end of the green, within the line of the road leading to Bridgewater, was a public well, furnishing at all seasons a good supply of pure water to all who chose to use it. About the year 1840, the bottom seemed to drop out, and it contained no water afterward. Probably the water had found a fissure in the limestone rock in which the well was dug, and escaped in that way. It then became useful as a sink-hole or drain to carry off in a wet time all the

surplus water from the lower part of the green. Finally, it became clogged and useless for that purpose, and was closed up. Sixty years ago the green was very convenient as a parade ground, two, and sometimes three military companies mustering on it for parade and inspection at the same time—usually the first Monday in June, the 4th of July and the first Monday in September. The two or three companies strove to outdo each other in the precision and skill of their evolutions. In some cases a battalion, consisting of six or seven companies, assembled there. In one instance, at least, the whole regiment met there in September for general training, as it was called. Samuel Comstock, afterwards General Comstock, of Clinton, was then Adjutant, and his orders in giving commands were heard very distinctly at a distance of two miles. Such occasions were then—so soon after the war of 1812—occasions of much interest, and called out crowds of people. This gave peddlers of gingerbread, crackers, maple sugar, cookies, small beer and cider, a good opportunity to ply their vocations, and the old church on the green gave a very acceptable shade to them and to their customers if the day was sunny; and also to the old Revolutionary soldiers, who would there assemble together to recount to each other, and to a circle of interested listeners, their several perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes in the times that “tried men’s souls.”

Among the prominent individuals residing in the village at that time may be mentioned General Henry McNiel, ex-judge and the member of Assembly; Elnathan Judd, M. D., the leading physician of the place; Theophilus Steele, Esq., the Town Clerk; Samuel H. Addington, merchant and Justice of the Peace, and Martin Hawley, landlord and land-owner. Esquire Addington’s store was then the building on the west side of the green, with a brick front; now converted into a blacksmith shop. It was previously occupied as a store by Stanton & Hawley. The house north of it, on the corner, was occupied by Major Hawley, and was used as a hotel or tavern. A curbed well was directly in front of it, in what is now used as a traveled roadway. Other prominent citizens in the vicinity of the village, but not in it, were Captain John Wicks, John Strong, Ephraim Walker, Timothy Hopkins, Deacon Bailey, Adam and Abel Simmons, Captain Ebenezer and Esquire Charles Smith, Esquire Uri Doolittle, David Stiles, Fobes Head, Jonathan Head, Abiel Saxton, Luther Richards, and several others. The succeeding merchants at Paris Hill were Haywood & Blair, Steele & Wicks, Tompkins & Doolittle, Mott & Reynolds, Andrew Mills and Jesse E. Thomson. General McNiel was postmaster from time immemorial, but always had the business done by a dep-

uty—usually a merchant or inn-keeper. He was removed about 1830, under Jackson's administration, and Germond Mott was appointed in his place. In the earlier days the people were content with one mail per week, and that was carried by the post-rider on horseback, he delivering the Utica newspapers to subscribers on his route at their doors, carrying them in his saddle-bags, and the letter mail in his pockets. Letter postage was not prepaid, and the rates were graduated according to the distance; for instance, to Utica, 6 cents; to Albany, $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents; to New York, $18\frac{3}{4}$ cents, and to Philadelphia, Boston or Detroit, 25 cents. There was but little money in those days, most of the ordinary business being done by barter or exchange, and often when a poor man had a letter in the post-office coming from a distance, he had to wait some days or borrow the 25 cents to get it out. This method of carrying the mail continued till about 1820, when the post-rider changed his conveyance to a one-horse wagon, thus securing higher pay and occasionally a passenger. Soon after a mail-stage was started with one pair of horses, making two trips each way per week; afterwards three, and finally daily trips each way with four horses.

The habits, usages and implements of the early days were quite primitive. Such things as mowing-machines, reapers, horse-rakes, threshing-machines, cultivators, plows with iron mold-boards, hob-sleighs, sewing-machines, knitting-machines, washing-machines, or clothes-wringers, were entirely unknown, and even unheard of. Pitchforks, scythes and axes were made by the blacksmiths. We had in those days no railroads, no canals, no telegraphs, no telephones, no photographs. Cook-stoves and carpets were not dreamed of; buggies and cutters were unknown; families rode in lumber wagons and sleighs or sleds. If these were painted even, the owners were considered as being stuck up and proud. Much of the riding was on horseback. Frequently, if a young man arranged to take his lady-love out riding, he would come on horseback. She would spread a blanket on the horse behind his saddle, seat herself on that, put her arm caressingly around his waist—for support—and enjoy the ride satisfactorily. As all the grain was threshed by hand, and all the fuel cut with the axe in winter for the year, farmers and their sons found sufficient employment in the winter's season, so that when evening came they were too much fatigued to desire to spend it in loafing or lounging, either at the post-office, store or tavern. The women, in addition to keeping the house in order and doing the necessary cooking and washing, spent much of the summer in spinning wool, and the winter in spinning flax and tow. All the clothing of the

family was made in the family. None of the churches had stoves until about 1820. He who could not keep warm without a fire in church, was considered as being deficient in holy zeal. The women, if delicate, were allowed to have a small tin foot-stove at their feet, with a dish of coals and hot embers in it, while the men sat muffled up and shivered. I have often known the clergyman to preach, in the winter, with warm woolen mittens on. In the old church that stood on the green, it was always customary for the congregation to stand during the prayers, and to sit during the singing; and in warm weather it was quite the custom of several to sleep during the sermon. The old church was used for a variety of purposes other than religious; all the town-meetings were held in it; also, caucuses of the different political parties, common school exhibitions, amateur theatrical performances, miscellaneous lectures, and many other things too numerous to particularize. But the old church was long since demolished, and not a stone was left to mark its former site. The old settlers who built it, and who for many years occupied its square, uncomfortable pews, in summer's heat and in winter's cold, with becoming devotion, have all passed away. Even the very doctrines which for many years were thundered forth from its high pulpit, earnestly, and no doubt sincerely promulgated by its occupants, Dr. Weeks and others, and as sincerely accepted and believed in by the most of their hearers—even many of these doctrines have also passed away and are forgotten. A new generation has arisen. Its members are the present actors in life. New ideas have been acquired, and newer, and we hope better, sentiments adopted. And still the end is not yet. Change, change, is the order of the world. But if we can perceive that a majority of these changes are for the better, that they indicate progress and improvement, then, indeed, may we feel content.

CHAPTER VII.

THREE YOUNG PARIS PIONEERS.

In the spring of 1789, Jared Shepard and Eli Butler, of Middletown, Ct., came to the Sauquoit valley, and purchased a tract of land jointly (lots 8, 9, 24 and 25 of Coxe's Patent, and part of lot 72, Bayard's Patent,) for their sons, and then returned to Connecticut. In the winter of 1789-90, their sons, John and Sylvester Butler and Asa Shepard, came on together and took possession of their fathers' purchase. A few rods west of where Charles K. Garlick now resides, and on the south side of the "Pioneer road" leading to Paris Hill, a spring gushes out, forming a little rivulet flowing north across the road and down the hillside into the "gulf," where it joins the Butler or Tucker Creek. Near this spring, rearing its mighty head, towering aloft, stands a giant elm, like a lone sentinel—the Pioneer's tree. On the banks of the little rivulet, beneath the shade of this historic tree, the "boys" dug a cellar and there felled the first tree cut by man on the slope of the western hillside, and erected a substantial log-cabin, and commenced clearing off the land, Asa Shepard having his portion of the purchase set off to him, and the Butler brothers clearing the residue jointly, all living together in the cabin. The portion set off to Asa Shepard is where Wirt Macomber now resides. He was born in Middletown, Ct., in 1770, being at the time he settled here nineteen years of age. Two years later, having arrived at his majority, and having erected a house on his farm in the meantime, he went back to Middletown, Ct., and married a Miss Polly Smith, who returned with him to his wilderness home, where two daughters were born to them, Patty and Nancy. The old orchard on his place was the first that was set out in that section. He was a man of prodigious strength, and brought the young trees in a bundle on his back from Whitestown, through the woods by the "trail," before the road was cut out up the valley. About the year 1800, his wife and eldest

daughter died, when he sold the pioneer farm to his brother, Lemuel Shepard, and bought the land now the farm of M. M. Gray, at West Sauquoit, which he proceeded to clear off, when, in 1803, he sold it by contract to George Graham, father of Lorenzo Graham, and deeded it to him, January 18, 1808. The old log farm-house stood some twenty rods south of the present house. He soon after married the widow of Titus Gilbert, and took charge of her property, which consisted of the grist mill and a saw mill at the foot of the hill at South Sauquoit, near what is now Graham's upper paper mill, and her land extended up the hill west to the Marsh place. They lived in a little house near the creek. Near the mill he built a distillery and malt-house, and then, about 1813, built the house, top of the mill hill on the main road, (the Reed place,) where two of the widow Gilbert's boys, Hiram and Andrus, set out the two elm trees, now full sized and so much admired. Some years later he became bankrupt, and his uncle, "Joe" Shepard, put him in jail. In the meantime his father, Jared Shepard, came into the country and bought the "Priest Coe farm," adjoining on the west the farm of Judge Sanger, in New Hartford. After his father's death, Asa went on to this farm, buying out the heirs, where he remained five or six years, when he sold out to Judge Sanger and "Priest" Coe, and bought the Henry Crane farm, east of Chadwick's, on the south line of New Hartford, lately the Cloyes farm—the scene of the mysterious Quinn murder. Here he lived several years, bringing up his own and the widow Gilbert's boys, when he exchanged the farm with Abner Brownell for a farm in Volney, now Schroepfel, Oswego County, to which he removed. Again misfortune overtook him. During the building of the Erie Canal, he contracted to excavate a considerable section, and had brought together his gang of laborers and built a store-house, filled with flour, pork, grain and supplies, to carry on the work, which caught fire and all was destroyed without a dollar of insurance. To add to his misfortune, the excavation which he had contracted, supposing it to be earth simply, turned out to be mostly rock beneath the surface, requiring to be blasted at great expense, and he was again bankrupted. Previous to going to Volney, he built a furnace at Westmore-

land, at the raising of which he was injured by a timber falling on him—an Indian also on the timber. He was a stirring business man, owning at different times many farms in Paris, and was much respected for his strict integrity. He was an active Free-Mason, "made" in old Amicable Lodge, No. 25, in 1801, under the Mastership of Judge Sanger. The family which he brought up consisted of the widow Gilbert's four boys, Hiram, Andrus, Grove and Titus, Jr., and his own children, Patty, Nancy, Asa, Ira, Jared, William, Martha and Frederick.

Of the Gilbert boys, Andrus alone survives; of his own children, Ira, William, Martha and Frederick. Ira resides at Wampsville, and Frederick lives on the old place in Oswego County, where his father, Asa Shepard, one of the "three boy pioneers," passed away, in 1850, at the advanced age of 80 years. Sylvester Butler was the first of the trio to go, dying in 1805, aged 38. John Butler, the last of the "three boy pioneers," survived his old companion of the first log-cabin (Asa Shepard) about one year, and went to his rest in 1851.

Lemuel Shepard, the youngest brother of Asa, was born in 1772. At the age of 14 he was apprenticed as a tanner, and served seven years. He then married Ruth Savage, a cousin of Stephen Savage, and at the age of 22, with his wife, came to the Sauquoit valley, (1794,) and settled on the Cooledge farm, where they had three children. In 1800, he purchased the old pioneer farm of his brother Asa. Here he continued farming until about 45 years of age, when his health failing, he served as constable several years, and in the year 1827 he passed away at the age of 55, his widow surviving him four years. Their children were Albert, Sophia, Sarah, Norman, Reuben, Meritt, Edward, Lucetta, Abigail and Azel, of whom three alone survive: Norman, Edward and Azel. After the death of his father, Norman remained on the old farm two years, working the farm and settling up the estate, when, about the year 1829, the old pioneer farm was sold to George Macomber. Norman Shepard married Betsey (Elizabeth) Gilbert, the second daughter of Theodore Gilbert, born in the old red house that stood near the entrance to what is now the Valley Cemetery, July 18, 1803. After the farm was sold, they removed to Palermo, Oswego county, then a

new country, where his mother died four years later. He has ever since resided in that county, and latterly for many years at Fulton, where he and his wife, well advanced in years, he 80 and she 77, surrounded by their children and grandchildren, in pleasant old age, "hand in hand, go down the hill together."

George Macomber, who purchased the farm, was the eldest son of Captain George Macomber, and came with his father to Utica from Taunton, Mass., in 1797. His father went back for the remainder of the family, and was gone a year or two, leaving George to shift for himself. Captain Macomber had previously followed the sea, but concluded to leave so hazardous a pursuit, and with his family of ten children try his fortunes in a new country, choosing the occupation of gardening. His house and garden were situated at the lower end of Genesee street, below Post's. Here he died April 5, 1813, in his 62d year—his wife surviving him but four days. His daughter Susan married Abner Brownell, the pioneer manufacturer. Of his six sons, George, Levi, Stephen, Horace, Calvin E. and David O., one alone survives, the venerable Calvin E. Macomber, now in his 88th year, with his aged wife residing in the old Presbyterian parsonage at West Sauquoit. He was born in Taunton, Mass., January 15, 1793, and came with his father to Utica in 1798. He married Lucinda Merris, September 24, 1827. He resided some years in Fredonia, Chautauqua County, N. Y., where he was made a Mason in 1816, but most of the time he has resided at Sauquoit. For many years he was the "commercial traveler" for Benjamin Brandreth, the millionaire pill manufacturer, recently deceased. About the year 1850, he "bought out" the store of Davis & Day, at West Sauquoit, and carried on the mercantile business a few years. He has been a life-long member of the Presbyterian Church, and, April 2, 1844, was elected Elder, which office he still holds. He was one of the original eleven charter members of Sauquoit Lodge, F. and A. M., (the only other survivor being Dr. L. Bishop,) and was Master of the Lodge in 1853; since which time he has been Chaplain. His wife, Lucinda Merris, was born April 25, 1804, and they have lived together more than half a century. The family lay claim to have descended from one of the com-

pany that came over in the Mayflower, and cherish as a sacred relic a ring bearing the name of Mary Standish. Horace, the fourth son, lived for many years at Willowvale, where he died a few years since. David O., the youngest, died more recently in Europe. George, the eldest, who purchased the old pioneer Shepard farm in 1829, lived there the remainder of his life, much respected by his townsmen, a thorough gentleman of the "old school," and went to his rest a few years since. Some of his sons went to California during the early gold excitement, where they still reside. His daughter Caroline, married to ex-Senator Hon. S. S. Lowery, resides at Utica, while two other daughters reside at the old homestead with the youngest son, Wirt Macomber, who, at his father's death, succeeded to the old pioneer farm of Asa Shepard.

A BEAR HUNT.

This farm was the scene of the last bear hunt in the valley. George W. Mosher, a son of Josiah Mosher, the old Revolutionary soldier, who settled in about one-half mile north of the Shepard farm, started a bear on their lot, who led off in this direction pursued by him and his dogs. The Shepard boys and others joined in the chase, and at a point up the brook, southwest of the Shepard house, the bear took refuge in a thick clump of young hemlocks, where he was soon surrounded and brought to bay. The dogs dashed in, and before long drove him out of his cover, near the spot where one of the hunters was on guard, loaded gun in hand, but so sudden was the rush of the bear that the hunter, astonished at the sudden onslaught, forgot to fire his gun, and instead, clubbing it, dealt the bear a stroke over the head, thus disabling his gun, and the bear, momentarily stunned, but recovering almost instantly, made a rush at his opponent, who turned and fled. The others, fortunately close at hand, poured a volley at short range into the shaggy brute that proved fatal, much to the relief of the pursued and thoroughly frightened hunter with his disabled and useless gun. Thus ended the last bear hunt in the valley.

John and Sylvester Butler continued working together, clearing off their portion of the original tract, for six years

and until about 1795, and had each erected frame houses just alike—Sylvester the house where Charles K. Garlick now resides and John beyond the Shepard place, up the western hillside, where Mr. Marker now lives, when their father, Eli Butler, paid them a visit and divided the land, giving a deed to each for their portion. He was so much pleased with the Sauquoit valley that upon his return he at once sold out his valuable farm in Middletown, Ct., and with farming utensils and supplies in a train of eight yoke of oxen, came on to New Hartford, where he purchased the beautiful farm south of the village, now known as the Morgan Butler farm, where he lived and died. He was a prominent man there, and the year of his arrival, 1795, became a member of old Amicable Lodge, No. 25, F. and A. M., of which Judge Sanger was then Master.

Eli Butler was born in Middletown, Ct., in 1741, and married Rachel Stocking. Their children were, Ashbel, Sylvester, Lucy, John, Rachel, Patty, Chloe, Sally, Persey, Clara and Eli, Jr. He was a soldier of the Revolutionary war and a Captain in the Cavalry. He died at New Hartford, April 19, 1802, aged 61, his wife surviving him three years, and departed her life September 1, 1805, aged 61 years.

Their son, Sylvester Butler, died in 1805, aged 38 years. John Butler, born March 28, 1769, was married to Hannah Todd, of Wallingford, Ct., March 12, 1797, and in time erected the house where James Eiffe now resides, where he ever afterwards lived. On the little spring-brook near by, he built a distillery which he carried on successfully for many years. The old distillery building, now converted into a barn, stands in the lot east of the present homestead barns. He also carried on his farm extensively and was a prominent man in the town during life. He was one of the original stockholders of the old Quaker factory. He was one of the first trustees of the Presbyterian Church at West Sauquoit at its organization, January 8, 1810, with Joseph Howard and Eliphalet Sweeting, who composed the board. Gardner Avery was chairman of the meeting and James Dixson was the clerk. He was identified with the society during his lifetime and took an active part in all the educational and industrial projects during the growth of the village.

His children were, Eliza, John, Milton, Chauncey S., Ami T., Alanson A., Lucy M., Julia, Henrietta and George H.

At the advanced age of 82, John Butler, the last survivor of the three pioneer lads who built their cabin in the shade of the historic elm, after a well spent life, honored and respected by all, went to his rest, May 16, 1851. His wife survived him five years, entering into rest April 23, 1856, at the age of 82. Three of their sons survive: Hon. Chauncey S. Butler, of West Sauquoit, Ami T., who resides at East Sauquoit, and George H. Butler, of Richfield Springs.

John Milton Butler was an early merchant at East Sauquoit, and erected the house, afterwards the residence of Dea. Curtiss. He died May 6, 1824. Eliza Butler, who was born January 17, 1798, married William W. Hickox, who was also a merchant at East Sauquoit, and a partner of Hobart Graves, Jr. He died August 21, 1871, aged 74. Alanson A. Butler was born February 16, 1808, and married Mary A. Mosher, daughter of Abel Mosher, by whom he had two children: Henry A., (deceased) and Julia A., wife of E. Z. Wright, of Utica. His wife died April 11, 1838, aged 28. In March, 1841, he married Sally, daughter of John Chadwick, by whom he had one son, George. Alanson A. Butler resided in the "old red pioneer house" (now Markee's) during his lifetime, and was a model farmer, active and energetic, and a great favorite in the community, beloved by all, and died in the prime of life, September 21, 1851, aged 43. His widow survives him, residing with her son George, at Willowvale. Hon. Chauncey S. Butler has always resided in Sauquoit; a prominent man in business and society; in early life a surveyor; was Colonel of the old Cavalry regiment, and member of Assembly in 1852. He married Betsey, daughter of Abel Mosher, May 9, 1826, who died March 29, 1836, aged 32, leaving three children, who survive, residing in Utica: John Milton Butler, the banker, Charles A., of the firm of Hoyt & Butler, and Elizabeth, wife of P. V. Rogers, the banker. October 3, 1844, he married Julia Sherrill, of New Hartford, who died August, 1878, by whom he had a daughter, J. Henrietta, who survives.

The road that leaves the village a few rods north of the old Savage stand and intersects the Oxford turnpike north of

Paris Hill, may well be called the "pioneer road," six of the first settlers having located thereon, and all but one remaining as founders of the town. As the hillside is ascended, first Sylvester Butler, then Asa Shepard, then John Butler. On the summit of the hill in the woods may be seen on the north side of the road a clearing, cut out by a Mr. Hinman, at that early day, but soon after abandoned; next beyond and through the woods on the north side of the road is the old homestead of Major Royce, the first settler of the town, and on the south side of the road opposite, is the old homestead of John Wicks. Many of the old historical trees of the town have been cut down, but the magnificent elm on the south side of this road, a little west of the old homestead of Sylvester Butler, (now Garlick's) still proudly rears its head, thus far having escaped the hand of vandalism, and withstood the storms of a century. May it long wave—a landmark to mark the spot where the three pioneer lads, John and Sylvester Butler and Asa Shepard built their cabin in the winter of 1789-90.

Many of the old pioneer farms have passed out of the old families, and not a few are now occupied by foreigners who have settled in within a few years, principally Welsh, Irish, and some Germans. The Sylvester Butler farm became the home of Joseph Garlick, who came from England many years ago, and dying a few years since after a long life of usefulness; the farm is now occupied by his grandson, Charles K. Garlick, while his son Thomas occupies the Henry Crane farm at East Sauquoit, where he has erected an extensive cheese factory. Hugh Garlick, (a brother of Joseph) the old stone mason, purchased the John Chadwick farm on Coe's Hill, (east of the Simeon Coe farm) where he lived and died, his son-in-law, George Moyer, succeeding to the farm. The John Butler farm is owned and occupied by James Eiffe, who came from Ireland to the Sauquoit valley in 1848, working at first for Orange Barber, above Clayville. He afterwards lived some years near Clinton, and finally a few years since purchased the John Butler farm. Other emigrants from the "Emerald Isle" came in about that time and settled in Paris, and became permanent citizens identified with the industries and improvements of the town of their adopted homes. Pat-

rick Sullivan, the well remembered blacksmith, came in 1842; Larry Gagen in 1846; Thomas Collins and William Lynch in 1847; James Brannigan and John Fletcher in 1848; John and Michael Dempsey, the former in 1846, now residing on the Dr. Spaulding Pierce farm, and the latter in 1848; and soon after many others. Michael McCabe, from Ireland, came later, and purchased the old Budlong farm, (originally the pioneer farm of Squire Griffin) north of East Sauquoit, and has since purchased the pioneer farm adjoining him on the north, (in New Hartford) owned first by Henry Crane, Sr., then Asa Shepard, Abner Brownell, "Barefoot" Randall, and lately known as the Cloyes farm, the house built by Crane being destroyed by fire a few months since, and rendered notorious as the scene of the mysterious Quinn murder.

Many Welsh settlers occupy the pioneer farms in the southwest part of the town near Tassel Hill, all thrifty, industrious farmers and valuable citizens. Francis and William Bowers and Charles Marker, Germans, each occupy farms on the old pioneer road embraced in the original purchase of Butler and Shepard, and William Shepard, (English) also in the same purchase, whose farm is on the cross-road north of James Eiffe's. Mr. Bray (Irish) occupies the east portion of the old pioneer farm of William Babbitt, adjoining Crawford Throop's on the old Moyer road.

CHAPTER VIII.

SETTLING SAUQUOIT—THEODORE GILBERT, THE VALLEY PIONEER.

In the winter of 1789-90, Theodore Gilbert, Sr., with his wife, Hannah Chapin, each in the 39th year of their age, with their five daughters, the eldest 18, the youngest an infant and with two of their three sons—mere lads—entered a sleigh behind a span of fine-bred, iron-gray horses, and drove

out of the old town of Hartford, Ct., and bade adieu to home and friends, their destination being the "far West," the wilderness of then Herkimer County, N. Y., their future selected home being the valley of the Sauquoit. Their route, after crossing the Hudson River on the ice at Albany, lay up the Mohawk valley through the settled towns to the German Flats, thence "over the hill" to the Sauquoit, through the primitive forest. Following the old Indian trail and the "blazed" trees, they arrived at last, early in March, and went into camp at a point about three-eighths of a mile south of the present location of the Presbyterian Church in West Sauquoit, at that time a dense wilderness. The father and his two sons, Titus and Allyn, at once commenced the erection of a log-house, opposite where was afterward erected the Burning Spring Hotel. The Burning Spring on his lot was discovered by Mr. Gilbert a few days after his arrival, and by inverting a funnel over the spring, he ignited the gas at the small orifice. The analysis of this water is almost identical with the Richfield Spring.

Theodore, the other son, a sturdy lad just entering his "teens," followed them with a yoke of oxen and a sleigh containing the household goods and the rude agricultural tools and implements, and with the assistance of a hired man, who, from his age and experience, was entrusted with the necessary funds to defray expenses, driving before them a small herd of carefully selected young cattle, the promise of a future dairy. The magnitude of this undertaking can be appreciated when is considered the tendency of cattle driven through an old, settled, well-fenced country to dash wildly through every open gateway, and into every cross-road, while at the best much of this, their route, lay through a new country not much fenced, and the latter part of the route entirely through a dense wilderness, guided by a trail and "blazed" trees alone. To add to the difficulties of young Theodore, the trusted hired man turned out to be a dissolute fellow, who drank and gambled at the "settlements," wasting valuable time, and the money was all expended long before reaching the German Flats. Much anxiety prevailed among the arrived portion of the family as day after day passed away beyond the time of the looked-for arrival of the young

drover, who at length, to the great joy and relief of all, put in an appearance safe and sound, without the loss of a hoof. Explanations followed, upon which the indignant head of the family promptly discharged the much-needed but faithless hired man, who thereupon struck a bee-line back to the settlements.

The pioneer of the valley, Theodore Gilbert, with the aid of his three boys, soon erected a comfortable shelter for the first *family* in the valley, (if not in the town,) and also for the first herd of cattle and span of horses. The only log-house other than his, erected the same year by Phineas Kellogg some half mile north of the present village, was before long abandoned by Mr. Kellogg, who concluded to settle in Bridgewater. The battle of life in the wilderness was fully inaugurated, the land cleared up, and as other settlers came in around them year after year, the need of a grist mill became apparent, for they were forced to carry their corn to Clinton to be ground. Titus, the eldest son, a millwright by trade, as soon as practicable commenced the erection of a mill at the foot of the hill, near where is now the railroad crossing at Graham's upper paper mill, and with the assistance of D. Sheldon Marsh, a millwright just then arrived from Middletown, Ct., the first grist mill on the stream using burr-stones was in due time completed and put in operation by Titus—in company with a Mr. Norton, a miller—who, however, was not destined to long enjoy the fruit of his skill and ingenuity, as he died August 12, 1803, leaving a wife and four boys, Hiram, Andrus, Grove and Titus, Jr. The old mill was destroyed by fire in 1837, and the new one erected on the site is now silent and falling into decay. His widow married Asa Shepard, who, in 1813, erected the house at the top of the hill, where the road to the mill turns off from the main road, and has since been altered and beautified; but perhaps the most striking feature of that old homestead are the two magnificent elms set out by the lads Hiram and Andrus some seventy years ago.

D. Sheldon Marsh, the veteran millwright, who married Lydia, one of the five daughters who came in the sleigh in 1790, constructed or assisted in the building of most of the water-wheels on the stream, his last work being the con-

struction of the wheels at the erection of S. A. Millard's scythe works at Clayville, soon after which, with his aged wife, he removed to Penn Yan, N. Y., to pass the evening of life with their daughter, Mrs. A. F. Oliver. Mrs. Lydia Marsh survived her husband, and died March 29, 1860, aged 77 years. Concerning her death, the Penn Yan paper says: "The deceased was a native of Hartford, Ct., and while a child, (seven years old,) in 1790, she accompanied her father's family to the county of Oneida, in this State, and located at the place since known as the village of Sauquoit. Here she waded through the trials and difficulties incident to a new country. Here she became the wife of the excellent D. Sheldon Marsh, Sr., and the mother of Mrs. Oliver and the late and lamented Daniel S. Marsh, Jr. Her two children having become residents of the place, the parents were drawn hither some years ago. Mrs. Marsh saw both her husband and son laid away in our village cemetery, and now at a good old age her remains are deposited by their side, in the assured hope of a glorious resurrection. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church for forty years, and lived and died a Christian."

Old Father Gilbert was a consistent Christian and church-member, and with his family, in those early days, and before the erection of the church at Sauquoit, regularly attended service at Norwich Corners; but like most of those early settlers, in the arduous labor incident to clearing off the forests, and bringing the soil into tillable condition, found it necessary to call to his aid more or less of good old New England rum. He perhaps enlarged on the custom somewhat; at all events, the good old brothers of the church deemed it their duty to counsel with him in as delicate a manner as possible, and to that end appointed Brother John Howard, the father of Deacon Joseph Howard, as the most adroit diplomat for the interview. Brother Gilbert got wind of the affair, and when he saw approaching his house, across lots, the worthy interviewer dressed up in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, knew that the crisis was at hand. His first impulse was to fortify himself; hence he thrust the flip-iron into the glowing coals of the open fire-place, and set at once to compounding the coal and then favorite beverage, a mug of flip, composed of

beer, rum and sugar—sometimes an egg—in certain proportions, into which, when united, the heated flip-iron was plunged, hissing, scorching and bubbling up with a steaming aroma, calculated to gladden the heart; the custom being to drink while hot, in turn, from the mug. To pour it out into cups was against the tradition, and ruined the flavor, besides the drinking from the same mug was a strong bond of good fellowship. Good flip requires beer as an ingredient, but not too much of it. The early settlers for a long time were greatly distressed for want of this flip requisite, until Deacon Joseph Howard came to the relief, and solved the difficulty by erecting a brewery near the old Paris Furnace, and nearly opposite the present location of the Presbyterian Church at Clayville, and those old pioneers were made happy. Father Howard at length arrived at Brother Gilbert's on his temperance mission, and was ushered in just in the nick of time; the hot iron was at that very instant taking the bath of the mug. Hospitality required the invitation to the guest to join, while the keen, cold autumn afternoon's walk furnished a plausible excuse for accepting. The flip was pronounced excellent, but Brother Gilbert thought he could make another even better, and under a running fire of conversation, shrewdly avoiding any lead towards the expected subject, another mug was soon steaming between them, and voted by Brother Howard the best yet, (there was very little beer in that one.) Brother Gilbert prudently denied himself and drank light, and as mug after mug disappeared, so did the recollection of the prime object of the call, and the "committee rose" and was assisted home without coming to the point. In his report to the Church, he declared that he had performed the duty assigned him, and "Brother Gilbert had made everything satisfactory." The particulars, however, of this first temperance movement in the valley finally leaked out.

As a salve to the feelings of the worthy descendants of those two pioneer bon-vivants, and that the descendants of others of that period may not take on any airs, it is proper to record that their case was by no means exceptional. The day-book before me of Judge James Orton, who kept the store and tavern on the site of the present hotel, at West

Sauquoit, covering the years of 1806 to 1808, contain on each page, charges to sixteen to eighteen of those early settlers, at least twelve of which, on an average, are for "fire-water" of some description. On the particular page now opened to at random there are fifteen charges to different individuals of the old first families, fourteen of which contain either brandy, rum or rectified whisky. The one bright exception on the page (buying simply harmless groceries) was Asa Shepard, the *distiller*, who made the whisky for them and of course had an abundance at home. With advancing age, brother G. spent part of his time with a married daughter in Oswego County, where, in one of his visits, the old pioneer and hero of the Revolution passed away, August 11, 1826, in the 75th year of age. His surviving sons, Theodore and Allyn, were farmers and dam builders, constructing many of the numerous dams on the stream. Allyn finally went to Oswego County, and died in 1842, aged 61 years; Theodore remained in Sauquoit during life. His farm, which he located and "cleared off," was situated at the head of the valley, between the Holman City branch and the main Sauquoit Creek, on the high ground or foot hill, behind which the towering pinnacles terminate the broad part of the valley, and is now the ground of the Sauquoit Valley Cemetery, from which a fine view of the valley and the distant highlands of Marcy and Floyd is obtained. He commenced clearing off a site for, and erected his house in 1800, into which, ("the old red house") with his wife and infant child, Fanny, he moved in 1801. The house was located near the entrance to the cemetery, about half between the highway and the receiving vault. He was married September 8, 1800, to Betsey Cale, who came from Middletown, Ct., in 1799, with her relative, D. Sheldon Marsh. Her father was a bold and skillful mariner, captain and owner of his ship. She was early orphaned, and in a thrilling manner. Captain Cale had sailed a ship many years, was a thorough seaman and a kind hearted Christian, but entertained an unconcealed contempt for the superstitious notions of sailors, especially their belief that Friday was an unlucky day, fraught with peril to those who commence on that day any great undertaking. To demonstrate the absurdity of such an idea, he built a new and staunch

ship of the most approved model, laid the keel on Friday, launched her on Friday, named her *Friday*, took in both cargo and ship's stores on Friday, and to cap the climax, tripped anchor and set sail on Friday.

Many of the sailors, and all of their wives and sweet-hearts, had great misgivings regarding the matter, but their great confidence in the proven skill and ability of the captain overrode all. Several days out, the ship was spoken by an homeward-bound craft during a terrific storm, disabled, and laboring hard in the heavy seas, but owing to the severity of the gale, no assistance could be rendered. She was never heard from more. No spar, vestige or relic of her fate ever reached the shore. The gallant Captain Cale and his brave crew all went down together. After a suitable time, to confirm beyond a doubt their sad fate, a funeral sermon was preached in the old village church, the widows and orphans, forty in number, seated together in a body.

When a little girl, and soon after the war of the Revolution, on her way to school, in company with another girl of about the same age, they were suddenly startled by the clattering hoofs of approaching horsemen; a glance revealed a squad of mounted officers dashing toward them; wild with fright they fled screaming to the hotel near at hand, at which the officers intending to halt, reached about the same time. The leading officer, dismounting, approached the terrified little girls, and in a few soothing words, quieted their fears and assuring them that no harm would befall them, gave to each of them a penny. That kind-hearted officer was the immortal Washington, who, with his staff, was then on the way to New York.

In the fall of 1801, Mr. Gilbert raised the frame for an addition in the rear of his dwelling, and one day before it was covered, he chanced to kill a fine buck deer, which he hung up to the open rafters to place it out of the reach of the wolves, then numerous in that section. In the evening his wife, upon opening the back door, was transfixed with horror to see the glaring eyes of a panther, like balls of fire glowing up among the rafters, helping himself to venison. Explaining in a word the situation to Mr. Gilbert, he seized from the hooks where it hung, his loaded gun, and resting it over he

shoulder, guiding his aim in the darkness by the fiery eye-balls of that dread of the American forest, blazed away. With a blood-curdling yell and a leap, the "varmint" landed at the threshold—dead. He was one of the largest of the species, measuring nearly seven feet in length and weighing more than one hundred pounds.

The early settlers, and until the Paris furnace went into blast in 1801, were wont to "slash" down the giant forest trees, falling them in immense wind-rows, and then burning them where they lay, to clear the ground, affording them no revenue for the magnificent timber, except the ashes, which were gathered up and sold for the purpose of manufacturing pot and pearl-ash.

The fortunate founding of the furnace was a God-send to those at that period about to clear up their farms, as it afforded them a market for charcoal, into which all the timber could be converted by charring in the coal-pits. Theodore Gilbert thus converted all the timber on his farm. The burning of a coal pit requires great skill and care, with constant attention night and day; any relaxation of vigilance might result in ashes instead of charcoal. In the fall of 1804, far into the night, a terrific storm swept over the valley. The night attendant of the coal-pit on our pioneer's farm, awed by the magnificent grandeur of the tempest, and the war of the elements, while listening to the crashing of the falling trees, the twisting and breaking of the huge branches as they were hurled through the air, soon above the fearful din, distinguished another sound, nearer and nearer approaching; it was the blood-curdling yell of a panther; disturbed by the storm from his lair on the "Dry Lots," he came bounding down directly towards the coal-pit; there was no avenue of escape, and no weapon but his axe, which in sheer desperation he seized and awaited the coming rush; a few more leaps and the panther would be upon him. A dash into the smoke of the charcoal pit would shield him, but that was only death in another form. A few minutes, even, in that mephitic vapor, and all would be over; nearer and plainer the infernal yells; human nature could not longer stand it; holding his axe—and his breath—he leaped into the deadly fumes, his last look of earth revealing the fiery eye-balls of the yelling.

horror; towards the coal pit at a bound, front of it, past it—thank God! on towards the western hills without a halt. Saved by a touch and go, Baxter Gage leaped out of the smoke, and breathed freer in the fresh air, and at the fast receding yells of the “varmint,” even now far up the western slope. A minute or two had covered the whole; a lifetime did not efface the terrible scene from his memory.

Late in December, 1808, Alfred Beckwith, another workman, started a wolf near the western boundary of the farm; hastening to the house, he seized gun and ammunition, and procuring the assistance of Lyman Avery—a younger brother of Colonel Gardiner Avery—who lived close by, they together took the track and pursued the wolf. The chase led them far away over the hills to the southwest, and through and beyond the big Sangerfield swamp, overhauling their game near what is now Poolville. They were gone three days, and the excessive fatigue and exposure through the deep snow told so fearfully on Mr. Avery that he fell into decline. He went back to the old New England home, hoping his native air might prove beneficial, but to no avail; he did not long survive.

About this period, and towards the close of winter, Mr. Gilbert and his wife went back to Connecticut to revisit the homes of their childhood; their visit at length nearly completed, a thaw unexpectedly set in, and news reached them that the ice on the river was becoming hourly unsafe to cross. No time to be lost. They must hasten their departure, reach and cross the river while a crossing was yet possible, or suffer a delay of weeks, which would bring them home too late for the spring's work. Starting at once, they traveled all night, and pushed on the next day, although it was Sunday. The Connecticut “blue laws” were rigid, and they strictly forbade traveling on the Sabbath. Nearing a village where he was pretty certain of being arrested, he arranged his wife on the stow in a reclining position at the bottom of the sleigh, and covered her tenderly with blankets as if she was ill, meantime giving her her cue, he then took his position, standing in the front end of the sleigh, and dashed into the village where, as anticipated, he was soon halted and surrounded by the Select-men; glancing back at his wife, who just then made a

feint of raising the blanket, he shouted to her in an alarmed tone, and besought her not to uncover her face, as perhaps some of these gentlemen (the Select-men) had never had the small-pox, and it would be a sin to expose them to it. At the word small-pox, a general scramble and a rush, away from the sleigh, took place, and with frantic gestures they shouted to him to drive on, run his horses, anything, anywhere, rather than to longer halt in that village; he obeyed orders, reached and crossed the river, none too soon, however, and was safe.

Monday morning, with his fine team, of which he was justly proud, sufficiently refreshed, he started out of Albany and up the valley. A freeze during the night had checked the thaw, and in the keen, crisp morning, the sleighing was capital, and his spirited team felt their oats; soon, a couple of city bloods, with a spanking team and light sleigh, dashed up and swung out to pass him, but his team, on the instant, caught the inspiration and the word and flew ahead; this was rare fun for the young blades—just what they wanted. They would give the countryman a brush and sail past him. They reckoned without their host. His team soon left them far in the rear. Halting them for a breathing spell at the next tavern, his wife repaired to the sitting-room, and while arranging for the comfort of his team under the shed, his late contestants arrived, and after they had looked over and admired their conquerors, one of them, glancing keenly at Mr. Gilbert, asked suddenly “if he had come straight from home?” “Yes, quite recently from my former home.” “Well, if you have come *straight* from home, you must have got badly warped on the way.” Although then in the prime of life, he had a decided stoop; he was very “round shouldered,” and “Uncle Thodie,” in relating the story, said he saw the point, and they went in directly to see the flip-iron. Years have glided by; the old farm passed into other hands, and Theodore Gilbert, the Sauquoit valley pioneer, consistent Christian, kind neighbor, genial joker with every one, and always a pleasant word for all, at the age of 72, July 7, 1850, went to his rest. His wife survived him seventeen years, living to see her descendants to the fifth generation, and loved by all in her pleasant old age, she gently fell asleep, February 2, 1867, aged 87 years.

Their children : Fanny, born 1801, married George Smith, removed to Smithport, Pa., died 1862; Betsey, born 1803, married Norman Shepard, resides at Fulton, N. Y.; Hannah, born 1805, married Horace Rice, removed to Ripley Hill, Chautauqua County, N. Y., died 1878; Harriet, born 1807, married Solomon Rogers, resides at Sauquoit; Theodore Cale, born 1810, married Rosanna Lewis, resides at South Sauquoit; Gaylord Gilbert, born 1819, died 1822; Lyman, (Howard,) adopted son, born 1815, died of small pox 1835.

On the 27th day of February, 1851, the Sauquoit Valley Cemetery Association was organized at a meeting of the citizens of the valley, held at the Hollister (now Murray) House in Clayville. William Knight was chosen Chairman, and Amos Rogers, Secretary. Twelve Trustees were elected, from which the following officers were selected : A. B. Bligh, President; G. M. Brownell, Vice-President; N. W. Moore, Treasurer; Amos Rogers, Secretary. On the 9th of April, 1851, the Trustees made choice of the pioneer's old home for the cemetery. The following day the first interment took place: Eliza Mould, born in Lyng, England, aged 22 years, a sister of ex-Supervisor William F. Mould. The formal consecration of the cemetery took place October 16, 1851, the address being delivered by the Rev. Spencer M. Rice, rector of St. John's Church, Clayville, in which he aptly said : "And what spot of greater natural beauty could have been found for a purpose such as that for which this has been chosen, or more capable of being highly ornamented, than this which spreads itself in such beautiful variations around us? Laid out, not as some times from the nature of the soil they have necessarily to be, upon the uppermost summit of the bleakest and highest hills, exposed with its every tender shrub and flower you plant to the unobstructed fury of the winter winds, but lying *here*, in the very bosom of a thickly populated and most lovely valley, with the waters of the beautiful Sauquoit sweeping by, in full view on the one side, and sending up even here the echo of moving wheels, and the murmur of surrounding industry, while upon this side a more gentle stream pours its bright fountains at our very feet; adding another fresh and inestimable variety to the unsurpassed beauty which this field shall present when its projected plan shall have been

completed. Thou shalt gather our kindred to Thine embrace, and ourselves to Thine arms! Be pitiful, oh, God, be pitiful to Thy mortal children! We lift up to Thee, hands of perishing and pale dust, and invoke Thy compassions upon the orphan whose feet shall track these hills in sorrow; and on the parent who shall lay his idols in their bosom; and on the widow who shall baptize them with her tears! And while I invoke the mercies of Heaven to pity our mortal lot, I entreat you, be not chary of the beauties with which it is in your power to clothe this spreading field. You have gathered some, and you will gather them all; so that, if yonder stream coming down from those distant hills tell us how the inhabitants of this valley, and these surrounding acclivities, shall come hither to sleep in death, then that which runs off yonder, in search of the great common ocean, shall remind us, also, how the dead shall be called up and away again, to mingle in the greater ocean of immortality. The sweet flowers are not so rare; the liquid emblems of immortality are not so costly; the numerous shrubs over which the spring casts her thousand colored blossoms are not so hard to be nursed; the green groves are not so difficult to be cultivated; nor the young birds of summer so hard to be won, but that they may be congregated here, to smile with sweet promise on the tearful and dim eye of the bending mourner, and break the otherwise oppressive and awful solitude of the burial field with minstrelsies of nature. We can and we will give a beautiful place of repose to our beautiful dead!"

Twenty-eight years have since ticked off from the great pendulum of Time, and nearly two thousand have been gathered into that silent, peaceful city overlooking the beautiful valley of the Sauquoit, to which, ninety years ago, Theodore Gilbert, with his little flock, arrived—the first family in the valley.

CHAPTER IX.

GLEN AND LAKE—SOME OF THE CURIOUS FORMATIONS IN ONEIDA COUNTY—CASCADES AND MOSS-COVERED LAKES—HOW INDIANS TRAVEL—HOW DEACON SIMEON COE BUILT ON THE HILL-TOP—THE FAMOUS “DRY-LOTS” MOUND—THE OLD INDIAN TRAIL—THE WATER-SHED OF ONEIDA COUNTY—THE DEACON’S NARROW ESCAPE—SOME TALL SHINGLING STORIES—A TALE WHICH WILL WARM THE HEART OF “THE OLDEST INHABITANT.”

Passing out of Utica east, along Pleasant street to the large Graefenberg reservoir, and thence up the hill, from the brow of which a fine view of the city is obtained, continuing along the road some two miles, the magnificent spring is reached that mainly supplies the necessities of her 35,000 citizens. It bursts from the hillside near the summit, a full-sized mountain brook, in close proximity to the ruins of the once famous water-cure retreat, erected many years ago by Dr. Holland, and afterward destroyed by fire. Yah-nun-dah-sis, the Indian name for the city, signifies “around the hill,” and this is the hill. Further around the hill, some three or four miles south-westerly, three springs of similar magnitude, near together, form the source of the Holman City branch of the Sauquoit, which unites with that creek at Graham’s paper mill, on the site of the Farmer’s factory, destroyed by fire in 1850; a mile or two south of these three springs is the celebrated one, the head of the Unadilla, flowing south to the Susquehanna; on the northeasterly side of the hill, a creek taking its rise in “soap-grease hollow,” near Jericho, flows down the “gulf,” past the ruins of the old furnace erected early in the century, thence to the Mohawk at Frankfort, furnishing the water power for the celebrated Gates match factory; a few miles further east along the hill another creek takes its rise, flows past the primitive Fish’s “still,” and thence to Ilion, where it furnished the power for the ancient forge where, in the olden time, the late E. Remington established a manufactory of rifle

barrels, which, in time, has developed into the present Armory and works of world-wide fame, with their more than twelve acres of floor area, filled with the most expensive and intricate machinery, representing an investment of millions of dollars. The location of this vast business at this little interior village was determined, primarily, by this stream. On the summit of the hill reposes a placid little sheet of water of marvelous clearness, some two miles in circumference, of fabulous depth, fed solely by subterraneous springs, and called by the early settlers Smith's Pond, but now known as Cedar Lake. The outlet leads to a creek flowing south past the site of the old-time famous Morgan's "still," near Winfield, thence into the Unadilla, and to the ocean at Chesapeake Bay. This lake is so absolutely on the summit that engineers, by careful survey, have demonstrated that its waters can, at a trifling expense, be diverted and made to flow north instead of south, and aid the Graefenberg to supply the want of Utica if future requirements demand. It is singular that this hill—giving birth to numerous creeks with the largest manufacturing interests of the State thereon, the fountain head proper of a noble river, its springs watering a thirsty city, and, to cap all, a veritable lake on its summit—should be dubbed by the early settlers "Dry Lots." Traveling west from Graefenberg towards Norwich Corners, (distant about two miles,) the ground to the right slopes off gradually, rich deposits of iron ore cropping out on the way, the hill terminating at Forest Hill Cemetery. This ore is also found to the left, in the Furnace Gulf, and doubtless extends through the hill to a great depth.

Following Albany street, out of Utica, and along the route of the old plank road leading to Winfield, and winding up the hillside to a point near the stone quarry, an easy descent can thence be made, to the right, into the deep ravine at the upper end of the large Graefenberg reservoir. Follow up the stream a short distance, and the deep, dark, wooded triple glens lie fan-shaped before you; through each flowing a mountain brook, pouring into the broader valley of the reservoir; at your feet, the debris of the distant hills, gravel, slate and huge boulders, firmly packed, tell the mysterious way, in

the process of ages, hills come down and valleys fill up. Entering the right-hand glen of the three, the little rivulet, for a time lost in the debris, soon again is found above, sparkling and dancing down in a hundred tiny cascades over the solid slate bottom of the lovely glen; on either side, the forest trees towering hundreds of feet above, while overhead a little patch of blue sky alone is visible. The ascent along the cool rocky bed of the rivulet is not unlike the steps of some vast cathedral, up, up, rising in a distance of some forty rods about 300 feet; half-way up is lodged a huge boulder, in the bed of the stream, weighing many tons, broken from the overhanging table-rock at the falls, and brought down by some previous rush of waters, awaiting a future flood to slide it down to the broad valley below. At the head of the glen you are confronted by a solid wall of slate, surmounted by an overhanging table-rock of hard gray stone, crescent-shaped, extending entirely across the top of the glen, over which pours the brook in a sheer fall of seventy-five feet, a beautiful cascade now, but when swollen by the melting snows of spring, or sudden rain storm, a roaring water-fall. Retracing your steps, and ascending the middle glen, the charming scene, unadorned as yet by the hand of man, is repeated. The falls at the head of this glen—along the very brink of which passes the road to Norwich Corners—come tumbling down in two steps; a white sulphur spring finding its way out from the seam above the slate formation, and under the overlying table-rock. The other of the three glens, similar in its characteristics, though smaller, is none the less romantic. How many of our citizens who have “done” Niagara, Trenton Falls and Watkins’ Glen, traversed broad continents and crossed wide oceans in search of rare and beautiful scenery, have ever visited these wild romantic glens, with their cascades sparkling in loveliness, within three miles of the City Hall. A mile further up the old plank road route, the summit of the hill is reached, from which one of the most extensive views in the State is obtained, rivaling that from Tassel Hill, between Cassville and Waterville, or the Catskill Mountain House on the Hudson. Two miles further along, and six miles from Utica, is the old-time Whitmore’s Tavern, now Frankfort Hill post-office.

In the construction of the Michigan Central Railroad, at a point in the interior of the State, a small plain, between two bluffs, was crossed, requiring an embankment or fill from bluff to bluff, on the completion of which an engine, passing slowly and carefully over it, when near the middle began to settle down, together with the embankment, and soon disappeared in the bowels of the earth. What appeared to be solid ground, proved to be a lake, completely overgrown, first with moss, then in the process of time accumulating soil, finally forming a firm covering or bridge over the entire surface of the lake—one of the wonders of the continent. On the Whitmore farm, this wonderful process is being repeated. About one hundred rods back in the forest reposes a little lakelet, called by the early settlers Bear Pond—it was a favorite resort of bruin—the outlet flowing into Furnace Hollow, and uniting with the creek down the gulf to Frankfort. It is of great depth, its waters clear and cold, and is already nearly overgrown with moss, on which soil is being formed, with shrubs and trees growing thereon, a small area of clear water only remaining, where, thirty years ago, quite a number of acres were open water, on which a row-boat was kept. The moss is several feet in thickness, quite firm, and can be walked on safely to within a few feet of the little patch of open water. Another generation will see it entirely overgrown, and eventually solid ground, the tiny lake imprisoned beneath, like the Michigan wonder.

It is near Haccadam Swamp, and near it, passed the famous Indian trail leading from Oneida Castle—the council place of the Six Nations—across Paris Hill and the Sauquoit valley, thence “over the hill” to the Mohawk. This trail, which guided many of the early settlers to the Sauquoit valley, is now obliterated, but should any of the dusky descendants of those tribes revisit these hunting grounds of their fathers, they could doubtless follow it with precision, such is the accuracy of their traditions. An instance of their dexterity in finding their way through an unknown country, occurred many years ago at Staunton, west of the Blue Mountains, Virginia. A number of the Creek Nation arrived at that town on their way to Philadelphia and had stopped there over night. In the morning, one-half of the Indians started

off without their companions, who followed on some hours later. Several of the towns-people mounting their horses, escorted them a few miles along the highway, when all at once, hastily turning aside into the woods, though there was no path, the Indians went confidently forward. The escort, surprised at the movement, told them they were quitting the road to Philadelphia and would doubtless miss their companions who had gone on before. They replied that they knew their companions had entered the woods at that very spot, and that it was the shortest route to Philadelphia. Curiosity led some of the horsemen to follow on, when they soon overtook the other Indians in the thickest part of the woods. On consulting a map it was ascertained that this route was as direct to the city as if they had taken bearings by compass. From others of their tribe who had been over the route, they received their direction, and never lost sight of it, although they had traveled three hundred miles through the woods, and had some four hundred miles more to go to reach the city.

Jefferson, in his account of the Indian graves in Virginia, relates that a party of Indians that were passing on, to some of the sea-ports on the Atlantic, were observed on a sudden to quit the straight road they were traveling, and, without asking any questions, took a beeline through the woods to one of their graves, which lay some miles from the road. Nearly a century had elapsed since that part of Virginia in which this grave was situated had been inhabited by the Indians, and certainly none of these Indians had ever been there before, but were guided to the spot solely by the description that had been handed down to them by tradition.

Further along the plank road route, some twelve miles from Utica, Cedar Lake (Smith's Pond) is reached, in the vicinity of which some remarkable openings of great depth are found in the limestone formation that underlies this whole region. A stone dropped into the mouth of these openings can be heard in its descent rebounding from side to side, till at length it reaches the bottom, apparently some hundreds of feet. The mouths of some of these openings are too small to admit of exploration, while others of them could be readily descended. They are found on the Marshall farm, Rodney

Wilcox's, Aaron Goodier's, and others. On the high ground towards Sauquoit, and along the ridge known as "Dry Lots," for several miles the ground, when stamped upon, gives forth a hollow, reverberating sound, indicating the presence of a cavern beneath, to which, thus far, no entrance has been discovered. In going over the hill from Aaron Goodier's to Wakeman Rider's, a turn to the right on top of the hill from the road, and thence through a pasture, some one hundred rods, and one of the largest of these remarkable openings is found, the mouth of which is about 12x6 feet in size. A large stone hurled into this yawning chasm, after crashing down, rebounding from side to side, seems at last to strike on a projecting ledge, and then bounding off leaps into another cavern far down in the depths of the earth. This opening, with a proper windlass, a strong rope and large bucket, such as well sinkers use, all firmly secured to timbers extending across the mouth, could be safely explored. Of course a lighted lantern should be first lowered to ascertain if foul air existed, and the explorer, who goes down in the bucket, should take in hand either a cord or an acoustic telephone to signal his assistants above. This offers a fruitful field of discovery and research for some of our geological students of nerve, that promises great and important results, as there is little doubt that a large cave is in the hill. Other large openings on the summit in the woods can be explored if this one should not prove to connect with the cave. Cedar Lake affords a convenient and delightful camping ground in the grove on its shore for a party to make a base of operations for a thorough exploration, which could be accomplished in the course of two or three weeks, the result of which would be looked for with great interest in their daily bulletins of their find in the heart of the hill.

A mile west of Norwich Corners the brow of the hill is reached, the prospect from this point—Coe's Hill, being one of the most beautiful imaginable. The lovely valley of the Sauquoit, in full view like a vast panorama; the charming little twin-village at the bottom of the vale; the creek, glistening and rippling along on its winding way, here and there arrested in its course to do tribute to the Moloch of commerce, dammed in reservoirs for the mills and factories, tiny lakes of

marvelous beauty; the grand slope of the opposite hillside with its homesteads, orchards, meadows and fields mapped out in plain view, combine to make a picture, which once beheld, is never to be effaced from memory. The view of the Wyoming valley on the Susquehanna from Campbell's ledge, is grandly beautiful, (though somewhat marred of late years by the coal-mining operations, and the huge, unsightly mounds of refuse coal,) the sight of old Forty-fort, the scene of the massacre in 1778; the villages of Kingston, Pittston Wyoming and Wilkes-Barre, the noble river flowing through the broad valley—is the theme of praise by tourists. But they may be pardoned their enthusiasm, when it is borne in mind that they have never looked from the brow of Coe's Hill upon the unsurpassed rural scene there unfolded.

A little past mid-day, early in the month of March, 1791, eighty-eight years ago, driving a team of oxen to a rude sleigh loaded with various utensils and supplies, preceded by a cow driven by his nephew, Morris Maltby, a sturdy lad of 18, and companioned by a faithful dog; on his shoulder a trusty rifle, his right hand grasping an ox goad, with a flourish of which and a stentorian whoa! that awoke the slumbering echoes of the forest, a pioneer halted his caravan on the brow of this hill. He had traveled with his van many a weary day, crossing the Connecticut and Hudson Rivers on the ice, and from the frontier settlement of German Flats, through the dense forest without other track than the old Indian trail and blazed trees, made his way to this point, his future chosen home. Unyoking the tired oxen, and turning them loose along with the cow to "browse," he prepared to go into camp; leaning his ready rifle against a tree, within easy reach; with gleaming axe divesting a few giant trees of their bark, as high up as he could reach; selecting a favorable spot, and clearing away the snow, he, with his broad sheets of bark and a few poles, fashioned a comfortable bark cabin, covering the ground floor to the depth of a foot or more with small green hemlock boughs, over which he spread his blankets, and then removed to the cabin from the sleigh all the portable utensils and "traps." A few sturdy strokes of the axe, and the first tree felled by man on his farm came crashing down. This was reduced to suitable lengths, piled a little

distance before the open front of the cabin, and, ignited with flint, steel and tinder, a roaring fire soon shed its genial warmth around. Night approaching he whistled up his dog, who soon appeared, driving before him the cattle, which were secured in a thicket close at hand, and furnished with a plentiful supply of browse (small twigs cut from the beech, birch or maple,) the only food for them attainable, many prospective years lying between then and their next "bait" of hay or grass; milking the cow and dressing the small game, shot as he came along in the morning, he soon prepared, cooked and ate his first meal on the site of his well-selected future home. Replenishing his fire, and stretching his weary limbs on the aromatic bed of boughs, with feet to the fire, his dog and gun beside him, Deacon Simeon Coe, the first settler east of the creek in the town of Paris, dropped off into the sound sleep of wearied, healthful manhood, and dreamed of the possible future before him. Awake with the dawn, and before commencing the arduous task of building the log-house, and making ready to bring forward his family left back in old Connecticut, he took a look about him. As he stepped to the brow of the hill and looked to the west, the rising sun behind him revealed in magnificent grandeur the valley, a vast amphitheatre of unbroken forest, dark and silent, the only sign of human life visible being the small clearing in the valley with the log-house of the pioneer, Theodore Gilbert, and a thin wreath of blue smoke slowly curling up above the tree tops over on the western hillside and well up toward the horizon, which arose from the cabin fire of John and Sylvester Butler and Asa Shepard, the pioneers on that hillside, who arrived the previous year, and located there.

Few, if any, of this generation, have ever looked out from *home* over such a scene. Beyond, and to the west, all then a howling wilderness across the continent and to the Pacific, to-day is peopled with millions of intelligent inhabitants; villages and great cities, connected by a vast network of railroads and telegraphs; rivers and great lakes teeming with leviathan steamboats, and that whole region, with their civilization of the highest type, furnished with the thousand-and-one appliances of mechanics, agriculture and arts, since invented, and not then dreamed of by mortal man. As he

toiled day after day for years, he, from his commanding position, beheld gradual changes in the valley and on the hill-sides—first, log-houses, then the saw mill and framed houses, the dense forest meantime steadily yielding to the stroke of the woodman's axe, and giving place to fertile fields with verdure clad, then to blossoming orchards. Grist mill, oil mill, furnace and carding mill, distillery, potashery, store and tavern, then churches and schools, woolen mill, cotton mill and paper mill, were marshaled before him as time went on by the magic hand of toil. The Oneida Indian name, Sagh-da-quad-da, alluding to the creek and signifying "smooth, round pebbles," afterward pronounced Sedawquate, (so spelled in deed of Captain Bacon, in 1809,) was, later on and for many years, called by the old settlers Sock-wait, until finally the village was officially named as a post-office, Sauquoit, the Stockbridge and Brothertown Indians' name for the creek, and signifying "short and rapid."

The old Indian trail of the Stockbridge and Brothertown tribes to the Mohawk valley crossed Paris Hill, thence down and across the valley, keeping north of the main road, and down the ravine on the Babbitt farm. In the ravine north of where Mr. Throop now resides, they had a cabin by the brook, where they halted for days at a time, and went about the village, disposing of their baskets, moccasins and bead ornaments, their lads shooting with bow and arrow at small coin, placed in the top of a split stick, stuck up at about twenty yards distance, winning the coin if they hit it, which feat, as a rule, they performed successfully. The trail led east from the village, through Crane's woods, and crossed the main road diagonally, near the grove, between Deacon Coe's house and Norwich Corners, thence through Haccadam Swamp, and down through Furnace Hollow to Frankfort. These wandering bands invariably took the old trail, instead of the white man's road, but they finally ceased their visits about the year 1840. The barn still standing on the north side of the road, at the brow of Coe's hill, was erected by the deacon, but his old homestead, a few rods east of the barn, long since fell to decay. The old cellar, overrun with rose bushes, is all that is left of the first "covering roof" on the hill. He lived there, however, to a good old age, the farm at his death passing into

the possession of the late Henry Crane, then to his son John, who, after living many years in the old Coe house, abandoned it, building a new house a few rods west of the barn, which has since been destroyed by fire. In the erection of the barn the deacon and his stalwart son, Maltby, put on the shingles—previously made by them during the winter—at odd times, after the spring's work on the farm was over. One morning Maltby had occasion to go to the village, returning, however, an hour or two before noon, and to fill in the time until the dinner hour, took his rifle and started across the fields towards the woods north of the house, thinking to shoot a few gray squirrels. Nearing the woods, he discovered one apparently on the fence, but somewhat obscured by the intervening bushes. Bringing the rifle quickly to his shoulder, and taking aim, he was in the act of pressing the trigger, when a puff of wind swaying the bushes revealed to him the face of his venerable father, whose gray head he had mistaken for a squirrel. Saved by a breath; a thought later and the unerring bullet would have sped through his brain. Of course, his hunt was over. Completely unmanned, he went forward and explained to his father—whom he found calmly mending the fence—the fatal danger he had so miraculously escaped, when they repaired to the house full of thankfulness for the Providential preservation. After dinner they together went on to the roof of the barn to finish up the shingling near the top, the thrilling hair-breadth escape of the morning constantly forcing itself into their conservation. Finally the old deacon said to Maltby:

"It seems strange you should have made such a mistake with your young eyes; old as I am, I could have told the difference. [He had a habit of bragging about his keen eyesight.] Can you see that barn down yonder?"

"Yes, certainly, but I don't see what Hull's barn has to do with it?"

"Can you see anything moving on the ridge-pole?"

"No, I can't see anything there?"

"Look again, carefully, my son, and about three feet from the end you will see a *mosquito* walking along."

Maltby, after looking intently as directed, placed his hand to his ear, in the attitude of listening. Then suddenly placing

his other hand on the arm of his father, with a gesture enjoining silence :

"Hark, father! you are right; sure enough, he is there; I can hear him step."

Considering that the distance to that barn, down the hillside toward the Eagle Factory, was more than half a mile, the acute development displayed of the most important senses—hearing and seeing—was as remarkable as the ready wit of Maltby, who was noted for his "sells" and practical waggery.

A real tragedy was finally, a few years ago, enacted on the old pioneer farm. John Crane, its last owner, in a fit of insane melancholy, the result of lingering ill-health, in that same old barn, high up among the roof timbers, securely fastening to them one end of a halter, with the other end around his neck, stepped off from the big beam into the abyss of the dread unexplored—swinging to and fro like a pendulum, alone.

CHAPTER X.

BAXTER GAGE—THE CHAMPION CHOPPER OF THE SAUQUOIT VALLEY—A REMINISCENCE OF A STURDY PIONEER—HOW THE MONARCHS OF THE FOREST WERE FELLED WITH MATHEMATICAL PRECISION IN OLDEN TIMES—GENERAL KIRKLAND'S LEGAL SHREWDNESS.

During the war of 1776, among all the brave patriots who staked their fortunes in that noble struggle for liberty, none, perhaps, played a more important part than the bold and daring privateersmen—sailors trained to hardship and dangers in the fishing and coasting trade, they knew no fear, their only hope being to sight and overhaul a British merchantman. The question of immediate attack was a foregone conclusion, without regard to canvas carried by the prospective prize, calibre of her guns, or disparity of numbers by which de-

fended. Among the bravest of the brave of a saucy little craft manned by "Cape Cod-ers," was Don Juan Gage, of Spanish parentage, a hero of the Revolution. He was always the first on the enemy's deck, leading the "boarders." In his last engagement, true to his tradition, he was first and foremost, not that his feet actually trod the deck of the foe, but his head got there. While in the act of boarding, a single powerful sweep of a broadsword, like a gleam of light, and his head rolled over the deck of the enemy, and his body fell back between the grappled vessels, and the brave patriot found his grave in the deep, deep sea. His gallant followers fearfully avenged the death of their bold leader. It was noticed when they arrived in port with their prize, that they had very few prisoners. He left a wife and infant boy, Baxter Gage, born in Yarmouth, Cape Cod, October, 1777. Upon the death of his mother, the orphan boy resolved to "go West." His preparation for the journey did not consume much time. Making a bundle of his extra clothing, suspended on a stick over his shoulder, with a few dollars only in his pocket, barefooted, in the summer of 1790, he turned his face towards the setting sun, bade good-bye to the sandy barrens of Cape Cod and the rolling sea, and boldly struck out on the march across the New England States to Albany; thence working his passage up the Mohawk River on batteaux, in due time arriving at Fort Schuyler; thence to New Hartford, where he fortunately found immediate employment with Judge Sanger. He was a lad of powerful physique, and although but fourteen years of age, could with ease do a man's work. He soon mastered the art of chopping, in which he developed great skill. In the winter, at the suggestion of his employer, he went up the Sauquoit valley, then being cleared up, at which point good choppers were in demand. At that period those early settlers were wont to cut down a single tree at a time, and chop the trunks into lengths of about fourteen feet, which, with the larger limbs, were hauled by oxen to log-heaps to be burned; the small limbs and twigs were collected into an immense brush-heap, and when dry enough also burned. The resounding crash of those giant falling forest trees was a constant sound in all directions, echoing through the valley, and from hill to hill. The process of thus getting

rid of the timber was slow, involving a vast amount of labor in chopping up and hauling the logs after the trees were felled. The particular direction in which to fall a tree is determined by the skill and judgment of the chopper. A deep notch to and beyond the centre of the tree is first chopped on the side toward the direction designed for the fall; this first notch, must, at its apex, have a line through the tree at right angles to the proposed falling line, a notch on the opposite side is then commenced, and, as it deepens toward the apex line, the tree gradually sags over toward the deep-notch side cut in beyond its centre of gravity, and at length gives way, and goes crashing down to earth. A crooked tree, or one with branches largely predominating on one side is difficult to fall in a given direction, and rival choppers would often wager young Baxter that he could not perform that feat, they setting up a stake in the direction that they challenged him to fall it. He took those wagers and invariably won, and with the falling tree drove home their stake deep in the ground. To accomplish this required a very deep notch beyond the centre with the base line of the apex, at a mathematically perfect right angle to an imaginary line leading to the stake, all calculated by the eye alone, unaided by an instrument or any measurement; the slightest variation from a right angle and it would land right or left of the stake. The plan of "slashing" down the forest was the outgrowth of this great skill of the champion chopper, by which he was able to contract to fall the trees at ten dollars per acre, (he could fall an acre per week,) the old plan costing more than twice that sum. On a level tract of land, he would lay out to fall a belt of timber nine rods wide across the tract from west to east, falling towards the east, to gain advantage of the generally prevailing westerly wind; of course if on a hillside, falling them down hill.

Commencing on the east end of his proposed belt, he deep-notched through the tract, on a centre strip three rods wide, each tree on its east side, leaving them standing, but prepared to fall due east; the south three-rod strip of the belt was deep-notched from the northeast, that they should fall in that direction, and diagonally towards the centre strip; the north three-rod slip of the belt were all deep-notched on the south-

east direction, to fall that way, and diagonally towards the centre strip; nearing the western extremity of the tract, he narrowed up the belt abruptly to the shape of the letter A, to the largest tree to be found on the extreme of a centre line of the middle three-rod strip. Thus prepared, he made ready to fall, due east, this giant of the primeval forest, the keystone of the great work. First, chopping well beyond the centre from the east, then stepping around to the west, he attacked that side, and while his gleaming axe steadily ate its way into the heart of the mammoth, even then, quivering and trembling with the throes of dissolution as the apex line was neared, he paused to take breath and gather energy, that the last few decisive strokes could be delivered with the utmost quickness and telling vigor, wiping the perspiration from his heated brow, (and taking a good strong pull at the jug,) a keen professional glance toward the east over his field of labor revealed to him nothing unusual to an American forest scene on a beautiful day in May—the sky serene, a gentle breeze soughing through the tree tops, to which—their acknowledged master when asserted in a whirlwind mood—they now gracefully swayed and bowed; the birds chirruping and twittering as they flitted from tree to tree, arranging their little love affairs for the season, and the playful squirrels, leaping from limb to limb in their gleeful abandon. Sufficiently refreshed, he stepped promptly forward, and, with all the vigor of his powerful frame, sent home the rapid final blows, then leaped nimbly back, beyond the possible rebound, so often fatal to careless choppers, and looked again to the east; the leviathan that had braved the storms for a century, and defiantly waved each successive season his banner of green, yielded at last to the sturdy hand of toil, bent slowly toward the east, gaining velocity and power in the death plunge, the broad, wide-stretching limbs gathering in the weaker trees before, and they in turn the crippled victims further ahead, with a successive crash, crash, and deafening roar of a thousand tempests, in an instant all prostrate, the elastic branches whipping and bounding, then soon all quiet, as the echo died away. None of this generation ever witnessed such a scene of magnificent grandeur.

Baxter looked over his work—a grand avenue opened up

through the dark forest, an immense windrow of trees, interlocked and piled toward the center, a vast log and brush heap combined, ready for the torch—a belt of fallen timber through the track, nine rods wide, artistically “slashed.” He followed this occupation for several years—an acre per week being generally the result—but, under favorable circumstances, he accomplished it in four or five days. After the Paris Furnace was established in 1801, creating a demand for charcoal, the slashing was abandoned, and the trees cut down singly and into logs for the coal-pit, affording a profitable revenue. Baxter, finally, in 1805, with the savings of his arduous toil, purchased a farm of ninety-nine acres, extending from the Farmer’s Factory east, and up and across the main road leading from West Sauquoit and up the hillside.

Money is, in its acquisition, doubtless the prime moving cause of myriads of crimes, frauds, robberies and defalcations among individuals, and between nations war, pillage and devastation in the acquisition of territory. The contention for money is either labor, trade or robbery, but as “money makes the mare go,” the struggle for its possession ever goes on. Mankind have been aptly divided into three classes—money-getter, money-keeper and money-spender. To be effective, money, like steam in an engine boiler, must be confined, the throttle-valve only opened to apply it as power direct. With the ordinary spendthrift it is like water boiled in an open kettle, it all evaporates in steam. Another class of money-spenders, who borrow to carry on undertakings beyond their capital, thinking to become money getters; farmers, for instance, paying down their all to purchase a farm beyond their means, and mortgaging for double what they pay in, evaporate none the less surely, only in this instance, instead of floating off into the open air, the steam, called interest, is caught and condensed by the mortgage instrument, like whisky evaporated in the still, trickling back through the worm into the maw of the money-keeper, where it all, sooner or later, arrives.

The early settlers soon developed into the several inevitable money classes. The farm of Baxter Gage was advertised under foreclosure in the *Columbian Gazette*, in 1811, he thrown into jail, the printed notice posted on the Court

House door, and another on the door of the jail in which he was incarcerated. General Kirkland, who, with the father of Hon. W. J. Bacon, Judge Sanger and Colonel Avery, was then largely interested in the Farmers' Factory, adjoining the farm, on one of his visits there learned of his trouble, and on returning paid a visit to the prisoner. He observed with the keen eye of a lawyer that the prescribed jail notice was posted on the outside of the jail door, instead of the inside, and as the prisoner could not get out to read it, it was no legal notice to him. He at once took steps to set aside the defective proceedings, and in a few hours the old "Slasher" was trudging along toward home; passing the house of Capt. Griffin, that venerable old hero of the Mill Prison, who also served with Paul Jones on the Bon Homme Richard, congratulated him on being "out again." "Yes, Captain, out again, and General Kirkland and I are going to rip up things." The General succeeded in restoring to him the farm, on which he ever after resided. In the gratitude of his heart for this service the old man named his next born son Kirkland. The old pioneer chopper, who had assisted in clearing up many of the farms in the valley beside his own, at last laid down his axe, in the fullness of years, October 29, 1858, at the ripe age of 81. Of all those old pioneer farms in the valley but three are now in the possession of their descendants. No Bacon, Babbitt or Butler, Coe, Crane, Shepard or Gilbert, to-day find a home on the land of their fathers. The three exceptions are Hon. Eli Avery, on the Colonel Avery farm, and the two sons and two daughters of Lieutenant Spencer Briggs, (Daniel M., Henry L., Esther Ann and Polly,) and the two sons of Baxter Gage, (Kirkland and John Gage.)

CHAPTER XI.

CAPTAIN ABNER BACON AND HON. DAVID OSTROM—REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS AND PIONEERS OF WEST SAUQUOIT—GENEALOGY—CAPTAIN BACON'S EARLY ADVENTURES AND HIS SUCCESSES.

I. Michael Bacon immigrated to Dedham, Mass., from Ireland in 1640. It is thought he was English, (was Protestant,) and probably went over to Ireland, as did multitudes, for business ends. He died in 1648.

II. John Bacon came over to America with his father when a child; admitted to the Church in 1646; married in 1651, and died in 1683.

III. Daniel Bacon, born in 1661; married in 1685, and died between 1694 and 1700.

IV. William Bacon, born in 1694; married in 1715, and died —.

V. William Bacon, 2d, born in 1716; married 1737, and died in 1761.

VI. Captain Abner Bacon was born in Dedham, Mass., May 3, 1758. His father died three years later, and his will provided, "That in case his wife should think fit to marry she should *quit my estate* only; that my son Abner, or his guardian, pay my said wife annually the sum of one pound six shillings and eight pence in lawful money for the term of ten years and no longer." Consequently when she married a Mr. Talbot, she was required to quit the estate, and Abner Bacon's guardian paid her the annuity for ten years. The family still lived in Dedham, and forty years ago some of the original allotment of land made in 1640 was still in their possession, thus having been held by the family two hundred years. Captain Bacon was in the army during the entire Revolutionary War, entering the service as an officer's servant at the age of 16, and at 17 years of age enlisted as a private. He was in the battle of Bunker Hill, and also at Ticonderoga. A kinsman, Lieutenant John Bacon, of Natick,

was killed in the fight at Lexington, April 19, 1775. He was promoted from time to time, and was captain at the close of the war. Upon the expiration of his term of service he married and settled down in Dedham, Mass., where five children were born to him: Abner, Jr., January 7, 1781; Nabby, September 24, 1782; Timothy L., April 10, 1784; Lewis, April 3, 1786; and Nancy, July 11, 1787. He then tried his fortunes in the wilderness of western Vermont, where he remained about one year, when, in consequence of the conflicts concerning titles between New York and New Hampshire, he decided to leave that part of the country and go west.

In the early spring of 1789, with his wife and family of five children, the oldest eight years old and the youngest an infant, loaded into an ox-sled, with utensils and supplies, he took his way to the State of New York for the second time to try his fortune in the woods, and at length arrived at Cherry Valley, where he had contracted for a farm on the "East Hill," on which was already erected a log house and log barn, with a small portion of the land cleared off. The former owner fell a victim to the Indian massacre a few years before, and no further improvement had been made on the place. Arriving there with his family of little ones, he found the log house sadly out of repair, with no door or windows, and the snow in huge drifts piled inside, which he immediately set to work to shovel out, and felling a dry "girded" tree, and chopping it in suitable lengths, he rolled a back-log into the great fire-place, and placing split wood in front, which was ignited with "flint and tinder," he soon had a rousing fire, sending its glowing warmth into the room where stood his shivering wife and infant children. Nabby, (who married Dr. Spaulding Pierce,) was then but six years old, but remembered well the building of that fire on the snow and ice accumulated on the hearthstone, and in the last years of her life (she died in May, 1872, aged 90 years,) often related the circumstance to her son, William Pierce.

Another scene of their experience on that eventful first day in the wilderness, was vividly stamped on her memory. After the fire was "well a-going," a plentiful supply of wood was brought in and piled up beside the chimney, and then

blankets substituted for windows were put up to keep out the cold blasts, and a strong, old-fashioned, home-made woolen blanket fastened securely over the doorway and hanging down to the floor did duty as a door. Captain Bacon then proceeded to unload the sleigh and deposit the contents in their *home*, in the meantime caring for his oxen and cow in the log barn, which fortunately was in good condition, with a substantial door. Everything being at length removed from the sleigh to the house, his wife set about "putting things to rights," and preparing a meal for the wearied husband and hungry little ones, while he, cutting a plentiful supply of "browse" for the cattle, securely fastened the barn door, and, preparing and rolling in an extra back log or two to replenish the fire if needed, tired and hungry, sat down to his first meal in the new home as the sun plunged down in the dark forest to the west and marked the close of day.

Under the glowing heat of the roaring fire in the great fireplace, the log-house floor at length dried out, and "shake-downs" being arranged with downy feather beds and ample quilts, the tired little pioneers were tucked snugly away, and one after another, yielding to the drowsy god, in the pleasant visions of dream-land forgot the trials and discomforts of the day. The anxious matron, seeking the improvised couch to soothe awhile the tired, worrying infant, completely "fagged out," fell a victim to her own Lethean lullaby, and mother and babe, under the protecting care of angels, sweetly slept. The stalwart veteran of the Revolution with softening eye glanced at his sleeping treasures, their faces lit up by the ruddy glow of the ingle—a peaceful home scene so strikingly contrasted to the bivouac and the tented field—and with emotions akin to pride, stepped out into the little clearing where stood the log-house and barn, surrounded on all sides by the dense, dark forest, the little log-house thrown into shade by the round, full moon, just then majestically swinging up above the sombre, leafless woods, and assuring himself that all was snug and safe at the barn, reëntered his new chosen far-away wilderness home. Rolling one of the huge back-logs on to the trailing portion of the blanket suspended at the door, thus securely fastening the bottom, and replenishing the fire, he sought his much-needed repose, and ere long

the deep-toned respirations of tired manhood, in measured cadence, were the only sound that disturbed the stillness of that calm, clear night. The moon careered slowly onward over the clearing, on to the west, and as the night waned, the log barn fell into the shade and the log-house stood forth in the clear moonlight, where all in deep repose, as the fire burned low on the great hearth, were unconscious of danger; when suddenly the loud, affrighted bellowing of the cattle, mingled with fearful howls, broke upon the still night hour. The brave pioneer was instantly on his feet, and in a twinkling, gun in hand, was on his way to the scene of the tumult at the barn, his wife meanwhile hastily gathering together the embers on the hearth and adding the dry split wood, which she fanned into a blaze that lit up the interior of the log cabin, when at the instant there came the deafening report of the gun outside, and, with a bound, her husband was at her side, and, seizing a blazing firebrand, he thrust it through the doorway, at the same time shouting to her to assist him in his efforts to replace the back-log on the trailing blanket that constituted the door, and the only barrier between the little family and a ferocious pack of half starved wolves, who, in full cry, made a rush at the cabin, and only halted at a few paces distant, brought to bay and cowed by the waving firebrand, which his wife then taking in hand vigorously flourished, while the captain hastily reloaded his musket and sent another volley into the pack, which scattered them temporarily, but only to return again and again, each time to fall sullenly back, the gallant captain loading and firing as fast as possible, and from time to time hastily supplying his wife with fresh firebrands from the hearth, while the children, awakened by the uproar, added their frightened screeching to the din. Daylight at last breaking, the famished pack trooped back into the fastness of the dark forest, and quiet again reigned in the household. The wolves had scented the cattle and surrounded the barn, to which they could not gain an entrance, but when the Captain emerged from the door to ascertain the cause of the uproar, they, scenting him when he had advanced but a few paces, dashed out for him from the shade into the open moonlight, when at a bound, as he took

in the peril of the situation, first sending a shot at the foremost, he regained the house just in the nick of time.

After remaining here two years, the parties of whom he had contracted to purchase the farm, being unable to give him a good title, he again, and for the third time, loaded his family and household goods into the ox-sleigh, and in the spring of 1791, again went west. Arriving at Paris Hill by the Bridgewater and Cassville route, he went thence down to the Sauquoit valley and purchased a 500 acre lot (less 90 acres already purchased by William M. Winship, afterwards known as the Seth Cooley farm, now the Brownell farm,) embracing the present village of West Sauquoit. Here he at once set to work to erect a log-house on the east side of the present road and opposite the house now occupied by Hon. Chauncey S. Butler, employing the then young chopper, Baxter Gage, to assist him, who felled the first tree for the log-house on the site a few rods north of the present residence of Mr. Seymour. He soon after commenced the erection of a saw-mill on the creek and a little west of what is now the Mould Bros. Grist Mill, which he put up with hewn timbers, and the first lumber he sawed, and before the saw mill was roofed in or covered, went to filling an order for one of the first frame buildings erected in Utica, at the foot of Genesee street, in the summer of 1791. At that time there was no road as yet cut out, down the valley, and to deliver this lumber, a short axletree was put into his cart, making a narrow conveyance on which the lumber piled high up was carted down the valley by the Indian trail as far as New Hartford and thence to Utica. He soon after sawed the lumber for a house erected on the Cooley farm, at the mouth of the lane leading to what is now the silk factory, and also for the house on the south side of the road, opposite (the first house on the east side of the Franklin factory yard,) which two were the first frame or plank houses erected at Sauquoit. The next year or two after, he formed a copartnership with Hon. David Ostrom, also a Revolutionary soldier, who first settled at New Hartford, but soon after removed to Sauquoit, and erected a log-house on the east bank of the creek, about ten rods southeast of the present grist mill. The "corduroy road" across the valley from East to West Sauquoit, led along

south of Ostrom's house, and through what is now the mill pond, leaving the present road near where Washington Mould now resides, and running into the road again near the present railroad crossing, forming a straight road from village to village. Bacon's saw-mill about this time burned down, and the firm of Bacon & Ostrom proceeded to erect a saw mill and a grist mill combined, and to get power or sufficient "fall," it became necessary to locate the mills further down stream, where they now stand, and build the dam and back up the water over the road. The road at that time had not been recorded as a legal highway, and as all were anxious for a grist mill, they were by common consent permitted to change the road, making the bend around to the north of the mills. The saw mill was first erected and then the grist mill, the latter in 1796, which they got into operation in the early spring of 1797, the "run of stones" being the old-fashioned rock stones, the first mill to put in the imported burr stones being the Titus Gilbert Mill, erected the next year up the valley and near the Davis Forge, afterwards the Farmers' Factory, and now the Upper Paper Mills. Their first miller was William Risley, also a soldier of the Revolution, who served through the whole war. He was born in Patchogue, Long Island, and came to New Hartford in 1792, and worked in the grist mill built by Judge Sanger in 1790, now owned by John W. McLean. As soon as the Bacon and Ostrom mill was completed, early in 1797, he moved there, into the log-house near the mill (built by Mr. Ostrom, who had built a frame house in the meantime,) and took charge of the mill, where he lived many years, his four sons, Eli, Daniel, David Ostrom, and Jeremiah being born in the old log-house, where, too, his wife died. After the death of his wife, and when his oldest son, Eli, had grown to manhood, and married the daughter of Jonathan Russell, they removed to Litchfield and built the grist mill known as "Risley's Mills," located near the head of the creek that flows down through the "gulf" to Frankfort. Here the old Revolutionary hero, William Risley, who ground the first "grist" in the town of Paris, after a long and useful life, passed away after an illness of a few hours only, in June, 1834, at the advanced age of 77, on the day that the Baptist Church (near the mills) was raised. Two

sons, Jeremiah and David O., survive him, residing in the West. Bacon and Ostrom, after putting the grist mill in operation, built a carding and fulling mill, saw mill and cider mill, down the lane north of the grist mill.

Mr. Ostrom sold out his interest in the grist mill to his partner in 1804, and removed to Utica and founded the well-known coffee-house on the site of the present Devereux Block, and later on lived opposite, on the site of the old Franklin House, where now stands the Arcade building. He sold his interest in the carding mill, &c., to Captain Bacon, March 7, 1806. He was a prominent man in the town of Paris, and was its first Supervisor, chosen at the first town meeting, held at the house of Captain Moses Foot, April 2, 1793. Upon the organization of the County of Oneida in 1798, he was appointed one of the Judges, which office he held until 1815. He was the first Member of Assembly in conjunction with Henry McNeil and Abel French, in 1798, and again in 1799, 1800, 1801, 1803, 1808 and 1809. He was a prominent Freemason, "made" in old Amicable Lodge, No. 25, under the Mastership of Judge Sanger, in 1793. He was born in Dutchess County in 1756, and full of honors, first and foremost in town and county, Hon. David Ostrom, the pioneer manufacturer of Paris and hero of the Revolution, stricken with apoplexy, suddenly terminated his honorable career, March 17, 1821.

Previous to the year 1800, Captain Bacon erected a two-story frame house on the opposite side of the road from his log house, and on the site of the present residence of Hon. C. S. Butler. (It now stands on the east side of the road, and a few rods north, owned and occupied by John Fletcher.) The frame house being almost completed, but the plastering not yet quite dry, the family had not moved in, with the exception of the "hired men," who had taken over two beds and set them up, when, one afternoon, the "men-folks" being all away at work, the old log house caught fire, and in spite of the efforts of the "women-folks," it was entirely destroyed, with all its contents. When Abner, Jr., the Captain's eldest son, reached the scene of the conflagration, he declared that "there was no great loss without some small gain; they had got rid of the bed-bugs and fleas." The first settlers were

annoyed with these pests in the log houses, as they were not plastered inside like the tidy frame houses which they afterwards erected. Two children were born in the old log house: Kendall Bacon, born July 5, 1791, who was the first white male child born in Sauquoit, Melly Gilbert, daughter of Theodore Gilbert, Sr., born August 26, 1791, being the first female child born in Sauquoit. Kendall died in childhood. The other child, Lydia, (Mrs. J. Nourse, of North Chili, N. Y.,) born in the log house May 19, 1796, is the only surviving child by his first wife. After the death of his first wife, Captain Bacon again married, and three sons were born in the frame house: David, Daniel and James. David died in a western State about one year ago; Daniel resides in the Bradish Block, Utica, at the advanced age of 77 years, and James resides in Richmond, Ill., aged 74. The new frame house was at once opened by Captain Bacon as a tavern, (the first in the valley,) and as he was a worthy Christian and church-member, the tavern was the favorite stopping-place of all the traveling ministers and circuit riders, who were always made welcome, and in time it came to be known as the "ministers' home." In the "History of the Presbyterian Church of West Sauquoit," by Rev. J. N. McGiffert, published in 1860, he records: "On January 29, 1810, a number of professing Christians met at the house of Abner Bacon and proceeded to organize a church of Christ. I extract the record of the meeting, as doubly interesting to those who have so long enjoyed the fruits of that precious day—the birthday of their church." Here follow the minutes of the meeting and list of members, "twenty-six in all, nine males and seventeen females." This pioneer "gin-mill," (as the descendants of those twenty-six now term its successor,) the birthplace of their church, was an orderly and well-kept country tavern—so considered at that very early day—but the customs of the people have so changed, that if the young men of to-day should indulge in such spree and revelry as those old walls have witnessed, time and time again indulged in by those old settlers, the present tavern there would be shut up by law and the license revoked. Captain Bacon's son James writes in regard to the Sunday habits as follows: 'The house was called the ministers' home; all of the sacred

calling were warmly welcomed and generously entertained, and my earliest recollection was a childish dread of Sunday, because I was kept traveling down cellar to draw cider for the ministers." Soon after 1800, Captain Bacon erected another saw-mill on the site of the Franklin Factory, which, with the water power, he sold to the "Friendly Woolen and Cotton Manufacturing Company," October 26, 1813, who removed the saw-mill, converting it into a wool-house, and erected a stone factory, 35x50 feet, known as the "Quaker Factory." The old saw-mill, after being moved two or three times, and occupied for a store and office, and then a tenement house, was at last moved to the east side of the railroad, opposite the depot, and converted into a saloon, post-office, &c., by Savage, Seaton & Brownell, in 1868. In the year 1809, Captain Bacon sold the carding mill property down the lane, north of the grist mill, to his son Abner, who thereafter lived there, dying, however, while on a visit West, February 6, 1860, aged 79 years.

Captain Bacon was a prominent man in church and society, and donated the land for the old burying-ground at West Sauquoit. August 25, 1832, the old hero of the Revolution and pioneer manufacturer of Sauquoit, Captain Abner Bacon, ceased from his labors and went to his rest, respected and regretted by all. His descendants are mostly in the western States. William Pierce, son of Dr. Spaulding Pierce, who married Nabby, the eldest daughter, is the only representative of the Bacon family living in Paris, his son Daniel, of Utica, and a grandson, Charles, (son of Daniel,) and a great-grandson, Prof. Ambrose P. Kelsey, of Hamilton College, being the only others left in this vicinity.

CHAPTER XII.

LIEUTENANT SPENCER BRIGGS—ONE OF THE PIONEERS OF EAST SAUQUOIT—LIVING IN THE VALLEY WHEN IT WAS A DENSE WILDERNESS—GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF DESPERATE ENCOUNTERS BY MR. BRIGGS AND HIS WIFE JERUSHA WITH BEARS AND PANTHERS.

Lieutenant* Spencer Briggs, the pioneer of East Sauquoit, was born in Rhode Island, January 7, 1767, and when a child his parents removed to Rutland, Vt. In the fall of 1790, at the age of 23 years, he turned his steps towards the then "Far West," and arriving at Albany he went up the Mohawk in batteaux, in due time arriving at Fort Schuyler, (Utica,) and, disembarking, made his way to New Hartford, where he formed the acquaintance of Judge Sanger, for whom he worked during the winter, and in the spring of 1791 went up the valley to Sauquoit, where he purchased fifty acres of land—the site of the Franklin Factory—which he soon after sold at a good profit, and purchased another plot of one hundred acres. This in turn he also sold, and soon after, with his profits on these transactions and accumulated earnings, he went to Albany and contracted with the agents of the Bayard Patent for five hundred acres, which embraced the present village of East Sauquoit, it being the most level and fertile portion of the town of Paris. In "running out" this tract the surveyors, as was then the custom, "dropped" a link on every chain, so that the survey would be sure to hold out. The result was that, when he had sold off portions to different parties, the farm that he retained for his homstead overran thirty acres. He built the first log house in that village at a point on the rising ground a little southeast of where his daughter, widow Daniel Wells, now resides, near the old orchard, and the battle of life in the wilderness commenced. He did not hesitate to sell off his land at the "four corners," (now East Sauquoit,) on the road to Norwich, as those did

*The old settlers always called him Leftenant Briggs.

north of that road, and so it happened that the village grew up in his direction, with churches, schools, &c., while he retained his farm in the immediate southern suburbs. Soon afterwards the Marsh family came in and settled at the foot of the hill leading to Norwich Corners, and built a log house at the corner of the intersecting road that now leads to the Campbell neighborhood, and opposite the wagon shop of James Truman. The remains of the old cellar are still visible, from out of which has sprung a thrifty apple tree.

Jerusha Marsh, a comely brunette of 19, and a sister of Sheldon Marsh, attracted the attention of the young gallants of that period, but Spencer, who was gay and attractive in those days, carried off the prize, and ere long—March 13, 1792—transferred her, a willing bride, to his comfortable log house south of the village. The Marsh family soon after removed to Bridgewater, and a Potter family succeeded to their log house. Later on, and after sheep had been introduced, Mrs. Potter developed into an expert wool-carder (by hand) and spinner, and as Mrs. Briggs was a great knitter Mrs. Potter arranged to supply her with yarn. One evening as the shades of night were fast deepening, Jerusha run out of yarn, and started for Mrs. Potter's for a supply, rather against the advice of her husband, as it was not entirely safe in the intervening woods, nothing but a trail marking the way, it being before the Campbell road was opened. She bravely set out, however, and after crossing the brook, and when near her destination, she was alarmed by a rustling, shambling noise in the undergrowth, when, to her horror, close at hand, advancing, she discovered a huge black bear, a large fallen log intervening. Seizing a stick she pounded vigorously on the log, and bruin, astonished, trotted back to his haunts on the "dry-lots," while she ran breathlessly to the Potter house, fortunately near at hand, in her fright bursting in the door with a frantic rush. *A la Bull Run*, both parties retreated.

Bears, wolves and panthers were quite abundant in those days, especially on the "dry-lots" hill, the numerous caves in that locality furnishing them convenient lairs, from which they would make frequent excursions to the valley. Bruin was particularly fond of pig, which rendered it impossible to

raise pork by letting them run in the woods for "shuck," as they do in the western States, and strong log pens had to be erected in consequence for their preservation. Soon after the above adventure, and late in one evening, Spencer and his bride were startled by a terrible outcry from their hog-pen. Jerusha, on the impulse, rushed out to ascertain the cause, but almost instantly came flying back with the announcement that there was a bear in the pen, with the hog encircled in his embrace, while he was vainly trying to leap over the pen with his prize, but the great weight of the porker—some 300 pounds—baffled his efforts. Spencer at once seized his musket, and hastily loaded it with ball and buckshot, while his wife, with equal haste, with tongs grasped a live coal, to which she held the wick of a tallow-dip as she blowed it into a blaze for the tin lantern. (Matches were not then invented.) Both succeeded at about the same time, and sallied forth to the rescue, while the outcries of piggy made the welkin ring. Nearing the pen, to which "Lieutenant" boldly advanced with a cocked musket, Jerusha slid behind her valiant spouse and opened the door of the tin lantern, which she held aloft with one hand, flashing the light into the pen, while with the other hand she clung to her lord and master, shutting her eyes. The sudden light astonished Bruin, and he halted an instant in his vain effort to leap out of the sty with his quarry; there was a flash and a roar and a scream; over backwards went Spencer, down went Jerusha, the gun went flying back towards the house; there was a clatter of tin, a sulphurous odor of gunpowder, a suffocating smell of an extinguished candle, and all was silent, broken a second later by the exclamation, "I guess I've kill 'em both." He meant the bear and hog, not his wife, as she gave evidence of vitality in speedily squirming out of the situation and recovering the lantern, while he regained his gun, and both soon gained the house, where she lit the lantern and he, according to hunter usage, reloaded his gun before approaching his wounded game, this time, however, with more care, as the first load had been evidently overcharged in his previous haste. Securing a butcher-knife, they were soon again at the field of war. Bruin was there and seemed dead, but it would not be safe to trust entirely to appearance, so he

stirred him up with the muzzle of the gun, his hand on the trigger ready to pull at the least sign of life. But the bear was really dead—nine buckshot and a ball, with such a charge of powder behind, at short range, had passed through his head; but piggy was nowhere in sight, having retreated into the back parlor bed-room of his palace. With knife in hand, "Lieutenant" leaped nimbly into the arena, his first attention being to the pig, to butcher him if badly injured, in order to save the pork. The pig, though somewhat excited and nervous, was uninjured, which hastily ascertaining, Spencer severed the jugular of the bear, to render the meat edible by proper bleeding. He had fortunately fallen near the slide-door of the pen. Upon this being opened, it required the united efforts of both to drag him out, when Spencer at once proceeded to skin him, while his wife went to procure the help of Baxter Gage to assist in dressing and "swinging up" the monster game. All the neighbors feasted on bear steak the next day, and the shaggy coat of bruin, properly tanned, did duty as a lap-robe for many years.

Some years later, and when their first-born son, Spencer—born May 15, 1793, and the first child born at East Sauquoit—was a lad in his teens, the old man, having some business with "Elder" Goodier, who had settled in Litchfield, near Cedar Lake, took the lad along with him in the sleigh. The road at this time had been cut out through the woods up through the Campbell neighborhood and over the "dry-lots" hill to Goodier's. That part of the road was abandoned a few years since. This road, although rough and unworked, now that the deep snow had been trodden down with the travel, was in capital condition, and with the rude old sleigh, strong and reliable, with "natural crook" runners, hewed beams, and "raves" pinned together, they sped along finely behind the spirited span of colts in which Spencer took great pride, and the boy called "his." Business detained him at the Elder's longer than expected, and night set in before he turned his horses homeward. There was no moon, but the stars shining brightly, in conjunction with the white snow, seemed to render the road readily distinguishable, even in the deep gloom of the dark forest through which their homeward route lay. For four miles, and until they reached Camp-

bell's and Elkanah Hewett's clearing, well down on the hillside near Sauquoit, there was no habitation, all being then a dense, unbroken wilderness. The first part of their route up the hill to the summit of the "dry-lots," was quickly sped over, without accident. The occasional hooting of an owl startlingly near served to keep young Spencer on the alert, as he "snuggled up" a trifle closer to the old man, who tucked the bear skin a little closer around him. As they reached the summit and began the descent the colts all at once evinced signs of fear and dashed into a gallop, which the old man with all his strength (meanwhile soothingly talking to his favorites) could not reduce to an ordinary gait. On the contrary they increased their speed and very soon, to his inexplicable astonishment, they had "taken the bits in their mouths," and were actually running away. He could not check their speed. The most he could do was to firmly keep them in the track, wondering "what possessed the critters to act so." His wonder, however, was of short duration, for almost with the thought, distinct above the rattle and clatter of the whiffletrees behind the running horses, came the sound of the blood-curdling yell of a panther, in pursuit. The keener sense of hearing of the horses had first detected the sound of the yelling horror, and they wildly plunged ahead. But the panther gained on them every leap, as each more distinct yell plainly indicated. Lieutenant Spencer Briggs was no coward, but unarmed, in the woods, with a runaway team, his first-born son, a mere lad—the apple of his eye—by his side, all helpless, a panther pursuing and nearly up to them, it is not to be wondered at that "he felt his hair crawling up into his coonskin cap." He had not yet looked back. To turn his head while guiding his frightened team, he well knew was perilous. Few drivers can accomplish that feat, and not swerve their team out of the road, and a capsize, then, was certain death to him and his son. His plans, however, were quickly laid, and promptly executed. Bidding young Spencer to stand up in front of him and take hold firmly of the reins forward of his own hands, he charged him on peril of his life, to hold the colts straight in the track, and not to look back, no matter what happened, or what he heard, but to run the team home for dear life. Relinquishing the reins he wheeled

around and faced his fate, fully determined to save his boy even at the sacrifice of his own life. The varmint was in sight and a few more leaps would land him in the sleigh. Their seat, improvised when they had started out from home, was a strip of ash flooring, about four or five feet long, firm and solid. This he now seized, and stepping toward the back of the sleigh, to have full swing of his powerful arms, braced himself for the onslaught, with the ash poised edgewise high over his head. His position was scarcely taken when the final leap came. High in the air, like a bolt from a catapult, with flaming eyes, open jaws and distended claws, the terror of the American forest came flying towards him. The powerful blow descended with all the vigor of the old pioneer's powerful frame, the edge of that bludgeon hitting full and fair on the neck of the animal back of the ears and with such force, together with the momentum of the leap, that he landed far over the sleigh, at the side of the road in the deep snow, evidently stunned. A moment or two had covered the whole transaction; two or three minutes more and the team, had covered the remaining distance—more than a mile—to the settlement, and they were safe.

After living many years in the log-house he erected a large frame house (widow Samuel Allen now resides in it) some twenty rods to the south, one-half of the chamber being in one large room, which he designed for a ball room, he being fond of dancing and gay company, and there being no public hall in those days in the settlement. Still later on in life he became converted, joined the Methodist Church, gave up dancing, and built another house near the village (where Mr. Bice now resides) in which he passed his declining years, a worthy citizen, full of generous impulses, going to his rest September 15, 1845, at the ripe age of 79.

CHAPTER XIII.

SAUQUOIT—THE SECOND SETTLEMENT IN THE TOWN OF PARIS.

East and West Sauquoit stand on two parallel streets, one-half mile from each other on opposite sides of the creek, and united by a cross street. The village takes its name from the creek which flows through the village and to the north. The creek was called by the Oneida Indians, Sagh-da-que-da, signifying "smooth, round pebbles." The Stockbridge and Brothertown Indians called it Sauquoit, signifying "short and rapid." The latter name was adopted by the early settlers for the creek and valley. As the village grew, the west part came to be known as "Savage's Corners," and the east part as "Methodist Corners" and "Bethelville," and until the year 1820, when a post-office was established in the store of Hobart Graves, who was postmaster and the village officially named Sauquoit. The store of Hobart Graves was at East Sauquoit, in the building that is now J. Truman's wagon shop. In the course of a few years its post-office was removed to West Sauquoit, to "Savage's stand," and Stephen Savage made postmaster. In 1832, his son, Frederick S. Savage, was made postmaster, Dr. A. B. Bligh in 1846, Dr. Jeremiah Knight in 1850, and George M. Brownell in 1851, who made David Seaton his deputy, who performed the duties of the office, and at the expiration of the term he was made postmaster, which office he held fifteen years, and at his death, his daughter, Kate Seaton, succeeded him, and held the office ten years, when, in 1877, W. Eugene Nichols was appointed, and the office, after being at West Sauquoit for fifty years was moved to East Sauquoit. The following year, however, (1878,) Stephen G. Savage, (a grandson of "old Stephen," the second postmaster,) was appointed, and the office moved back to West Sauquoit. The twin-villages are beautifully located on the slope of either hillside, in the broad portion of the Sauquoit valley, and are 820 feet above the level of the sea, and 400 feet higher than the Mohawk at Utica. The first settler at Sauquoit, who came with his family and remained,

was Theodore Gilbert, Sr., who built his home near the Burning Spring, in the winter of 1789-90. The same winter the three young pioneers, John and Sylvester Butler and Asa Shepard, came in and built their cabin together on the "pioneer road," northwest of the village, and Phineas Kellogg built a log-house north of the village, near the Tucker brook, but did not remain there as one of the settlers. Mrs. Plumb and two children, (wife and children of Joseph Plumb,) came from New England soon after and occupied the "Phin." Kellogg house. In 1791, came William Babbitt, William M. Winship, Captain Abner Bacon and David Ostrom; and north of the village, Charles Cooledge, Zenas Merrill; and the next year Camp Parmelee. At East Sauquoit, came first in 1791, Lieutenant Spencer Briggs and Baxter Gage, and on the east hill, Simeon Coe, Elisha Wetmore, Moses Campbell, Jr., and Elkanah Hewett, and northeast of the village, Ensign Josiah Hull, Nathan Robinson, Moses Campbell, Sr., and Howe Nichols; north of the village, Captain Kirtland Griffin; at South Sauquoit, ("Davis' Forge" or "Farmers' Factory") came in winter of 1789-90, Titus Gilbert, Sr., Allyn Gilbert and Theodore Gilbert, 2d; and in spring of 1791, Ephraim Davis, and in the vicinity, Enos Pratt and a Mr. Root, and some others whose names are not preserved, as they did not remain and become identified with the growth of the village.

In the fall, William Swan, a lad of 14, died, which was the first death within the present limits of Paris. The first tavern in the valley was kept by Captain Bacon, and the first store by Drs. "Dick and Jack" Perkins, in 1794-95, succeeded by Judge James Orton, who added tavern facilities to the store, and who sold out to Stephen Savage about the year 1806. On Judge Orton's books, September 15, 1806, he is charged with "five shillings and sixpence," paid to Mr. Spofford for making a "sign post," at which time he took possession, and it was afterwards known as "Savage's Stand." Stephen Savage afterwards, and about the year 1812, leased the southwest corner of the Presbyterian Church lot and erected a store thereon, which he carried on as a store during his lifetime, the old tavern stand being carried on by his son Frederick, Cyrus Chatfield, Ransom Curtiss and others, from time to time. Stephen Savage also owned the grist mill at

one time, and in partnership with Naaman W. Moore, founded the paper mills. He was an old-fashioned merchant, and there being no rivals at that early day, he had things his own way in regard to prices. On one occasion his store was entered by burglars, who carried off some two hundred dollars worth of goods, and for a day or two "Uncle Steve" mourned his loss as one without hope, but finally rallied his faculties and went through his stock of goods in the store and "marked the prices up" on every article, so that when sold, his loss would be made good, and perhaps a little more.

His wife died in 1832, and he again married; his second wife being Nabby Bacon, widow of Dr. Spaulding Pierce, who survived him many years, and died at the house of her son, William Pierce, in the month of May, 1872, aged 90 years.

He died December 4, 1848, at the ripe old age of 78 years. The old store was afterwards kept by R. E. Kaple, Peter Kneaskarn and Solomon Rogers, and was finally removed to the rear of the Brownell store at the mouth of the Silk Mill street. The old Savage stand was kept latterly by Paul R. Miner, Stephen Medbury, and last by Joseph Mason; when on April 5, 1862, it burned down, and Mr. Mason built the present hotel, on the site which was afterwards kept by A. Vanvalkenburg, a Mr. Bradt, W. H. Slover, and for the last ten years by the present popular landlord, Mr. Alfred Rogers. A store was opened in the Masonic Hall building, about 1849, by Davis & Day, (James L. Davis and Almeron Day,) who sold out to Calvin E. Macomber, Mr. Davis removing to Utica, to the Franklin House, and afterwards the Central Hotel. Mr. Day removed to Litchfield, and founded a store at Day's Corners. The first merchant at East Sauquoit was Martin Hawley, the store standing across the road east of Mr. Truman's wagon shop. The building was afterwards moved down the main road to the west, near the school house, and is a part of Mr. Truman's residence now. Henry Cram had a store on the "corners" soon after. Mr. Hawley removed to Paris Hill, and was succeeded by Hobert Graves, Hobert Graves & Son, Hobert Graves, Jr., who had for partners at

different times, John Milton Butler, William W. Hickox and Ezra C. Southard, and was succeeded by Southard & Hammond and Miles & Hale and Andrew Mills, who married a daughter of Elisha Wetmore, and who was afterwards a merchant at Paris Hill, and now resides near Franklin Farnace. His partner was Samuel Hale. Mills and Hale, in company with William Royce, about this period, bored for coal at the mouth of Crane's "gulf," near Elijah Davis' rope walk, but did not find any coal. Solomon Rogers was the next merchant at the "corners;" first Rogers & Harrington, then Rogers & Adams, (Harry W. Adams, now of Lenox,) and afterwards alone; he was succeeded by J. M. & A. Gray, (James Madison and Alonzo, sons of Jordan Gray, who kept a little grocery,) and they were succeeded by Erastus Everett, then Hon. M. L. Hungerford, Davis & Dav, Birdsall & Hull, William Harrison Royce, Dr. Maltby, James Moulton and the present merchants, Miller & Nichols. Other merchants there, have been Ira Edwards, Eugene Royce, Rufus G. Priest and R. D. Richards; and in the valley between the two villages: Brownell & Son's store, (on the Franklin Factory yard,) and at the mouth of Silk Mill street, George M. Brownell & Son, C. G. & A. E. Brownell, Brownell & Rogers, (C. G. Brownell and H. C. Rogers,) Henry C. Rogers, H. N. Shepard & Son, Slover & Savage and Savage & Johnson. Henry Cram kept a tavern, now the residence of Thomas Garlick and Nathaniel Babbitt, where Asher Gallup now lives. The principal tavern there for years, was the house south of the Academy, now the residence of Mr. Stelle. Enos Knight first kept it, then his son William; U. T. Harvey, who removed to Sherburne; Daniel Griggs, a Mr. Elliott, Daniel Walton and others; the last landlord being Reuben Peake, who kept the house many years.

The tavern at South Sauquoit, known as the Burning Springs Hotel, stood in the forks of the roads—one leading from the main road over the high ground south through the Bently neighborhood. When first settled, this was the main road to Cassville and Bridgewater, the road along the creek not being built until many long years after. The hotel was erected by Austin Graves in 1828, and was designed for a "watering place," a bath and spring house being erected in

the extreme north of the flat-iron shaped lot, and extensive barns at the south of the hotel. The old bath house now stands some fifty rods south on the Clayville road, and converted into a dwelling house. A pipe led from the bath house to the hotel, conveying the collected sulphureted hydrogen gas from the "waters," terminating in a burner in the bar-room, where the jet was ignited. Mr. Graves was succeeded by Herman A. Barrows, who carried it on until his death, which took place November 23, 1848, aged 38. The hotel then passed into the hands of William Collins, who kept it some years, when he rented it and removed to Rome, N. Y., where he now resides, Theodore C. Gilbert and others keeping it. It was finally destroyed by fire in March, 1859.

Major William Gere built the first tannery at East Sauquoit, at the foot of the hill on the south side of the road leading to Norwich Corners. After a few years he met with reverses, and the property went into the hands of Seth Smith, who exchanged it for a farm with Josiah Mosher, in the Porter neighborhood. Mr. Mosher and his sons, George W. and S. Emerson, carried on the tannery some years. Major Gere afterwards carried on the tannery opposite Deacon Hubbard's wagon shop, in the village, on Tannery Brook, built by John Curtiss; afterwards William J. Eager carried it on until his death, February 14, 1840; then William Royce and his son William Harrison, and then his son Henry M. This tannery has been lately demolished by Eugene Nichols, who has erected a residence on the front of the lot. Major Gere was also a partner with Ark Jenks in the oil mill near Davis' forge, at South Sauquoit, (now the upper paper mills,) about the year 1808. Their advertisement appeared in the *Columbian Gazette*, May 16, 1808: "Linseed oil in quantities for sale at their mill," &c. Major Gere, some years later, carried on a shoemaker's shop, and finally removed to Utica. He was born in Groton, Ct., in 1776, came to Sauquoit in 1802, was a prominent business man for many years in Paris, a member of old Paris Lodge, F. and A. M., and died by his own hand in Utica, November 25, 1849, aged 73.

Deacon Abijah Hubbard carried on the wagon and sleigh manufactory for many years opposite the tannery. Deacon Hubbard came to Sauquoit at an early day, and was an ex-

tensive manufacturer of wagons, &c., in those days. He was one of the first elders of the Presbyterian Church when it adopted that form of government, and was ordained in 1833, and continued in the position during life. He was a kind neighbor and esteemed by all, passing away July, 1868. One son, George A. Hubbard, survives him and is a wagon-maker in Philadelphia, Pa., and a surviving daughter, Sarah, wife of Dr. Wadsworth, a dentist, resides in Brooklyn, N. Y. His second wife, Esther A., daughter of Lieutenant Spencer Briggs, resides on the old place, and is again married, to George Wadsworth. A little south of his shop was the organ factory of Oliver Prior. At one time, Mr. Andrews (afterward of Waterville, and father of the Mr. Andrews, organ-maker, of Utica,) was associated with him: also Rufus Barnard. This was the pioneer organ factory in Central New York. In the later years of his life, Mr. Prior invented and manufactured the Harmonist, which was the first inception of the instruments now known as melodeons, family organs, &c. 'Squire Asahel Curtiss, Ezekiel Hawley and General Gates (who still survives) were the principal saddle and harness makers. The Royces, James Seaton, George and Daniel Griggs, H. Norton Robinson, John Olmstead, Major Gere, Zabine Luce, Samuel Robbins and Samuel Cheeney were the prominent shoemakers, and George Tinker at West Sauquoit, who built the house now occupied by widow David Seaton. He was formerly a resident of Marshall, and was married there to a Miss Bowker, and he now resides at Palermo, Oswego County, at an advanced age. The first town meeting at the organization of Marshall was held in his house, February 21, 1829. Morgan L. Antisdel was also a prominent shoemaker at West Sauquoit. He first settled on Paris Hill, was afterward at Willowvale, and then removed here, where he remained during life. Mr. Badger, Stillman Wells and Nehemiah Walton were cabinet-makers; also, David Loring, who also attended to the undertaking; he also worked at the millwright trade and made carding machines. His house and shop stood on Mill street, a few rods west of the present residence of ex-Supervisor William F. Mould. He was a prominent man in educational and other enterprises, and a leading member of Paris Masonic Lodge, and one of

the first officers of Sauquoit Lodge, No. 150. Soon after the death of his wife, his health became impaired, and to add to his misfortune, in the spring of 1850, his shop, attached to his house, caught fire, communicating to the house, and when discovered was well under way, and the old man was with difficulty rescued from the flames. Everything, including his valuable library and London Encyclopædia, was destroyed, and he never recovered from the shock, and died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Dr. Bligh, in the fall of 1850. Charles Robinson, the latter, lived nearly opposite the Loring place. He was the son of Nathan Robinson, one of the pioneers of 1791. He was a prominent man in all the growth of the village, and was Justice of the Peace many years. His wife was a daughter of William Babbitt, the pioneer. Some years ago they removed to Cooperstown, where his wife died. One son, Frank, survives them, a prominent business man there, and another son, H. Norton, is the well-known real estate broker in Syracuse. The old 'Squire, with a widowed daughter, makes his home at Knowlton, Wis.

Most of the "daddies" of those days were strict disciplinarians, and acted up to the old adage of "spare the rod and spoil the child," and the district schools were also run on that plan. One day 'Squire Robinson was performing the "painful duty" of giving one of his boys the salutary penalty of disobedience, with a "rope's end." The scene of the reckoning was the barn, which stood south of the road and side of "Uncle" David Loring's, the line-fence only dividing. Uncle David, being at his barn, heard the loud outcries of the lad, and very soon stuck his head over the fence and his nose into the business, and remonstrated with the 'Squire for "treating the boy so harshly." The old 'Squire resented the interference, and the neighborly discussion verged on a quarrel; the boy, wholly forgotten meantime, quietly slipped away. Among other things he urged that it was an easy matter to govern the boys by "moral suasion," treating them kindly, giving them good advice, and not get into a passion, &c., &c., and, above all, to "enlighten their understanding." The old 'Squire berated him soundly for interfering in his family government, and "would thank him hereafter to mind his own business," and they parted in a "huff," and did not

speak to each other again for several days. Their next conversation, a few days later, was opened by the 'Squire, who, busy at work near a front window of his hat shop, in the west end of his dwelling, was suddenly startled by a loud rattling and clattering in Uncle David's cabinet shop, across the way, accompanied with loud outcries and a rush and scramble down the stairs, and in a trice Uncle David and his son Riley emerged into the front yard, the old man in a towering passion, the "wen" on his bare, bold head fairly glowing, while with a piece of board he was vigorously paddling the lad, who was "raising the neighborhood" with his yells. The window-sash of the hat shop slid to the right, the old 'Squire's head was thrust out, his spectacles pushed up on his crown, and "That's right, David, [*whack,*] that's right, [*whack,*] give it to him, [*whack ;*] enlighten his understanding, [*whack ;*] give him good advice and moral suasion—with a board !" At the sound of his voice and these taunts, Uncle David turned livid with rage, and while they resumed their neighborly conversation, broken off several days before, Riley was forgotten, who nimbly mounted the red ladder—that always stood leaning on the shop—and perched himself on the roof. After the argument was concluded, Uncle David bethought himself of the boy, and very soon discovered his whereabouts, when he pulled down the ladder, and, leaving the boy on the roof, resumed his duties in the shop. After an hour or two, his ire having abated, he replaced the ladder and Riley came down, and harmony was restored.

Other prominent millwrights in the valley were D. Sheldon Marsh, (deceased,) Hiram and Titus Gilbert, (both deceased,) Roswell Eastman, George W. Holman, Alpha Smith, (deceased,) and John Seaton.

Next east of David Loring's house stood a shop where a Mr. Scripture, at an early day, manufactured patent cheese presses ; afterwards a Mr. Handy made heavy wooden rocking and office or bar-room chairs ; and later on was used as a wagon shop by Joseph Pratt and his son John, and also by 'Squire Samuel Allen. Further up the street stands Captain Knight's blacksmith shop, which for many years was noted in the valley. Daniel Wells also had a blacksmith shop near the Tannery Brook, and among his specialties were a frame

and facilities for shoeing oxen, which were much used at an early day by the farmers. T. L. Switzer's blacksmith shop was north of the village, and a Mr. Risley had a gun shop south of the tannery. Captain Knight was a famed horse-shoer and forger of mill and factory work, and celebrated for his skill in hardening and tempering steel, especially mill-picks for dressing the hard mill-stones. It would sometimes occur that several would be waiting their turn for the completion of their job, and on such an occasion, the dinner hour arriving, the hospitable Captain would invite those waiting to dinner. On such an occasion Mrs. Knight announced dinner, the waiting farmer chancing to be 'Squire Todd. The genial Captain invited the 'Squire to dinner, remarking that "as it was Monday and 'washing-day,' the best he could offer him would be salmon." "Ah, ha! salmon; well, really, you could not have anything to suit me better; I'm passionately fond of salmon, but rarely get any, as the fish peddlers that come through the valley seldom come up on the hill to supply us." As they entered the house, Mrs. Knight, flushed and heated with her washing-day duties, looked unutterable things at the Captain for "bringing company to dinner on washing day," but before she could get in any apologies or excuses, he courteously seated his guest to the table, which was neatly spread. On a large platter, in the center of the table, was a towering pyramid of golden mush, or hasty pudding, hot, quivering and steaming, and at each plate were bowl and spoon, while large pitchers of cool, delicious milk garnished the table, all of which was soon served, the conversation never lagging. The 'Squire did ample justice to the mush and milk, thinking that being the first course, the salmon would soon come. It was the first and only course that day. The nearest approach to salmon was its color—it was *salmon-colored*.

'Squire Jared P. Todd was an early settler, born in Northford, New Haven County, Ct., and came to Paris at an early day, his farm where he settled being just east of Simeon Coe's on the hill. He was Justice of the Peace many years, and Supervisor in 1829-33-34. His farm house burned down in April, 1864, when he removed to the village—East Sauquoit—and purchased the *old* homestead of Lieutenant Spencer

Briggs, where he resided ever after. His eldest son, Captain Flavel, removed to Waco, Texas, about 1850, where he still resides; another son, Chauncy, is in a western State, and his youngest son, Dr. Ami, is in the oil regions (Titusville) of western Pennsylvania. His daughter, Mrs. Samuel Allen, at his death succeeded to the Briggs homestead. He was genial and social in a marked degree, and greatly respected by his townsmen, and in the last years of his life, he was always called upon to preside at town meetings. He passed away May 25, 1870, aged 79.

Hon. William Knight was one of the leading men in town, Member of Assembly in 1836, and later in life, Justice of the Peace for sixteen consecutive years; also Justice of Sessions; was one of the prime movers in founding the Academy, and its Secretary for many years, and latterly President of the Board of Trustees; was several years Master of old Paris Lodge, F. and A. M., and charter member of Sauquoit Lodge, No. 150, and ten years its Master, and in 1862-63 he was Grand Steward of the Grand Lodge. His social qualities won the friendship of all, and at his death—after an illness of a few days—he was honored by the largest funeral in the history of the town. He passed away on Washington's Birthday in 1875, aged 75. His father, Enos Knight, died April 20, 1849, aged 71. His only brother, George H. Knight, went West and died about 1835, and lies in the old burying ground in the heart of the city of Cleveland, Ohio. At the head of his grave flourishes a thrifty hickory tree, planted by Captain Knight on a visit to his grave in the spring of 1836. A sister, Patty, alone survives, the wife of the old miller and merchant, Harry W. Adams, now residing at Lenox, Madison County, N. Y.

Among the old-time tailors was U. T. Harvey, at East Sauquoit, who married a daughter of Elkanah Hewitt; he afterwards kept the hotel for some years, and then removed to Sherburne, the popular landlord there for many years, where he died a few years since, his wife surviving him. James L. Davis, who also married a daughter of Elkanah Hewitt, learned the trade of Mr. Harvey, and succeeded him in the tailoring business, carried it on for many years, when he sold out to Aug. L. White and embarked in the mercantile

business, afterwards removing to Utica and engaged in the hotel business, well and favorably known for many years, where he died Feb. 11, 1874, aged 57. His wife and one son survive him. At West Sauquoit, Daniel Bacon, son of Captain Abner Bacon, was for many years the popular tailor, finally removing to Utica, where, with his aged wife, he still resides. Benjamin Allen, his competitor at West Sauquoit, removed to Otsego County many years since, where he still resides. In those days, the tailors and shoemakers and hatters did a thriving business, but in later years the ready-made clothing, boots and shoes, hats, &c., have entirely superseded the old way, and the business was ruined.

Many years ago a wagon and turning shop stood a little north of the village of West Sauquoit, near the brook, and opposite the old school house, now Mr. Sullivan's blacksmith shop. It was carried on by Dr. Gordon and Darius Reed, and many years ago it was destroyed by fire. Darius Reed, the wandering poet, then established his turning business at Cassville, and sold his rolling pins, butter stamps, etc., about the town, reciting his poetry to his customers in his old age. His advertisement for his lost draw-shave will be remembered by some of the old residents :

"Taken from my shop, by some thief or knave,
A small draw-shave ;
Perhaps, through good intent,
I have it to some neighbor lent,
But d—n the man that is so slack,
That will not borrowed tools bring back.

"DARIUS REED."

The old man died a few years since at an advanced age, a homeless wanderer. He was a quaint character, and some of his *poetry* was brimfull of wit. His allegory written after the building of the present Presbyterian Church at West Sauquoit, contained some fine points and rare good hits. The building was constructed of materials from the old church ; the basement from the stones from the old Mix distillery that stood near Mould Bros.' mill, on the site of their barn ; and some of the materials were from a cider mill ; the materials from the three buildings hold a colloquy in his poem, which he used to read from his manuscript. Prominent among the

industries at the early day were the potasheries and distilleries. Of the latter, there were *eleven in town* and one brewery—four at Sauquoit, four at Cassville, two at Paris Hill, one at Holman City, and the brewery at Clayville. John Butler was the pioneer distiller in town, his distillery being located on the Spring Brook, near where James Eiffe now resides. Noah Hall's distillery was located on the north bank of the Tannery Brook, on the road east of the village of East Sauquoit, near where Daniel Blackman now resides. He had a "run of stones" to grind his grain, and carried on the business largely. A sudden freshet one day swept away a portion of his works and destroyed his extensive hog-pens, washing his large drove of hogs down the stream and drowning them. He then removed to Earlville, and his distillery was afterward converted into a potashery by Solomon Rogers. The Mix distillery was a substantial stone building, and located on the north side of the road, near Bacon & Ostrom's grist mill, now Mould Bros.' The Asa Shepard distillery was located near the Titus Gilbert mill at South Sauquoit, near the railroad crossing where Theodore C. Gilbert now resides. It was carried on extensively by Mr. Shepard, and at his failure it went into the possession of Hobart Graves, the merchant, who carried it on for many years. The two distilleries at Paris Hill were Haywood's and Samuel Addington's. At Cassville, on the road leading from the mill up to the village were two distilleries, one on either side of the road; Thompson Snell the proprietor of one, and Marsh & Stanley the other; and above the village, on the road leading to Paris Hill, near "Tophet" school house, Roswell Cossett erected his distillery; he settled there in 1801, and his son, C. P. Cossett, was one of the early settlers of Clayville, but recently removed to Lincoln, Ill. One-half mile further towards Paris Hill, Nathaniel Tompkins, another pioneer, erected his distillery. The distillery at Holman City was carried on by George Briggs. Deacon Joseph Howard erected the pioneer brewery of the county, early in the century, near the Franklin Furnace, at what is now Clayville, and thus supplied a great need. The favorite beverage of the early settlers was flip, and while they could readily obtain whisky from any one of the eleven distilleries, they suffered greatly

for the want of the other important ingredient, beer, without which good flip cannot be compounded. To the great joy of all, the worthy Deacon came to the rescue, and founded a brewery, and also carried on a grocery store adjoining, which became a favorite place of resort, the leading staples of his trade being sugar, whisky and beer, which, put together in a mug and a hot flip-iron thrust into the mixture, made flip. His brewer was a Frenchman well skilled in the art, John Turonzo, who, after the brewery ceased operations, lived near Holman City, and a few years since, at an advanced age, hung himself. Two of his daughters survive, Mrs. Cornelius Brower, Jr., of Sauquoit, and Mrs. Pindar, who moved away a few years since.

John Howard came from Pomfret, Ct., to Sauquoit in 1793, where he died in 1816. His son, Deacon Joseph Howard, was born in Pomfret, Ct., in 1766, was married to Submit Luce, of Somers, Ct., April 3, 1788, and came to Sauquoit with his father in 1793. He, as well as his father, was one of the founders of the Presbyterian Church, and was one of the first deacons, which office he held for forty years. He was a good man and a leading citizen in town, and died June 4, 1846. Moses Gray, Sr., came to East Sauquoit from Grafton, Vt., in 1793, where he built a log house a little south of where is now the Methodist Church. He died May 8, 1805. His son Moses, who came with him—they making the journey on horseback—married Roxanna Howard, (daughter of Deacon Joseph Howard,) who was born in Long Meadow, Ct., in 1789, by whom he had eight children: Asa, Roxanna, Elzada, Almira, Moses Miller, Hiram, George and Joseph Howard Gray. George died in Boston, Mass., Jan. 9, 1848. Hiram, who was one of the firm that built the upper paper mill in 1853, died a few years later at Sauquoit; the other children survive. Asa, the eldest, is the world-renowned botanist. At an early age he displayed a taste for that science. When a mere lad his father would set him at work plowing with oxen, and after marking out a "land" for him, (by plowing two or three furrows around it,) would leave him to finish up. Returning in an hour or two to see how "he got along," he would find Asa seated on the ground wholly absorbed in analyzing some rare spring flower, oblivious of the fact that

the impatient cattle had left the furrow, and dragging the plow after them, were quietly grazing in a distant part of the field, and the plowing about where the old man left off. It was out of the question to make a farmer of him, so he was sent to school and educated for a physician. Phlebotomy proved equally as distasteful to him as farming; it was not his *forte* to become a "saw-bones," and he drifted into his natural calling of botanist, in which he has won great distinction among the savants of the world, his books on the subject being standard authority in Europe, as well as in his native land. He married Jane Lathrop Loring, of Boston, Mass., in 1848, and now resides at the Botanic Garden of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. The youngest son, Joseph H., is a well-known lawyer in Wall street, New York. Moses Gray, who was a tanner by trade, removed from Paris Furnace (now Clayville) to Sauquoit, and afterwards purchased the Lorenzo Graham farm, which he carried on for many years. He was a man of sterling integrity, and commanded the respect of all. At his death, which took place in 1845, his son, Moses Miller: (who the same year married Emily, a daughter of Captain Zachariah Townsend,) succeeded to the farm, where he has ever since resided. Moses Gray's wife, Roxanna, survived him many years, and passed gently away, June 15, 1869, at the advanced age of 80 years.

Lorenzo Graham, of whom the farm was purchased by Mr. Whitmarsh, and then by Moses Gray, was born in Hillsdale, Columbia County, in 1799, and at the age of four years came with his father, George Graham, to West Sauquoit, his mother riding the entire distance on horseback. His father purchased the farm of Asa Shepard in 1803, to which, on his death, Lorenzo succeeded. In 1825, he married a daughter of Eleazer Tompkins, (a kinsman of Governor Tompkins,) and some years later removed to Paris Hill, where he resided until his death, which occurred August 4, 1878, at the ripe old age of 77, his wife surviving him, (they had lived together fifty-three years,) and lives with their only son, George T. Graham, near Paris Hill. Lorenzo Graham was a member of old Paris Hill Lodge, F. and A. M., "made" January 12, 1824. The late Anson Hubbard, near Paris Hill, married a sister of Mrs. Graham.

Among the early physicians at Paris Hill, were Dr. Amos G. Hull, (soon after removed to New Hartford and thence to Utica,) Dr. Sampson, Elnathan Judd, Seth Hastings and David Larrabee; at Sauquoit, "Dick" and "Jack" Perkins, (first merchants also at West Sauquoit,) Spaulding Pierce, Dr. Norton, Dr. Gordon, Leverett Bishop, Rufus Priest, Aaron B. Bligh, Jeremiah Knight, Ansel and Asa Tyler, C. N. Palmer and C. A. Ostrom; at Cassville, Barzilla Budlong. (Bligh and Knight both also having practiced at Cassville and Clayville.)

Dr. Rufus Priest, son of Asa Priest, the Revolutionary soldier, was born in Litchfield, Herkimer county, in the year 1794, graduated at the Fairfield Medical Academy, married Rebekah, daughter of Josiah Mosher, the Revolutionary soldier, and took up his practice at West Sauquoit. He was a skillful surgeon and in later years an accomplished dentist, the latter profession, however, he practiced chiefly in the South, where each winter for many years he was compelled to repair, through impaired health, making his winter home with his brother-in-law, Josiah Mosher, Jr., at the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. He was a brilliant, social man, of keen wit, a fine singer, and many years leader of the choir at the Methodist Church, of which he was a prominent member, and first and foremost in the reforms of the day. His great vital energy enabled him to battle for years with the fell destroyer insidiously sapping his health, but he did not relinquish his practice, and through all those years carried a cheerful face into the sick room of his patients. He succumbed at last, and rested from his labors October 29, 1849, aged 55. His wife survives him, married to Dr. L. Bishop, of East Sauquoit. His children were Jane G., Gilbert M., Rebekah P., and Rufus G. Gilbert, a boy of fine intellect and ripe beyond his years, while teaching school (not yet 16 years old,) near Norwich, Chenango county, was stricken with typhoid fever and died after a short illness in 1849. The other children survive. The eldest, Mrs. Jane G. Hyde, is the accomplished preceptress of the Young Ladies' Institute at Norwich, N. Y. Rebekah, wife of Rev. Munson Wadsworth, a Methodist clergyman, resides in Otsego county, and Rufus G. Priest, after serving through the war of rebellion, sought a home in the

"far West," and resides in Hastings, Iowa. Dr. A. B. Bligh was born in 1800, first practiced in Cassville, was postmaster when that village was Paris Hollow, and the first postmaster when it was changed to Cassville, in the year 1835. He afterward removed to West Sauquoit, where he resided many years in the house where Widow Seaton now resides. He afterwards (1846,) built the house south of Masonic Hall, and some years later sold it to F. S. Savage, when he removed to Clayville, where he died suddenly, July 24, 1856, aged 56. He was a skillful physician and much respected, and was postmaster at Sauquoit in 1846. One son only of his large family of boys survives him in Central New York—David, who resides at Oneida, Madison county, N. Y. Dr. Jeremiah Knight also practiced at Cassville, and later on removed to Sauquoit and formed a copartnership with Dr. Bligh. He was an excellent practitioner, affable and genial, and a great favorite in town, holding various offices, and was elected supervisor in 1838. He died suddenly November 11, 1854, of heart disease, while addressing a political gathering at Clayville. His wife survives, residing with her son, Dr. Arthur Knight, at West Sauquoit. Dr. Ansel Tyler was a distinguished botanical physician, born in 1812. He married a daughter of Oliver Larkin, who was born in Hopkinton, R. I., in 1750, and came to Paris at an early day and settled on the hill west of Willowvale, and died June 12, 1845, at the great age of 95. Dr. Tyler first practiced at Willowvale but afterwards removed to East Sauquoit, purchasing the old homestead of 'Squire Asahel Curtiss, where he afterward resided. His brother Asa was in partnership with him for several years, but removed to New Hartford, where he still resides, engaged in his profession. Dr. Ansel Tyler was highly esteemed, was a member of Sauquoit Lodge, No. 150, F. and A. M.,—made in 1851—and was Master in 1854 and 1855. He was a leading Methodist and devoted to his profession, and during the appalling epidemic ("spotted fever" or *cerebro-spinal-meningitis*;) that swept East Sauquoit in the winter of 1865-66, he bravely stood to his post, and worn out with his self-sacrificing exertions to stay its progress and minister to the suffering fever-stricken victims, he at length contracted the fatal disease and died a martyr to his profession, February

2, 1866, aged 54. His widow survives, residing with their son, Dr. Clarence A. Tyler, at Alden, N. Y.

Dr. Barzilla Budlong was born July 24, 1806. During his long and active life he resided at Cassville. His "ride" was an extensive one, and he was a very popular and skillful physician, and won the friendship of all with his cheerful, cordial manner. He was elected supervisor in 1858 and re-elected in 1859. In the spring of 1868, on his return up the valley late in the evening, he was thrown from his sulky and his leg broken, from which he died May 3, 1868, aged 62. Dr. C. A. Osborn was a promising young physician who came to Sauquoit a few years since and was winning many friends and a successful practice, when he was suddenly cut down by diphtheria and died after a few days' illness, leaving a young wife and two infant children. Dr. C. N. Palmer, who came about the same time, removed to Lockport, where he now resides, and has attained a lucrative practice.

Dr. Leverett Bishop, the venerable survivor of the old-time physicians of the Sauquoit valley, resides at East Sauquoit. He was born at Guilford, New Haven County, Ct., in July, 1791, and came to Paris with his father, David Bishop, in the year 1808. They settled on the farm southeast of Sauquoit, adjoining the Josiah Booth farm on the west, the farm having been partly cleared up by a Mr. Dunbar, who dug the old well on the place. David Bishop was a soldier of the Revolution, and served through the whole war. One of his sons, Joel, was lost at sea, off Sandy Hook, in the year 1810. The other son, Amos, came with the family to Paris, and at the death of his father succeeded to the farm. He was a veteran of the war of 1812, and was under fire at Sackett's Harbor. He was much respected in town, and died May 11, 1866, aged 83. His son, Samuel R. Bishop, succeeded to the old homestead, where he still resides with his family, one of his daughters, however, having recently married Charles L. Marshall, of Sauquoit, the present Master of Sauquoit Lodge, No. 150, F. and A. M. Amos' other son, David F. Bishop, was educated at Sauquoit Academy, and about the year 1848 commenced studying for a physician with his uncle, Dr. L. Bishop, upon the completion of which he located at Lockport, N. Y., and is one of the leading physicians there. He is

associated with Dr. Evens, the firm being Bishop & Evens. Dr. Leverett Bishop received his education at the Hamilton Academy, (now Hamilton College,) Clinton. ('Squire Avery Rhodes, still living near Babcock Hill, went to school with him at the old Hamilton Academy.) Dr. Bishop studied for the profession with Dr. Elnathan Judd, of Paris Hill. During the war of 1812, he was appointed surgeon's mate, (now termed assistant surgeon,) in which capacity he served at Sackett's Harbor. In the fall of 1815, he commenced practice at the village of Skanandoa, in the town of Vernon. He was intimately acquainted with the old Indian chief, Skanandoa, who was a Christian Indian, as well as many of his tribe; some of them, however, adhered to their pagan "religion," among whom was his sister, a noted trader and located at the frontier post of Detroit, Mich., but twice each year she visited the tribe on her way to Albany, where she obtained her goods. On one of these visits occurred the celebrated Council, to which, by appointment, the Dutch missionaries from Albany were to meet there, to induce the whole tribe to adopt the Christian religion. Dr. Bishop was present at the Council, which lasted several days. Two hundred of the Onondaga tribe arrived there in Indian file the day previous, halting their line about half a mile without the Indian village, when a delegation went out to meet them, and with great pomp and ceremony conducted them in. The feast, to which Dr. Bishop was a guest, consisted of "succotash" and pork. Each guest was served with a quart bowl full of the former and a pound of pork impaled on a sharpened stick. The pagan portion of the Indians, influenced by the vindictive sister of Skanandoa, refused to renounce their traditional religion and adopt the white man's religion, and the conference came to naught. The following year, 1816, Dr. Bishop came to Sauquoit and commenced the practice of his profession, which he has since uninterruptedly continued. His first wife was Lury Bacon, by whom they had one child, Deborah, who married Charles D. Rogers, (son of Oliver G. Rogers, the pioneer machinist,) the Superintendent of the American Screw Company's extensive works at Providence, R. I., where they now reside. After the death of his wife he married the widow of Dr. Rufus Priest. In the winter of

1865 (February) their house at East Sauquoit caught fire in the night and burned to the ground, everything being destroyed and they barely escaping with their lives. They have since resided in the house next south, the old homestead of Zachariah Paddock, D. D. In the year 1833, Dr. Bishop was ordained Elder of the Presbyterian Church, which office he still holds, having served a period of forty-seven years, and is the only survivor of the six Elders ordained at that time. He was "made" a Mason in Chittenango Lodge in 1816, (sixty-four years ago,) was one of the first members of old Paris Lodge, founded in 1822, and a charter member of Sauquoit Lodge, F. and A. M., at its institution in 1849, and is now and for some years past has been an honorary member of that Lodge. Drs. Arthur Knight and John Curtiss are also physicians at Sauquoit; Dr. H. R. Hughes, at Paris Hill; Drs. James E. Jones and Gustavus A. Gifford, at Clayville; and Dr. D. Albert Barnum, at Cassville. Dr. T. E. Wilcox practiced there a few years; and Dr. B. E. Forbes a short time at Sauquoit, and also at Clayville.

The first schoolmaster in town was Hon. Henry McNeil, at Paris Hill. In the valley, Prof. Charles Avery, afterward of Hamilton College, and still resides at Clinton; Charles Walker, a pioneer of Chicago, Ill., and a wealthy forwarder and ship-owner there for many years; Solomon Rogers, David J. Millard, Noah Davis, S. Emerson Mosher, Charles Hewitt, Henry Gage, (son of Baxter Gage,) Frederick A. Gray, now of Geneseo, N. Y., were among the old-time school teachers, and before the higher schools or the Academy were founded.

Rev. Carey Rogers was born in Rhode Island, and at an early day removed with his parents to Rensselaer County, N. Y. Previous to 1800, he took his way to the West, with the usual ox-team conveying his family and supplies, and halted in the wilderness at what is now Oneonta, Otsego County, N. Y. On the creek near that village, then a wilderness, he located his home, built a dam, and erected a forge with a trip-hammer and the primitive tools for making the implements and rude farming tools then used by the pioneers. He was an ingenious mechanic and a skilled forger, and a well-educated minister, (Baptist,) and, for those days, pos-

sessed a fine library of Biblical and other works. Through the week he worked at the trip-hammer, and on Sunday preached to the primitive congregation that assembled in the little settlement. In the winter of 1805-6, "the epidemic"—a type of typhus fever—swept over that section, decimating the inhabitants. In his ministrations to the sick and dying, he contracted the fatal disease, as did also his wife, which in a few days terminated fatally with both within the same night. At daylight, the kind-hearted woman who had watched in their last hours, "blew the tin horn" to call some of the distant neighbors to her assistance. Five little children were orphaned that sad night, and they—the only mourners present at the funeral two days later—three girls and two boys. The orphans were kindly cared for by the neighbors, and, as soon as possible, word was sent to the relatives in Rensselaer County, and a brother of Rev. Mr. Rogers came on with his ox-sled, (much of his route being through the woods,) and gathering together the shattered household, took all back to the old home, "bringing up" the little ones, and taking the property for his remuneration. As soon as the children were old enough, they were "bound out to service," and earned their own living. The girls in time married, scattered to different parts of the country, one in Pennsylvania, one in a western State, and one near the old homestead—all rearing families, and are all now dead. The two boys survive. As they grew up, they both evinced a taste for study, and with a few weeks' schooling in the winter and hard study when their day's work was done in the other seasons, they both acquired good educations, and from time to time, from their frugal savings, purchased of their uncle such of the books of their father's library as they were able. One of them, Aaron Rogers, learned the blacksmith's trade, and also, like his father, fitted himself for the ministry, and many years ago made his home in Protection, Erie County, N. Y., then a new country, where he is passing the evening of life surrounded by his sons, who have grown up and are in business there. The other boy, Solomon Rogers, who was five years old when so suddenly orphaned, bereft in the same day of a father's kind counsels and a mother's tender care, as he grew up, chose the profession of teacher, for which he had

qualified himself, and, about the year 1820, came to Central New York, attracted hither by his kinsman, Amos Rogers, Sr., who had settled here and established the then primitive machine shop in the Sauquoit valley. The first year of his arrival (1821) he obtained a school at Verona, and the next year he came to Willowvale and taught in the old school house, (on the corner where the road to Chadwick's leaves the main road,) which was afterward burned down, about the year 1846. He afterward taught in the southeast part of the town of Paris, at the "swamp school house," and some time after engaged in the Farmers' Factory, where in 1827 he was "boss carder," during which year he married Harriet Gilbert, youngest daughter of Theodore Gilbert, the pioneer. He soon after removed to the Capron Factory, near New Hartford, and assumed the charge of the carding-room there; thence removing to East Sauquoit, and engaging in the mercantile business, and also fitted up the old distillery of Noah Hall on the Tannery Brook, on the road east of the village, into a potashery, which he carried on extensively, employing two teams constantly to collect the wood ashes from the houses throughout the country, which were mainly procured in exchange for notions and nick-nacks, pins, needles, etc., carried by the teamsters for that purpose in a tin-peddler's trunk, strapped to the wagon-seat. There were numerous potasheries in the town, and the potash was all sent to market in strong, well-hooped ash barrels, as well as the surplus whisky—not used for home consumption—of *eleven* distilleries in town, all in full blast; so it made the cooper business a lively trade, and many cooper shops sprung up throughout the town. Meeting with reverses and failing in business, he, in 1838, took the position of book-keeper at the Eagle Mills, (Chadwick's,) which position he filled until the destruction of that factory by fire on the evening of June 25, 1844, when he took the same position at the Franklin Factory, (Brownell & Son,) Sauquoit, remaining with them many years. He again entered the mercantile business, and this time at West Sauquoit, which he carried on for a number of years, retiring, however, a few years since. He was an excellent singer and thorough student of music under Thomas Hastings, the great composer of sacred music, and for many

years "led the choir" in church, and at various times taught singing school. Soon after his arrival in the Sauquoit valley, early in 1822—fifty-eight years ago—he was made a Mason in old Amicable Lodge, No. 25, of New Hartford, of which he is now the only surviving member of the 240 that used to meet around their altar. At the founding of old Paris Lodge at Sauquoit, he became a member there, and is one of six survivors of that Lodge, and is now an honorary member of Sauquoit Lodge, No. 150, F. and A. M. His children are Harris G., Henry C., Hiram C., Hattie E., Horace M. and Henrietta F. Fifty-two years of married life had rolled away with the family circle unbroken, when the youngest, Henrietta F., (Mrs. E. B. Avery,) was called to her eternal home, January 15, 1870, aged 32 years, 3 months and 7 days. Of the old village—"heads of families"—of the old-time busy and prosperous East Sauquoit, three only are left, Dr. Leverett Bishop, General LeRoy Gates and Solomon Rogers.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOSES CAMPBELL, HOWE NICHOLS AND OTHER EARLY SETTLERS.

Moses Campbell, Sr., was born in Connecticut, September 14, 1737, and came to Paris in 1793, and settled on the farm in the northeast part of the town now owned by Richard and John Gilloran. He had twelve children: Agnes, Patrick, Sarah, Moses, Jr., Allen, Eleanor, John, Martha, Anna, Daniel, Elizabeth and Polly. He died April 8, 1827, aged 90 years. Patrick, his eldest son, lies buried on Paris Hill by the side of his wives and ten children. Moses, Jr., was born March 12, 1764, and was married to Phebe Stewart, September, 1789. His children were seven in number: John Dixon, Laurinda, Ruth Minerva, Mandone, Henry, Sidney and Leander. Moses, Jr., settled on the farm near Elisha Wetmore, where Philip

Miller now resides, and when they came into the country (1793,) there being no road through the woods, his wife rode on horseback along the bridle path from Utica, her riding whip being a poplar twig, which, upon arriving at her future home in the wilderness, and dismounting, she stuck in the moist ground, where, taking root, it has grown to a tall tree, now standing in the corner of the door-yard. Moses, Jr., died February, 1817, aged 53, and with his father lies buried in the old burying ground at Norwich Corners. They both endured the hardships and privations of pioneer life, and were held in high esteem by their neighbors and townsmen. John Dixon Campbell was born November 28, 1790, and was three years old when he came into the wilderness with his parents. He married a daughter of Jonathan King, and sister of Noah E. King, and succeeded to the farm, where he ever afterward resided. He was a prominent man in the affairs of the town and neighborhood, and possessed to a marked degree the faculty of commanding the respect of all his townsmen. J. Dixon Campbell had many warm friends to mourn his death when he passed away, May 1, 1878, at the ripe age of 78 years. (His brother Sidney, of Bay City, Mich., alone survives of the old family.) His daughter Phebe, wife of Philip Miller, succeeded to the old pioneer farm where they now reside, near the poplar tree which eighty-seven years ago did duty as a riding whip in the hands of Grandmother Campbell. Andrew C. Campbell, in the Griffin neighborhood, John Campbell of West Sauquoit, and M. Douglass Campbell of East Sauquoit, are descendants. Elkanah Hewett was born in Stonington, Ct., March 10, 1758; he was married to Elizabeth Gere, (sister of Major William Gere,) December 30, 1781, and came to Sauquoit in 1791, and settled on the brow of the hill west of Moses Campbell, Jr., and where 'Squire George Campbell now resides in the old red house erected by him. He had a large family, and was at an early day an influential "moneyed man" and much respected. He died June 12, 1839, aged 81. His son Charles was one of the old-time schoolmasters, and now lives in the western part of the State; two daughters survive in Central New York: widow U. T. Harvey, of Sherburne, and widow James L. Davis, of Utica. A little east of his house, in the swamp,

was, at an early day, quite a settlement of Indians. After the pioneers came in and began raising their crops, these Indians, by their depredations, became a great annoyance, and the early settlers finally banded together and drove them out from the land on which they had "squatted," destroyed their wigwams and compelled them to go to their reservations at Brotherton and Stockbridge, set apart for them by the Government. Howe Nichols was born in Worcester county, Mass., and came to Paris in 1791, and settled on the road leading from Norwich Corners to Washington Mills. About three-fourths of a mile west of the "corners" he erected his log cabin, his land extending to the south and adjoining Deacon Coe's farm on the "Moyer road." After completing his log-house in a comfortable manner, and clearing off sufficient land to put in crops the next year, he returned to Massachusetts, and married Lucy Lee, in the early spring of 1792, when they started on their bridal tour in an ox-sled, loaded with household furniture, farming implements, seeds and supplies. He arrived at length at the frontier tavern of Moyer, on the German flats, and remained over night. In the morning he yoked up his oxen and made ready to start, his route from this tavern being directly into the great wilderness of North America, and his road the old Indian trail over the hill to the west. As they were loaded up and all ready to start, the old Dutch tavern-keeper, Moyer, noticing the young, fair bride, and aware of the hard, pioneer life in store for her, said: "Young man! are you taking your wife into the woods to bury her?" She lived to raise a large family, and survived her husband many years. Howe and his young wife arrived safely at the log-house and commenced their struggle for a home. He and his wife Lucy, and their oldest son, Sylvester, and his wife Hannah, were among the first members of the old Methodist Church at Sauquoit. Howe Nichols died, surrounded by his many descendants—all worthy and prosperous—in the year 1836, aged 69.

Jonathan King settled near by Howe Nichols, in 1793, coming from Hawley, Mass. He was a worthy man, but died in the prime of life, August, 1814, aged 54. His son, Noah E. King, was born on the old homestead, October, 1796, where he ever afterwards resided; he was a prominent man in all

the affairs of the town, and through life held in great esteem. He was an active member of old Paris Lodge of Free Masons, being initiated the same evening—March 15, 1824—as his neighbor and life-long friend, Samuel Farwell, (afterwards of Utica.) He died in July, 1865, aged 69. His youngest son, Albert S., succeeded to the old pioneer farm, where he resides and also carries on a cheese factory which he has erected. The oldest son, Frederick, went West some years since, where he now resides, at Belvidere, Ill. A sister of Noah E. King married J. Dixon Campbell. Dr. Isaac Farwell settled in that neighborhood in 1792, and was a much esteemed early settler, his son, Samuel Farwell, removing to Utica many years since, where, through life, he was identified with its growth and prosperity, and was largely interested in the building of the Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad, in Michigan. He died a few years since, and his elegant residence and spacious grounds on Genesee street hill, passed into the possession of Hon. ex-Mayor Charles W. Hutchinson, who now resides there. Joel Guild—early member of the Methodist Church—settled in the same neighborhood about the same time, also Robert Eames and Daniel Cloyce, who had a large family, all of whom lived to a great age in different parts of the country. Anson lived always at Sauquoit, was a renowned mason and bricklayer, was boss-mason at the construction of the Harlem High Bridge that carries the croton water over the river. He was the life-long friend of his old schoolmate, Samuel Farwell, and was engaged with him in the erection of numerous public works throughout the country, his last job being the brickwork of the Farwell mansion at Utica. He was much respected, and died a few months since at Sauquoit. An aged brother, who came from the West to visit him in his last sickness, on his return, and when about to take the train from Utica, dropped dead from heart disease. One brother, Daniel, lives in Utica, and the youngest brother, David, resides in Cortland, N. Y. Levi Birdseye, in this neighborhood, and his brother, Charles Birdseye, near Elisha Wetmore's, were sons of John Birdseye, a pioneer. They lived many years on these farms, still held by their descendants, and were prominent men in church and society, both recently deceased.

David Nourse, the old lime-burner, was an early settler on the original Wetmore tract; was a worthy citizen, and died a few years since at a good old age. Robert Dixson, a Revolutionary soldier, settled at an early day a little south of Moses Campbell, Jr., his son, Thomas W. Dixson, succeeding to the farm, where he resided many years, an active, business man, held in high esteem. A number of years ago he removed to Pulaski, N. Y., where he now resides, his son Brainard being cashier of the bank there.

Charles Day and Daniel Willard were old residents in the east part of the town, also Captain Levi Hubbard, who died March 1, 1863, aged 70. John Goodier, son of "Elder" Goodier, was born in Litchfield, Herkimer county, February 14, 1798. He married Nancy Ann Wilcox in 1820, who was born in Stonington, Ct., November 1, 1802, and came from there to Litchfield when she was 10 years old, traveling by team the entire distance. They came to Paris in 1822, on the farm where they now reside in usual good health, having lived together as man and wife sixty years. Ralph Edwards and Isaac Stedman, a hero of the Revolutionary war, were early settlers in this vicinity. The Gileses, Potters, Wilcoxes and Waldrons also settled there at an early day. David Dunham was born in Brintfield, Mass., and came to Westmoreland in 1794, with an ox-team, and was eleven days performing the journey. He came with his family and furniture loaded on the conveyance, taking his route up the Mohawk valley through Utica, and in 1807 he removed to South Sauquoit, where he lived and died. He and his wife Tabathy, and his son David, Jr., and wife Elizabeth, were among the first members of the Methodist Church, "in the fourth or south class," also William F. and Wesley S. Dunham (sons of David, Jr.) were added in the first revival in 1815, conducted by Rev. Abner Chase. His son Darius was four years old when he came with his father from Massachusetts, and at the death of his father he succeeded to the old homestead farm, also embracing the faith of his father, and was an earnest Methodist during life. He married Polly, daughter of 'Squire Asahel Curtis, by whom he had six children—four sons and two daughters. He was a thrifty farmer, and at an early day had set out and brought into bearing a fine pear tree, which

was a great rarity at that time, and excited the rapacity of the village boys, who furtively watched the maturing of the luscious fruit. Darius also kept watch and vigil—of the boys. The fruit at length ripened, and the boys, selecting a pitch dark night for their foraging raid on the toothsome beauties, sallied out. Arriving at Baxter Gage's, they put forward one of their number to reconnoitre, while the rest hid in Baxter's barn. After what seemed to them an interminable time, the scout at last returned and reported "the coast all clear," and all apparently asleep at the farm house. One by one they quietly filed out of the barn, and silently took their stealthy march along up the road. Arrived at last by a round-about way, creeping barefooted through the garden into the coveted presence, they stood at the foot of the tree. In breathless silence they listened a moment, and as no sound came from the old farm house, they carefully "boosted" one of their number into the tree, who proceeded to feel cautiously around, testing with thumb and finger for the ripe pears, which he picked one by one and reached them down into the upreached hands of the expectant group below. As their pockets began to fill their courage rose in a ratio, and the danger did not seem quite so imminent, and something akin to a subdued chuckling satisfaction at their success escaped them. Their elation was short-lived however, as the old man Darius stealthily approaching, all at once appeared in their midst, whereupon the boys in a twinkling glided away into the darkness, scattering in all directions, rendering pursuit hopeless, but Darius felt pretty sure of the lad in the tree, who, unconscious of the "change of base," so silently effected below, continued to pass down the pears, which Darius quietly received, making no sign. At length a whisper from the tree inquired "if they had got enough." "Yes, plenty, and you had better come down—still," was the whispered reply. The lad "skinned it" down the trunk cautiously, and when within reach, the old man embraced him firmly and shouted, in a terrible tone :

"Ah ! ha ! you rascal, I've got ye !"

"Wal ; it's no great git ; 'taint nobody but Ray Nichols," was the astonishing reply of the captured lad.

Ray, the son of old Captain Nichols, the Revolutionary

soldier, was not *over bright*, and it would be useless to prosecute him for the depredation, and as neither threats or promise of reward could make him divulge the names of his companions, Darius was forced to put up with his loss. One day when the old man was at Utica, his team of spirited young horses took fright and ran away, making "kindling wood" of the wagon, and he was thrown violently on the pavement and fearfully injured. He was taken up and tenderly cared for, but his life hung by a thread for many weeks, finally however recovering, but his constitution was so shattered that he was never strong again, although he lived many years. He was an enthusiastic Whig in politics, and a warm admirer of Henry Clay, whom he strikingly resembled in countenance. Having filled well his station through life, honest and industrious, an earnest Christian, he peacefully went to his rest, October 28, 1874, at the age of 84. Two sons survive him, N. Cooley, who resides in the village, and George D. Dunham, who resides on the old homestead, who has some of the furniture brought by his grandfather, David Dunham, from Massachusetts, in 1794, which he preserves as cherished relics of the olden time.

Camp Parmelee came to the valley in 1792, and settled north of West Sauquoit, where Hial Fitch now resides. He was an energetic old pioneer, and one of the first Trustees of the Methodist Church, in 1801. His wife, Zebida, and his daughters, Dolly, Rhoda and Irene, were among the first members, in the "third or west class." Irene, who married a Birdseye, is one of the six survivors of the original members, and resides in the West. His son Noah was afterward a leading member, and removed to Ohio a few years ago, where he has since died. On one occasion, many years ago, Camp, upon returning home from church, where he had listened to a powerful sermon on faith—"that it would move mountains," etc.—became impressed with the subject in a great degree, and discussed it warmly with the "hired man," and by the time they had finished "cutting up potatoes" in the cellar to feed the cattle, and had arrived together at the barn to "do the chores," he had reached a high state of enthusiasm on the question, and proposed to demonstrate the matter practically. He accordingly mounted the big beam above the

"bay," and taking a bundle of straw under each arm to serve as wings, declared "that he had faith that he could fly across the broad threshing floor and alight on the opposite beam," and bade the hired man look on and "see what faith could accomplish." Flapping his arms and the bundles of straw up and down to get up the wing-motion, at the same time exclaiming, "One to begin," (flap,) "two to show," (flap,) "three to make ready," (flap,) "four to go," (flap,) and he sailed off into space, "flop" down to threshing floor, a fall of some twelve or fifteen feet. The old faith-demonstrator was a "good deal" shook up, but the bundles of straw eased the shock somewhat, and he fortunately escaped without broken bones. He was a good farmer—a little eccentric, perhaps—but withal a sincere Christian, with *unshaken* faith in theory, and departed this life many years ago, and none of his descendants remain in the valley.

Ensign Josiah Hull, a soldier of the Revolution, came early in the 90's, and settled on the back cross-road north of Crane's gulf, where he lived many years, removing to Oswego County about 1840, where he died. He was a prominent man in the early history of that section, and a great fox-hunter, enjoying the "heavenly music" of the hounds keenly. W. H. Hull, a prominent merchant of Ottawa, Ill., is a descendant. Stephen, a son of Ensign Hull, married a sister of Anson Cloyes, and built the house on the brow of the hill east of the Methodist Church, where he lived many years, and died about the year 1836; his widow afterwards marrying Henry Crane, sold the farm to Anson, her brother. Their sons were Augustus S. and Horace. The latter went west some twenty years ago, where he died a few years since. Augustus always resided at Sauquoit. In returning from Clayville just at dark one evening in October, 1877, riding in a sulky, when opposite the N. W. Moore place, he was met by a runaway team, which, collided with his conveyance, which halted them, and the shock threw him out, breaking his neck. Passers-by at once pulled him from beneath the halted horses, carried him into the house, but life was extinct. He was instantly killed. His sudden and untimely death shrouded the village in gloom, as he was a great favorite in the community for his cheerful and pleasant manners and genial disposition. He had held many

offices of trust in town, was one of the oldest members of Sauquoit Lodge, F. and A. M., and had held nearly every office in the Lodge. He was a kind-hearted, active brother of the "Mystic-tie," and a worthy scion of the old pioneer and Revolutionary hero, Ensign Josiah Hull.

Hobart Graves came to the valley early in the century, (1812,) and settled a little north of East Sauquoit. He was a soldier of the Revolution in the last years of the war. His father was also a soldier of the Revolutionary war, was taken prisoner by the British, and died while a prisoner of war in the city of New York. Hobart Graves was born in East Haddam, Ct., in 1765, and was married to Mercy Baker, October 14, 1784; removed to Ulster County, N. Y., 1793, and to Paris in 1812. Their children were: Elizabeth, Hobart, Jr., Henry, Sarah, Sophia, Mercy, Mary, Sarah, 2d, and Laury. Hobart, Jr., was a prominent merchant at East Sauquoit from 1815 to 1825, was a member of old Paris Masonic Lodge at its organization in 1822, and was the first Secretary of the Lodge; he was also the first Captain of the old Rifle Company. He removed from the valley many years ago, and died February, 1854, aged 66. Sophia was born November 14, 1794, and married Joel Griffin, whom she survived many years, residing at East Sauquoit with her son, Milton Griffin, now both deceased. Mercy, born September 14, 1797, married William Royce, January 4, 1815, and died February 1, 1866. Mary, born June 20, 1800, married Zachariah Paddock, D. D., August 11, 1822, and died at Binghamton, N. Y., May 20, 1871. Sarah, 2d, born October 30, 1803, married Dr. R. Lord, of Boonville, N. Y., where she died February 6, 1857. Laury, the only surviving child, was born June 20, 1806, married Ezra C. Southard, the old-time partner of her brother Hobart, Jr., and removed to San Francisco, Cal., many years ago, where they both still reside. Hobart Graves was an active business man, and a merchant as early as 1815, at which date Zachariah Paddock, D. D., was a clerk in his store, and afterwards married his daughter. November 14, 1823, he purchased the distillery of Asa Shepard at South Sauquoit, which, with a potashery near the distillery, he carried on for many years. He was a consistent Christian and a leading member of the Methodist Church, and greatly re-

spected by all. Hobart Graves, the hero of the Revolution, passed away January 11, 1853, aged 88 years.

Morris Maltby was born in Bradford, Ct., in 1772, came to Sauquoit with his uncle, Deacon Simeon Coe, in 1791, for whom he worked several years, and then bought the farm adjoining to the west, where he lived to a good old age, a prominent church member and worthy man, and died December 6, 1845, aged 73. His son, Deacon Isaac Maltby, succeeded to the farm, where he resided until recently when he removed to the village of East Sauquoit.

Augustus Wells was an old resident, living near to Hobart Graves. His sons were: Stillman, Joel, Jeremiah, Milton and Henry, all skilled mechanics. Joel resides in Chicago, Ill., Jeremiah and Milton also residing in Illinois. Stillman, the cabinet-maker, lived and died at East Sauquoit. Henry, the engineer, married Sarah, daughter of Deacon Hubbard, and died in Cuba, his widow marrying Dr. Wadsworth, of Brooklyn, the dentist. Milton also married a daughter of Deacon Hubbard—Sarepta—who died a few years since.

Elisha Wetmore was one of the pioneers of the East Hill. In the year 1791, his father and Captain John Wetmore, brother of Elisha, came on and purchased a five-hundred-acre lot, which was divided between the two brothers, John taking the north half, where Marion Birdseye now resides, and Elisha the south half, where James Thurston now resides. After selecting and purchasing the tract, they returned to their home in Middletown, Ct., and the two brothers made ready to come on and settle in. Elisha about this time was married, and two weeks after, leaving his wife to come on with his brother and family, started with an ox-team loaded with utensils for his new home, which, selected by his father and brother, he had not yet seen. At the end of about three weeks, he arrived at what is now Sauquoit, and stopped with John Butler, who had previously settled in. The next day (Sunday) he started on foot to find his home. Taking the old Indian trail, he went up the hill to what is now Norwich Corners, where, to his great joy, he found his young bride already arrived with his brother, Captain John, and wife and two children, who, coming through with a span of horses, had made better time. He found them in the old log

house standing on the site of the present Harrison place. The log house had just been "rolled," or put up, and was yet without a door, window or fire-place. They hung up blankets at the door and windows, and thus lived there until they could build log houses on their lot, nearly a mile south in the thick woods, where a tree had not as yet been felled. The first log house was built on Elisha's south portion of the lot, both families living together until John could complete his on the north part, (now Birdseye's,) into which he moved with his family. Elisha lived in his log house until the year 1800, when he built the frame house that now stands on the farm. They raised twelve children, and both lived to see them all married and settled in life. Elisha was a prominent man in town and much esteemed, as well as his son William, who grew up and settled near his father, where he lived many years on what is now the Blackstone farm, but finally went west, where he died some years since. Full of years, and after a long and active life, loved and respected by all, the old pioneer of the "dry-lots hill," Elisha Wetmore, passed away in the year 1846, aged 77. His partner in life, who came into the wilderness with him, a bride of a few weeks, sharing with him the privations and vicissitudes of pioneer life, with its cares and joys, for more than half a century, survived him but two years, when she, too, passed over the "dark river" to join him on the other shore, passing gently out of life in the year 1848, aged 79. Of the twelve children but two survive—the first born, a daughter in Minnesota, aged 87, and Emily, wife of James Thurston, aged 66, who reside on the old pioneer farm, now carried on by their son, Wayne W. Thurston.

Hiram Gilbert, son of Titus Gilbert, was born in 1798, in the little house near the mill erected by his father, near the site of the Farmers' Factory. After the death of his father, and as soon as he was old enough, he was "bound out" to his uncle, D. Sheldon Marsh, to learn the trade of millwright, with whom he served his full time, and with him, David Loring and Seth Burdick built the great overshot water-wheels for the numerous mills and factories erected on the Sauquoit Creek at that early day. He was married to Lucy Harrington in October, 1821. He had a fine voice, and early

evinced a taste for singing, which was developed by Thomas Hastings, the great musical composer, who taught singing school at Sauquoit during the years 1823-24-25. Hiram became a leader of the choir, and afterwards taught singing schools at Paris Hill, Litchfield, Clinton and Sangerfield. Asa Shepard, who married the widow of Titus Gilbert and brought up her four boys, Hiram, Andrus, Grove and Titus, Jr, like all of the first pioneers, had subsisted mainly on corn during the first years of his pioneer life in the wilderness, and mush and milk, fried mush and Indian puddings were his favorite dishes, especially the latter, when well sweetened. Hiram, when a mere lad, coming into dinner one day a little late, (Asa having just served the Indian pudding to all the family,) as he seated himself at the table, noticed that the old man had served himself bountifully, the pudding being piled high up on his plate, and with a sober face, asked :

"Mother, where is father?"

"Why, Hiram; are you crazy? father is here at the table, right before your face and eyes."

Hiram stood up deliberately, leaned way over sidewise, and craning his neck around, "Oh yes, to be sure, I do see him—behind that pudding on his plate."

The Sauquoit Creek in those days abounded with speckled trout, and he being a lover of the rod and line, was an expert and rapid fisherman, and they used to tell the story, "that when he wanted to go of an errand speedily up the creek, he invariably took his fish pole along." Early in the year 1829, in company with his brother Andrus, with cart and oxen, they took their way to Oswego county, then a new country, camping out in the woods at night on their way. They at length reached their destination and settled in the town of Volney, then a dense wilderness, where they set to work to clear off the land, first erecting a log-house, then a saw mill, pot-ashery, frame house, grist mill and store, having the same pioneer experience there that their father had in the valley home on the Sauquoit in 1790. Hiram, early in life became a Christian, and joined the Presbyterian Church, of which he was a member for nearly fifty years; during most of the time leader of the choir, and for many years a deacon in the church. In those early days, when people seemed to

care something for religion, there were many earnest meetings and revivals there, at which Deacon Gilbert was ever an active and efficient worker. His house was, during many years preceding the great Rebellion, an "underground depot" for the transmission of runaway slaves. He was in close affinity with Gerrit Smith and Fred Douglass, the great Abolitionists. Many is the time his children were shown the deep ridges made upon the backs of the poor slaves who were fleeing to Canada. His love of trout-fishing was amply gratified in his new home, and many is the time that the late Hon. M. L. Lee, of Fulton, visited Gilbert's Mills, and they together fished on either side—for three miles—of a noted trout brook, striving to see which could bag the greatest number of the speckled beauties. He had nine children: four boys and five girls, of which six survive: four boys and two girls. Of his death which occurred a few years since, (1876,) the Oswego Times says: "Hiram Gilbert, who died at the age of 78, removed from Paris, Oneida county, with his brother Andrus, in 1829, purchased a large tract of land and settled at what is now called Gilbert's Mills, and during his life devoted his time to milling and kindred pursuits. Mr. Gilbert had a family of four sons, all mill owners, and five daughters, intelligent, enterprising and respected, and a whole community respect his character and honor his memory." His brother Grove removed from Sauquoit to Lenox Furnace, Madison county, at an early day, in the employ of Colonel Avery, where he died many years ago. Titus, Jr., was a very ingenious and skillful millwright, also deceased. Andrus, the only surviving brother, bereaved of his wife, is spending his time with a married daughter in Warrensburg, Mo.

CHAPTER XV.

HISTORY OF THE METHODIST E. CHURCH AT EAST SAUQUOIT
—DEED BY LIEUTENANT SPENCER BRIGGS OF THE GROUND
—LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE BY FATHER KIRTLAND
GRIFFIN—LIST OF THE OLD MEMBERS AND THE MINISTERS
AND PRESIDING ELDERS—BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER ZECHARIAH
PADDOCK, D. D., AND OBITUARY OF REV. ISAAC FOSTER AND
SAMUEL WADSWORTH.

March 16, 1801, Spencer Briggs and Jerusha, his wife, executed a deed conveying one acre of ground, beginning at the south corner of the four highways meeting near the house where Phineas Chapin then lived, (Thomas Garlick resides there now,) comprising the site of the Methodist Church and the Academy in East Sauquoit, to the following Trustees, viz : Kirtland Griffin, John Bacon, Samuel Nichols, Camp Parmelee, Charles Cooledge and Elijah Davis, in consideration of "thirty dollars in specie"—the traditional thirty pieces of silver. The instrument was witnessed by Seth Leonard Cutler and David Nichols, and acknowledged before Hugh White, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, April 4th, 1801, and recorded the same day, at 4 o'clock P. M., in Liber C. of Deeds, pages 334 and 335, by Charles B. Platt, Deputy Clerk. The erection of the Methodist Church on the ground was at once commenced, was prosecuted with vigor and completed before "snow flew." The timbers were of red beech and wild cherry, the floor of ash, and the clapboards of butternut. Samuel Nichols, Sheldon Marsh and their assistants, that framed and put together this structure, have all mouldered in their graves many years. Three generations have come and gone, yet the timbers of that old building—now the Academy—are in a perfect state of preservation, and the clapboards, not taken off in the alteration of the building, noticeably those on the rear and gables, have withstood the storms of more than three-quarters of a century, and are to-day as sound as when those old pioneer builders nailed them to the sacred edifice.

At the laying of the corner-stone of the foundation walls, the ceremony was simple though impressive. The old Revolutionary hero, Father Kirtland Griffin, deeming it important that something should be done to mark the important occasion—although in those primitive days “parade and pomp were not”—in the midst of the interested little group there assembled, he kneeled on the corner-stone and prayed “that the blessing of God might rest there.” At the building of the brick church, which was erected in 1842, to take the place of this old edifice, the corner-stone was laid with imposing ceremony, a zinc box encased therein containing records of the church, “coins of the realm,” copies of newspapers, both secular and religious, &c. The only list of those old members outside of that zinc box, known to exist, is herewith published.

The books and records of the church for the first forty years of its existence are lost or destroyed; the following list is compiled from an old “Class Leader’s” list, being the only list in existence, and of a time when the village was called “Bethelville,” and before the post-office was established, and the village officially named Sauquoit.

This is a list of the names of the members of the Methodist Church at “Bethelville:”

First or North Class.—Charles Cooledge, Jerusha Cooledge, Kirtland Griffin, Rosanna Griffin, Elijah Davis, Jerusha Davis, Hobert Graves, Mercey Graves, Cloe G. Giles, John Greenhief, Anna Greenhief, Harvey Griffin, Lydia Griffin, Experience Dayton, Joel Griffin, Aseph Morse, Betsey Morse, Susan Averell, Lucreta Bumpus, Benjamin Loomis, Camp Griffin, Orpha Lasure, Robert Dire, Rachel Dire, Mabel Kellogg, Rachel G. Dire, Roswell Loomis, Ezekiel Lewis, Nancy Lewis, Luthena Bennet, Polly Burrett, Lucy Hemmingway.
—32.

Second Class.—Robert H. Griffin, Roxanna Griffin, Jerusha Crane, John Prior, Letitia Prior, Rebekah Loring, Andrew Clark, Vashti Clark, Howe Nichols, Lucy Nichols, Sylvester Nichols. *Hannah Nichols, Benjamin Nichols, Nathaniel Smith, Seth Smith, Anna Smith, Syrenas Wilbon, Sally Oldredge, Jerusha Briggs, Ursula Birdseye, Eli Whitcome, Ruth Whitcome, Sally Whitcome, Florilla Nourse, Nathaniel Chap-

man, Joel Guild, Betsey Whitcome, James Howard, Dolly Nichols, John Birdseye, Phebe Birdseye, Abigal Birdseye, Sally Maltby, Charles Birdseye, James Panner, Nathan Clark, Huldai Clark.—37.

Third or West Class.—Lemuel Shepard, Ruth Shepard, Camp Parmelee, Zebida Parmelee, Temperence McCard, Betsey McCard, Levinda Howard, Susan Winship, Elizabeth Graham, Sally Shepard, Dolly Parmelee, Rhoda Parmelee, *Ireua Parmelee, John Holden, Ann Holden, Joseph Joslen, Nancy Joslen, Janes Fineghan, Lucy Fineghan, Anna Davisson, Dolly Jenks, Emily Cooley, Mary Ann Smith, Mary Monroe, Thomas Smith, Mary Smith.—26.

Fourth or South Class.—Reuben Ensign, David Dunham, Jr., Elizabeth Dunham, John B. Goodnough, Rebekah Goodnough, Ephraim Davis, David Dunham, Tabathy Dunham, Ezekeil Sheldon, Amy Sheldon, Mary Potter, Ark Jenks, Perris Jenks, Eleanor Higby, Hugh Evans, Phebe King, Clarissa Cone, Nathan Holmes, Betsey Holmes, Mary Smith, Orin Hewit, Mabel Kellogg, Pardon G. Richardson, Abigael Higby, Naoma Higby, Daniel Hewit, Polly Hewit, Annah Luce, Annah Luce, 2d, Betsey Fisk, Nathan Parker, Salley Jenks, Aminda Jenks, Cynthia Jenks, Mary Potter, 2d, Charles Ford, Zechariah Paddock, James Ford, Esther Ford, Susannah Richardson, Susan Richardson, Elizabeth Richardson, George Richardson, Polly Evans, Luther Pike, Ruth Pike, William F. Dunham, Wesley S. Dunham, Hannah Hopkins, Electa Prior, Lydia Richardson, Abigail Richardson, Betsey Howard.—53.

Fifth or Second South Class.—Anson Avery, Cyrus Stone, Hannah Underwood, Almira Potter, Jerusha Bacon, Samson Johnson, Sarah Johnson, Henry Johnson, Eli Johnson, *Levi Johnson, Samuel Kellogg, Sally Kellogg, *Sophia Johnson, Huldah Fuller, Job Sweet, Lydia Lindel, Harriet Lindel, *Zebina Johnson, *Lloyd Johnson, Orin Johnson, Horace Johnson, Truman Tuttle, Daniel Guild, John Guild, Olive Guild, Ruth Prescott, Sister Carpenter, James Fansket, Hervey Higby, Sister Evans.—30.

* There survive of that number, six, as follows, viz: Hannah Nichols, Irene Parmelee, Sophia Johnson, Levi Johnson, Lloyd Johnson and Zebina Johnson—the four Johnsons are brothers and sister.

List of Ministers and Presiding Elders of Methodist Church and number of Church Members each year. (From 1801 to 1815, the Church was supplied with Circuit Riders:)

	Ministers.	Presiding Elders.	Membership.
1815..	Abner Chase	Charles Giles	106
1816..	Abner Chase	Charles Giles	178
1817..	John Dempster	Charles Giles	178
1818..	Goodward Stoddard ..	George Garey	135
1819..	George W. Densmore ..	George Garey	197
1820..	Ralph Lanning	George Garey	131
1821..	George Peck	George Garey	120
1822..	Hezekiah Field	Charles Giles	110
1823..	Elias Bowen	Charles Giles	108
1824..	Elias Bowen ..	Charles Giles	108
1825..	Zechariah Paddock....	Charles Giles	111
1826..	Ephraim Hall	Dan Barnes, (Paris and Utica) ..	399
1827..	John S. Mitchell	Abner Chase	137
1828..	John S. Mitchell	Abner Chase	160
1829..	Alexander Irvine	Dan Barnes	161
1830..	Alexander Irvine	George Garey	260
1831..	Andrew Peck	George Garey	260
1832..	Harry Chapin	George Garey	254
1833..	Elisha Wheeler	George Garey	256
1834..	Elisha Wheeler	Elias Bowen	335
1835..	W. N. Pearn	Elias Bowen	340
1836..	W. N. Pearn	Elias Bowen	324
1837..	Moses Adams	Elias Bowen	226
1838..	Moses Adams	Zechariah Paddock	212
1839..	J. D. Torry	Zechariah Paddock	252
1840..	Lyman Sperry	Zechariah Paddock	252
1841..	Lyman Sperry	Zechariah Paddock	
1842..	Benajah Mason	Elias Bowen	240
1843..	A. J. Dana	Elias Bowen	
1844..	A. J. Dana	Elias Bowen	370
1845..	S. Stocking	Elias Bowen	283
1846..	J. Hartwell	Silas Comfort	280
1847..	J. Hartwell	Silas Comfort	242
1848..	C. W. Giddings	Silas Comfort	242
1849..	H. F. Row	Silas Comfort	225
1850..	H. F. Row	Silas Comfort	330

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	Ministers.	Presiding Elders.	Membership.
1851..	D. W. Thurston.....	L. Sperry	338
1852..	Isaac Foster.....	L. Sperry	332
1853..	Isaac Foster.....	L. Sperry	281
1854..	W. Jerome.....	Isaac Parks.....	274
1855..	W. Jerome.....	Isaac Parks.....	274
1856..	Charles Blakeslee	Isaac Parks.....	278
1857..	Charles Blakeslee	Isaac Parks.....	240
1858..	G. C. Elliott.....	Isaac Parks	198
1859..	G. C. Elliott.....	D. W. Bristol	251
1860..	George Colgrove	D. W. Bristol	280
1861..	George Colgrove	D. W. Bristol	
1862..	A. F. Matteson.....	R. Cook.....	
1863..	A. F. Matteson.. ;.....	R. Cook.....	183
1864..	J. F. Crawford.....	D. W. Bristol	202
1865..	J. F. Crawford.....	William H. Olin.....	277
1866..	J. F. Crawford.....	William H. Olin.....	224
1867..	B. F. Barker	William H. Olin.....	260
1868..	B. F. Barker	William H. Olin	199
1869..	W. S. Tisdale.....	L. C. Queal	207
1870..	W. S. Tisdale....	L. C. Queal	207
1871..	W. S. Tisdale.....	L. C. Queal	207
1872..	Harlow Skeel	G. S. White.....	210
1873..	Harlow Skeel	G. S. White	216
1874..	Harlow Skeel	W. R. Cobb	120
1875..	Robert Flint	A. E. Corse.....	189
1876..	Robert Flint	A. E. Corse.....	101
1877..	Robert Flint	T. B. Shepherd	196
1878..	W. Watson.....	T. B. Shepherd	208

THE LATE REV. DR. PADDOCK—AN AGED AND FAITHFUL
WORKER IN THE VINEYARD CALLED TO HIS REWARD.

Rev. Zechariah Paddock died at Binghamton, Broome county, N. Y., Friday, July 4, 1879, aged 83 years. Rev. Dr. Paddock was born in the town of Northampton, then Montgomery county, (now Fulton, N. Y.,) on the 20th of December, 1798. In February, 1804, his parents removed to Warren, Herkimer county. In the summer of 1815, Zechariah accepted a clerkship in a dry goods store at Paris, Oneida

county, with Hobart Graves, the old merchant of East Sauquoit, and during that year was converted under the ministration of Rev. Abner Chase, in the first great revival, and became a member of the M. E. Church at East Sauquoit, and was subsequently a student of the Utica Academy. In the winter of 1816 he taught school in Deerfield, some three miles from Utica, and in the summer of 1817 in Columbia, Herkimer county. While in the latter place he was given a license to exhort. On the 11th of August, 1822, he was married at Paris, Oneida county, to Mary Graves, a daughter of Hobart Graves, his old employer. He had a charge at Buffalo, where he remained two years, and was next appointed to Westmoreland circuit, Oneida county, and in 1825 to Utica and Paris, the charges having been united, making his residence at Sauquoit. At the next conference the two places were again sundered, and Mr. Paddock was appointed to Utica. At this time a great revival in Utica so strengthened and multiplied the work, it was deemed advisable to build a new and more commodious place of worship, and a fine brick edifice was erected on Bleecker street, the dedicatory sermon being preached by Mr. Paddock in the autumn of 1827. On the division of the Genesee Conference in 1828 into the Genesee and Oneida Conferences, Mr. Paddock connected himself with the latter, and, at its first session in 1829, he was appointed to Cazenovia, to which place he was also returned the following year. He was then sent to Ithaca. In 1833, Mr. Paddock was again sent to Utica, after an absence of only six years. Remaining in Utica two years, his next appointment was Auburn, where he remained one year. During the years 1838, '39, '40 and '41, he was Presiding Elder, and made his residence at Sauquoit. He was Presiding Elder of Cazenovia District four years. During the third year (1845) the honorary title of Divinitatis Doctor was conferred upon him by Union College. In 1846, Dr. Paddock was appointed to the New York Mills station, where he remained two years. Thence he went to Binghamton, Oxford and Chenango Forks. He completed fifty years in the active ministry. Since his superannuation, about nine years ago, Dr. Paddock resided in Binghamton, and continued to labor effectively. His

funeral occurred in that city Sunday afternoon, July 6, 1879 Bishop Peck officiating.

Obituary of Rev. Isaac Foster, who died at Sauquoit, after a residence here of many years :

"Rev. Isaac Foster is no more among the living on the earth. After a protracted and painful illness, he entered into his rest on the 28th of August, 1864. Brother Foster was emphatically a good man. His amiability and deep and sincere affection always won for him a large circle of deeply-attached friends, both in and without the Church. He was a faithful and earnest laborer in the Master's vineyard, often allowing his zeal for the Lord and his love of souls to carry him beyond what his strength and health would justify.

"He served the following charges with great acceptability, and his name there is as precious ointment poured forth : Lenox, Onondaga, Cardiff, Vernon, Warren, Verona, New Hartford, Hampton, State Street, (Utica,) Oneida, Sauquoit, at New Hartford a second time, Skaneateles and Moravia, where he thoroughly broke down. From Moravia he removed to a home provided for him by his brethren, where he closed his useful but painful life.

"Brother Foster united with the Conference in 1839, and remained effective, with the exception of one year, for twenty-one years, or until 1860, when his health utterly failed. Brother Foster was mild and amiable in his disposition, a most genial companion, a fast and devoted friend. He delighted to dwell upon the higher attainments of the religious life, and we believe exemplified them in his own. His sickness was of the most trying and painful character, being paralysis of the limbs and nerves, but he bore all with great fortitude and resignation. A few days previous to his death, a number of his ministerial brethren met and partook with him the Lord's Supper, which he enjoyed exceedingly; the glory, of which he had so long preached and sweetly sung, and for which he had prayed, opened to his view, and he longed to be at rest. At the age of 47, this good man laid down his pilgrim staff on earth, and took his crown in heaven. The place of Brother Foster's nativity was Stafford, Genesee county, N. Y.

"In him another star has faded from the horizon of the militant Church, to rise in glory.

"Utica, November, 1864.

D. W. BRISTOL."

Obituary of Samuel Wadsworth, from the Sauquoit Valley Register, and sketch of the Wadsworth family, by Rev. W. Watson :

"Another of the old landmarks has been removed from our midst. Mr. Samuel Wadsworth died in peace at Sauquoit, N. Y., Sunday morning at 2:30 o'clock, the 21st of March, 1880, aged 83 years, and the funeral services were held at the M. E. Church, Tuesday, March 23. A large concourse of people assembled to show their appreciation of the solid worth of this aged veteran, both as a citizen and a Christian.

"Brother Wadsworth is the fifth who has died out of a family of twelve children, six sons and six daughters, the posterity of Timothy and Lydia Wadsworth, who were among the very first settlers in this county between Sauquoit and Utica, in what was known as the "Wadsworth Settlement."

"Mr. Timothy Wadsworth, Sr., the father of this large and time-honored family, was a native of Hartford, Ct. In his youth he sought to make a fortune in the West Indies, where he spent one season, getting his wages for work in sugar and molasses, which he put on board the ship bound for home, but which the shipmaster kept to pay for his passage, leaving him worse off when he reached home than when he went away.

"His next movement was to go "west," as it was then called, and beset his brothers to accompany him, but they had not the courage to do so. Hence, with his broad-axe upon his shoulder—for he was something of a builder—he started out single-handed and alone to find the "up country." When he had traveled four or five days—on foot, of course—he met two or three young men returning, who did their best to persuade him to go back, assuring him that he could get no work out in that country, and he would starve; but in spite of their entreaties, he pushed on until he reached Utica, then consisting in all of three log cabins, having only eighteen pence left in his pocket. In the vicinity of what is now New Hartford and Whitestown, he spent the season hewing timber for barns, of which quite a number were built that summer. In the course of the season he fell in love with the young woman who afterward became his wife, and who was visiting friends in the settlement, but who returned "down country" in the early fall. After the summer and fall work was over, our hero started afoot and made the journey to Hartford, Ct., and was united marriage to the above mentioned young lady, Miss Lydia —, whose parents fitted the young couple out with a yoke of steers and a sled, and with this elegant conveyance the newly-married pair made their wedding-tour to

this country, which took them three weeks, and upon arriving here settled upon the farm now owned and occupied by Timothy Wadsworth, Jr., where they commenced life after the primitive style of our fathers when this country was new.

"On that veritable spot all those twelve children which made up this ancient family, were born and reared, and on that farm and adjoining lands a vast amount of labor was performed by this couple and their children. The mother and daughter did the ordinary dairy and house work, the spinning and weaving, and making all the clothes. The boys, with their father, would turn off a heap of work in the fields. When father took his scythe to go into the lot the order was not "go" but "*come on, boys,*" and down would fall six or seven swaths of grass in a lively way, you may be sure, and not until the father was nigh on to seventy years of age did he have a son who could out-do him in any kind of work upon the farm. In those earlier times it was no uncommon thing for the household to turn off a thousand dollars' worth of produce in one year, and thus by dint of great industry and economy the whole family were helped to get a good start in the world.

"In those early times there were no churches, and religious privileges were almost wholly to the Presbyterian, which was the church of their fathers "down country." A "Methodist" was scarcely known, and a "Methodist Circuit Rider" was a great curiosity; hence, when it was given out through the "settlement" that a Methodist preacher would hold meetings in the school house in New Hartford, all "the boys" must go down to see what a Methodist Circuit Rider was like. Father Wadsworth and the boys went down. The preacher discoursed upon repentance and faith and pardon, in primitive Methodist style, and many were awakened, among whom was Father Wadsworth, who, not daring to remain at the inquiry meeting, returned to his home, and spent a sleepless night with the arrows of conviction in his soul. Nor could he find rest, till, being led apparently by the spirit, he sought a professor who could help him. The first one, however, whom he went to see, and to whom he told his grief, said he could not help him, for he had left his religion "up country." The second one, however, whom he went to see, forthwith helped him, and he soon obtained a sense of sins forgiven, and immediately began to go from house to house, telling the people what God had done for his soul.

"A revival followed in which a goodly number were converted. Methodist circuit preaching was established in the neighborhood, and a strong society was organized and built.

up. In 1822, George Wadsworth, one of the boys of this large family, went to Watertown for a couple of years, and while there he was converted under the preaching of Dr. John Dempster. Soon after his return his brother Samuel, just now deceased, was converted, and in 1826, under the labors of Ephraim Hall, the remaining children, eight or ten in number, were converted, and thus the whole family were brought into the church, and during these long years have been worthy and useful members of the same. Five of the children, including Samuel, all of whom but one lived to a good old age, have gone to their reward, while seven remain, the youngest of whom is 68 years of age, all residing within an hour's ride of each other in the vicinity of Sauquoit.

"The member of this ancient family just deceased, was a remarkably even and sweet spirited man. His own children aver that they never knew him to speak a cross word or to manifest an angry spirit. His second wife, who in feebleness survives him, with her children, bear cheerful testimony to his uniform Christian temper and spirit. He was greatly beloved by the church, and was ever ready, by his presence, prayers and means, to promote its interests. The whole community respected and loved him, hence at the funeral we all felt that we had been bereaved, nevertheless there was a cheerfulness in the gloom that prevailed the assembly, because every one felt assured that this father in Israel had gone straight to glory, and was fully prepared to join in the Song of the Redeemed. The text selected at the funeral, Acts xi: 24, "For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of Faith," it was thought aptly expressed the character of the Saint of God. Rev. R. Flint, a recent pastor, and Rev. B. F. Willoughby, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, assisted in the religious services of the occasion."

CHAPTER XVI.

HISTORY OF SAUQUOIT ACADEMY.

The Sauquoit valley is just now (1879,) looking its very loveliest. Fruit-laden trees, waving corn, bending hop-poles, with their golden clustering wealth, and barns, filled to overflowing with the garnered grain and hay, all tell of pros-

perity. Hops of late years have become an important production in the valley, the climate and soil being peculiarly adapted to their growth, and during the years of blight and disease to the vine in other localities where they are extensively grown, this valley has scarcely been affected, but has uniformly produced, year after year, a quality of hops of superior strength and flavor, unequaled on the continent, owing, doubtless, to the favorable sun exposure of its hillside and its sheltering situation from the withering winds. The crop this year, as a general thing, although promising to be of superior quality, will not in quantity exceed two-thirds the usual yield, a few yards only showing a full crop, among the most notable of which is the yard of Mr. Samuel B. Rhodes, south of the village, and adjoining the Burning Springs lot, containing about twenty-eight acres, well cultivated and cleanly kept, with unusually tall poles, loaded with a full yield of the golden clusters. This yard is a comparatively new one, with the hop-house or kiln for drying and preparing the crop, of the latest and most approved plan, and with tidy, well-painted farm-house and outbuildings. Of the general neatness of all the surroundings, Mr. Rhodes may well be proud, and in the present outlook of a high price for his abundant crop, he is likely to reap a deserved reward for the great pains evidently bestowed in their cultivation. Various opinions obtain among hop growers as to the number of vines proper to be trained up each pole, the majority settling upon two as sufficient. Mr. Rhodes has this year put up more than that number, many poles have five or six vines, which in this particular year may account for this abundant yield.

East Sauquoit is making some noticeable improvements; new buildings recently erected, and others in process of erection, old ones painted up, new fences built, &c., and, more recently, a "bee" of the villagers united in leveling up and grading and laying out walks in the beautiful little park, in which stand the Methodist Church and the Academy. Many years ago this park was the village buryingground, surrounding the old church, erected in 1801, and altered over in 1816, the ground being purchased for church purposes, at a nominal price, of Lieutenant Spencer Briggs, the pioneer of East

Sauquoit, and who owned the tract on which the village is mainly built. The pulpit was supplied by what was called circuit riders until 1815, when Rev. Abner Chase, the first regular minister, was stationed here under the Presiding Elder, Charles Giles, the membership being 106. He stayed the following year, and under his vigorous work increased his flock to 178. The membership under his successors fluctuated and finally dwindled down to 108 in 1823, when Elias Bowen, afterwards Elder, was assigned here, and when John S. Mitchell took hold in 1827, there were 137, and he increased them to 160, when Alexander Irvine was called—1829—who is remembered as a beautiful speaker, not loud, but a fine, musical voice, with earnest, persuasive style, and not a few are still alive who were converted under him; who added a round hundred to the list, making 260 in 1830. The membership fluctuated again, until Elisha Wheeler took hold in 1833, when he found 256, and by his powerful work ran the list up to 340, which were the marked revivals in the old church, and previous to the building of the new church. The list dwindled away again, and in 1842 it was 240. A. J. Dana took hold in 1843, and by a powerful revival increased the membership to 370, which was the first great “outpouring” in the new brick church. In 1841 it was decided to build a new church and change the graves to a plot on the brow of the hill east of the village, purchased of the late Henry Crane, and most of the buried dead were accordingly removed to that plot. Some, however, refusing to disturb the bones of their ancestors, the grounds were leveled off over the silent sleepers. Some years later (1851,) the Sauquoit Valley Cemetery was organized and located at South Sauquoit, and the burying ground on the hill, having proved wet and unsuitable, most of the dead travelers took a second journey, and to the cemetery, where finally they will no doubt repose undisturbed in that silent city overlooking the valley. The old bell-tower was erected in 1816, and attached to the church in front, the timbers along up being securely bolted to the main edifice, the lower story forming the porch to the body of the church with stair-cases leading to the gallery, the belfry being high up above all, and was constructed by a Mr. Fisk, who superintended the “raising,” which was the largest

affair of the kind in those days. The highest bent rose 41 feet, of massive timbers, and William Whetmore performed the perilous feat of being raised with the bent, clinging astride the top of the post, to pin it when up there, as no ladder could reach the dizzy height. This part of the structure could not be moved, as it was designed the church should be, so it was sold at auction, to be taken away. The late Dr. Rutus Priest bidding it off, a bee was made and the ponderous old bell was lowered to the ground with the frame work on which it swung to and fro, and placed on terra firma in the back part of the lot to do duty there during the erection of the new church. The old bell in those days, and through all the previous years, was rung regularly each week day by the old sexton, Jordan Gray, at 9 o'clock A. M., at 12 M., and at 6 o'clock P. M. The doctor stripped the tower of its covering, and when all was ready, near the close of a bright spring day, another bee assembled, long ropes attached high up near the huge timbers and network of braces of the now gaunt skeleton tower, the bolts attaching it to the main building were withdrawn, and the crowd, at a safe distance at the ends of the long ropes, in response to the stentorian "heave, oh he!" of Sam Vickery, swayed and tugged. At first, not much effect could be observed, but repeated surges at last told, and the towering mass rocked to and fro, gaining motion each swing, until at last the top passed over the center of gravity, and the massive tower, that for forty years had borne on high the old bell that from time to time had tolled off the age of the old pioneer, the aged mother, strong man in the prime of life, youth and maidens, the prattling child and chirruping infant, and solemnly pealing out their requiem as one by one they had been borne past and gathered in the old church yard within its shadow, now at last in awful grandeur, careening over, slowly at first but gathering velocity, came thundering and crashing to the ground with mighty roar as sun went down that marked the close of day. The material was utilized in the erection of a barn at the then residence of the Doctor, on the street east of the church. The old church was moved to the south end of the lot, and the present substantial brick church erected in 1842, by Phineas Hall, builder, Leverett W. Thomas superintending the wood work.

The old bell was hoisted up into the new belfry, doing duty for many years, but finally cracked and was sent to the foundry and replaced by the present bell of about the same tone.

The important subject of properly educating the rising generation occupied the attention of those old residents largely at that time. They took a lively interest in the district school, and every few days a delegation of them would visit the school, note the progress of the pupils, and, in turn, air their ideas of government and give advice and encouragement. Prominent among them was David Loring, the old cabinet maker, carding machine builder and undertaker, who would never fail to remind the boys that he still possessed the London Encyclopedia, (of which he was very proud and often quoted,) and never omitted to instill into their minds that "just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined;" and to the teacher that "line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," was what was wanted. He invariably wound up his speech with the lines :

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But error wounded writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshipers."

The stern old Justice of the Peace, Charles Robinson, laid down duty and the law, and the genial and social Captain Knight eulogized George Washington and told a happy story, and the Visiting Committee departed well pleased that they had discharged their duty. The upper story of the old school-house, fitted up for the old Masonic Lodge, was also devoted to the use of a "select school," as it was called, for the advanced scholars, founded by the Rev. John S. Mitchell, the Methodist minister stationed here at that time, (1827,) who circulated a subscription paper conjointly with the old Masonic Lodge, raised the necessary funds to raise the old one story school-house to a two-story building, taught the school for a time and was succeeded by Wilbur Armstrong, then Judge Williams, and afterwards taught for many years by a Mr. Biddlecome, the Langford brothers and others. The last teacher was the now Hon. James W. Seaton, a pioneer of Potosi, Wis., ex-member of Assembly and Senator of that

State; an accomplished writer and journalist, at that time quite a young man, a self-educated but thorough scholar. He was the second son of the popular Washingtonian temperance lecturer and Scotch ballad-singer, jolly "Uncle Jemmy" Seaton, who in those days visited and spoke in many parts of the State. The villagers finally determined to found an Academy in lieu of the select school, and to that end the old church building seemed to be the opportune thing. The only "bugbear" was the fact that both the Methodist and Presbyterian societies had just erected new churches by subscription, and it seemed doubtful if any more money could be raised at that time. But Rev. Elias Bowen, the presiding elder, then a resident there, a man of great push, energy and influence, said it must be done, and put his shoulder to the wheel. The old merchant, Erastus Everett, headed the subscription with \$100, David Loring planked down \$50, and Elder Bowen displayed his faith in his works and went on for \$50. These were the largest subscribers. Others followed along down to \$5—a grand total of \$1,044. The church, through the influence of the Elder, donated the old church building and deeded at a nominal price, three barleycorns a year when demanded, the south part of their grounds next to the tavern—now the residence of Mr. Stelle. The old red horseshed adjoining and extending north along the front of the lot was removed and the to-be-academy building placed in its present location. A contract was entered into with L. W. Thomas to properly fit up the building, during which the school was organized and opened in the basement of the new church, and Prof. M. C. F. Barber engaged as principal. At a meeting of the subscribers, held April 9, 1844, seven Trustees were elected, viz: Erastus Everett, David Loring, Rev. E. Bowen, Hon. William Knight, L. Bishop, M. D., Daniel Wells and William Harrison Royce. E. Everett was made President and William Knight Secretary, and the Academy thenceforth became one of the institutions of the village. The building in due time was completed and occupied. The teachers were Professor Barber, assisted by his wife and Miss Kate Tuttle—now of Columbus, Ohio—Miss Kittie Roberts, music teacher, and George W. Eastman, penmanship and book-keeping—who afterwards founded the Pioneer Commercial College, at

Rochester. At the winter term of '45 and '46, the school had fairly opened with two hundred scholars, closing in the spring with an exhibition held in the church, which was an event in those days. The performers were selected by competitive rehearsal, and required to write their own pieces "to speak," except the Latin and Greek orations, which were selected. The church was literally packed on the occasion, it being found necessary to put temporary posts under the gallery to sustain the great weight. The Old Utica Band (then young) discoursed the music. Rev. John Waugh offered the opening prayer, and the venerable Elder Bowen pronounced the benediction. Erastus Everett, with his clerk, "tended" door and received the admission fee; Robert and Camp Griffin officiated as ushers (and police duty if required,) in the body of the church, while Deacon Maltby and Samuel Vickery performed that service in the galleries, and the dense throng was handled without accident or disturbance. The programme was carried out as follows:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC BY THE UTICA BAND.

(Prayer.)

MUSIC.

1. Latin,..... CHARLES W. BOWEN.
2. The Mind beyond the Grave,.... GILBERT M. PRIEST.
3. Infidelity and Christianity Contrasted*..... HENRY GILES
4. Importance of Education to the American
Farmer,*..... EDWARD E. SIMMONS.

MUSIC.

5. America,*..... SARAH A. MACOMBER.
6. Evening Reflections,*..... ANNA WALDRON
7. Wonderful Tree,*..... SAVIA WILMOT.
8. Literature,*..... LUCY W. STEADMAN.
9. Friendship *..... LUCY L. BELL.
10. Reflections *..... LAURA M. PARMALEE.

MUSIC.

11. French Colloquy, The Return,* } CORNELIA L. EVERETT, } Authors.
LAURA M. PARMALEE. }

* Original.

MUSIC.

12. Life, *..... JOHN GAGE.
 13. Our Country,*.....GEORGE D. DUNHAM.
 14. Henry Clay,*.....HENRY CLAY ROGERS.
 15. Characters of Eminent Men,*SAMUEL J. BLIGH.

MUSIC.

16. Colloquy, The Mortgage,*
 Mrs. Hamilton, L. M. PARMALEE.
 Miss Alice Herbert, M. WILMOT.†
 Louisa, L. A. JOHNSON.
 Amelia, S. WILMOT.

MUSIC.

17. Greek, CHARLES A. BUTLER.
 18. Napoleon,* ALBERT DAY.
 19. Steam,* MORTIMER G. THOMSON.
 20. Importance of Knowledge to the Me-
 chanic,* AUGUSTUS S. HULL.

MUSIC.

21. Colloquy, Western School Room. (by the Principal.)
 Mr. Wi-e-cre, (Teacher,) E. E. SIMMONS.
 " Pherosophos, (Phrenology,) A. DAY.
 Dr. Squib, (Visitor) A. N. PRIEST.
 Mr. Greig, " J. GAGE.
 Miss Roberts, " N. LOHNAS.
 " Lark, " L. JOHNSON.
 Eunice, (Servant,) S. MACOMBER.
 Scholars.

MUSIC.

22. Living vs. Posthumous Influence,*... JAMES WILSON.
 23. Responsibilities of American Youth,*..... ALBERT N. PRIEST.
 24. Perseverance Necessary to the Attainment of
 an Object,* HORACE L. HARRISON.
 25. One Blood and One Brotherhood *..... JESSE A. PERKINS.

MUSIC.

26. Colloquy, Martyrs, or Days of Queen Mary,* (by the Principal.)
 Bonner, (Bishop of London,) H. L. HARRISON.
 Saunders, (Protestant Minister,) J. A. PERKINS.
 Marlet, (Chaplain of Mary,) L. GRIFFIN.
 Vive, (Tutor and Informer) M. G. THOMSON.
 Almont, (Monk,) A. N. PRIEST.
 Catharine, (Sister to Saunders,) A. WALDRON.
 Gray, (Constable,) A. S. HULL.

MUSIC.

(Benediction.)

* Original.

† Excused on account of sickness, in her place, J. J. CALHOUN.

Professor Barber was greatly exercised for fear the boys would get out a "false scheme," and kept his genuine schemes under lock and key until the audience had assembled, when they were distributed by the ushers, who unconsciously, however, also distributed the dreaded "false schemes," which the naughty boys had adroitly inserted in the packages, as follows :

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC BY LITTLEWOOD'S BAND.

(Ask a Blessing.)

1. Latimus, PROF. BOWEN.
2. Mind Beyond the Bone Garden..... GIB PRIEST.
3. Hypocrisy and Sincerity contrasted,* HEN GILES.
4. Plowing by Rule,* ED. SIMMONS.

MUSIC.

(Dance, the Polk-er.)

5. Yankee Nation,* SARAH A. MACOMBER.
6. M et me by Moonlight,* ANNA WALDRON.
7. Tall Oaks, &c.,* SAVIA WILMOT.
8. The Literati,* LUCY W. STEADMAN.
9. Friendship's but a name,* LUCY L. BALL.
10. 'The last time I saw him,* LAURA M. PARMELE.

MUSIC.

(Poor Bessy.)

11. French Colloquy, He Returns,* } CORNELIA L. EVERETT, } Authors.
LAURA M. PARMELE, }

MUSIC.

(Old Dan Tucker, Esq.)

12. Fat Living, Pigs in the Clover, JOHN a GAGE.
13. Uncle Sam vs. John Bull. DONE HAM.
14. Harry Clay, God bless him! H C. ROGERS.
15. Death of Old Hickory, .. SAMUEL.

MUSIC.

(Dead March in Saul.)

16. Colloquy, Love, Courtship and Marriage, (Chums.)
Mrs. Hamilton, Sister LAURA.
Miss Alice, " JULIA.
Louisa, " LAURA ANN.
Amelia, " SUSY.

* Original.

MUSIC.*(High Low Jack.)*

17. Grease, (Frowy,).....CHARLEY BUTLER.
 18. Stereotyp Edition,ALBERT DAY.
 19. Bust yer Biler,.....THOM SONIAN.
 20. Altitude of Post Holes,.....AUGUSTUS S WHOLE

MUSIC.*(Something Comical.)*

- 21 Colloquy, A, B, C's, (by the Principal.)
 Mr. Wisacre. (Tutor,).....OLD CHIP MONK.
 " Bumpology,.....A DAY.
 Dr. Squirt, (Company,).....A PRIEST.
 Mr. Gass, ".....JOHN GAGE.
 Miss Roberts, ".....
 " Lark, ".....DRY LOTS.
 ——— " (Waiter,)S. MC (LETTER 1.)
 Fellers and Gals. *Exeunt Omnes.*

MUSIC.*(Jinny get my Hoe Cake Done.)*

22. Living vs. Abdominal Influence,.....JIMMY WAX HEELS.
 23. Train up a Child, &c,.....A METH PRIEST.
 24. Faint heart never won fair Lady,.....HAIRY SON.
 25. Amalgamation, heal! heal! heal! !... JESSE A. PERKINS.

MUSIC.*(Swing to Your Places.)*

26. Dilog: Last of the Mohegans, (*Perhaps Original*—by the Boss,)
 Bonner, (Priest of New Gate.)
 San lstones, (Domina)
 Beetle.
 Wives, (Tutors and Formers.)
 Alamode, (Monkey.)
 Kitty, (Sandstone's Sister)
 Gray, (Mob Him.)

MUSIC.*(John Brown had a Little Injin.)*

27. Return Thanks,.....BY BROTHER——

PASS AROUND THE HAT.

Promenade ALL,—Out Doors.**MUSIC.***(Old Hundred.)*

Prof. Barber afterwards went to Texas, in charge of a corps of surveyors, where he died from some disease incident to that climate, and the school dwindled down until in 1850 Rev. Moses E. Dunham assumed the management and brought it up to the old standard, and held it there several years, when he entered the ministry, first at Clayville, then for many years at Whitesboro, and lately at Johnstown. The school again "run down," the building became out of repair, when in 1866, the people again took hold, raised \$1,695, put the building in good repair, engaged Aaron White as Principal, assisted by Phebe White, Huldah C. Kimball, Clara Bragg, A. W. Talcott, penmanship, and Miss H. E. Rogers, music, and the school led off for the third time with 205 scholars. Various teachers tried their hand since then; the "hard times" came on, and down went the school again. Last year (1878) the villagers once more took hold, repaired up the building, and under the able management of the present accomplished Principal and his corps of assistants, the old Academy again and for the fourth time went up to the traditional 200 scholars. The present Faculty is T. H. Roberts, Principal, assisted by Emma F. Roberts, T. R. Catlin, Fannie A. Wickson, J. H. J. Watkins; Hattie E. Rogers, Music; E. J. Roberts, Penmanship, and Emily R. Gray, Oil Painting. During the thirty-four years there have been forty-two trustees. Erastus Everett, the first President, was succeeded by N. W. Moore, Amos Rogers, and William Huxford. Hon. William Knight, during most of these years was Secretary, F. S. Savage, Treasurer, and M. M. Gray, Vice President. William Knight succeeded Mr. Huxford as President, William F. Mould was made Treasurer, and Henry C. Rogers Secretary. The present officers are M. M. Gray, President, George D. Dunham, Vice President, William F. Mould, Treasurer, and Rev. Benjamin F. Willoughby, Secretary. Hallowed associations cluster around the time-honored old building. Of the old time-worshippers that were wont to assemble within its sacred walls, responding to the fervent prayer, or joining in the swelling anthem of praise, few, indeed, are left. Memory running back to by-gone days views, as in a panorama, the old congregation, 'Squire Griffin, Camp, Joel, Robert and his sons George and Henry, Benjamin Loomis,

Ezekiel Hawly, Randall, Fox, Budlong, John Birdseye, Nathan Robinson, William Boyce, Elijah Davis, Hobart Graves, Wells Walton, Greenlief, Rev. Father Arnold, Rev. Stocking, and Henry Crane ; Noah E. King, Huggett, Cloyes, Turner, J. Nichols, and Levi Birdseye ; 'Squire Todd, Joseph and Hugh Garlick, Dea. Coe, J. Crane, Father Morris Maltby, and Ensign Hull, Charles Birdseye, David Nourse, Whetmore, Campbell, Elkanah Hewett, Charles O. Curtiss, Asa Priest and Dr. Rufus Priest, his son, (the old choir leader,) Josiah Moshier and his sons George and Emerson, Martin Hawley, and Graves, merchants, and "King" Brownell ; Daniel Willard, Chapman, Day, Nicholas Giles, Edwards, Potter Cobb, Obed Waldron, and Darius Dunham, and Captain Townsend ; Theodore Gilbert, Ephraim Davis, and Talbott, Amos Wilcox and Sylvester Nichols, Baxter Gage, Lieut. Briggs and his son Spencer, Daniel Wells, 'Squire Curtiss, Dr. Tyler, O. Prior, Pratt, Deacon Hubbard, Henry Royce, William J. Eager, Elders Paddock, Parks and Bowen, Dr. J. Knight, Zabine Luce, Major Geer, U. T. Harvey and James L. Davis ; Deacon Curtiss, Moses Campbell, Moses Campbell, Jr., Captain Levi Hubbard, Pride, Enos Knight, and his sons William and George, A. S. Hull, Kneaskern, James Seaton, David Loring, Abel Gates, Goodsell, William L. Mould, Abner Bacon, Camp Parmalee, Charles Cooledge, Samuel Nichols, Father Cheney, David Seaton, Samuel Wadsworth and Hiram Kellogg. The old bell ringer, Jordan Gray, that tolled them off, finally joined the procession gone before, and John Ball, the old grave-digger that buried all these generations, at last laid down his mattock and spade, and went to his rest and no answer to this muster roll comes back to us from that voiceless, echoless shore. There survive of the outlying parish fathers, Richards, Thomas, Norton, Paddock, Goodier, Rev. I. L. George, and Timothy Wadsworth, and Brower ; of the villagers, George Smith, the venerable wool carder, is at Smithport, Pa., the veteran hatter and Justice of the Peace, Charles Robinson, at Knowlton, Wis., and the old miller, James Bacon, at Richmond, Ill. ; the old merchants, Andrew Mills, Harry Adams and Elastus Everett, yet live in Central New York, and the only remaining original residents of East Sauquoit are Dr. Bishop, "Gen'l" Gates, and Solomon Rogers. The

thousand and more of scholars that have passed through the old Academy, are scattered far and wide. The blooming girls are mothers now, (some of them grand-mothers,) and not a few of both boys and girls have gone "to that undiscovered bourne from which no traveler returns." The old school-boys fill positions in life's active drama everywhere. Ministers, lawyers, doctors, professors in colleges and schools, bankers, merchants, and underwriters in New York and every city of the State, and Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, and the great cities of the far west; mechanics and manufacturers in the New England States; farmers in the West, herders on the great plains, and miners on the Pacific slope, and some went down to honored graves on the battle-field. The school enters the 35th year of its eventful history with the best wishes of all for its permanent and continued prosperity. Nestling among the shady maples planted during Rev. M. E. Dunham's administration, now towering full-grown, the quaint old Academy, with its improved park and beautiful surroundings, is deservedly the pride of the valley. The energetic Board of Trustees, with competent and trusty officers, the able management of the skilled teachers, all point to that degree of success which all these advantages will surely command.

CHAPTER XVII.

HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF WEST SAUQUOIT;
BY REV. B. F. WILLOUGHBY, THE PRESENT PASTOR.

In 1791, was organized the Congregational Church of Paris Hill, and the Presbyterian Church of New Hartford. In 1798, a Congregational Church was organized at North Bridgewater, which comprised among its worshipers, some of the southern portion of our society as it was afterwards formed. About 1795, the neighborhood of Norwich Corners

became the place of worship for our early inhabitants, and a Congregational Church of eleven members was organized there, June 19, 1798. But owing to difficulty in obtaining the needed funds for church-building, a house of worship was not completed there until 1804. In the meantime, the Sabbath services were held in school houses. Those buildings, from which many of the present would exclude all religion, were happily in those days the shelter of our homeless churches, and *neither Church nor State were corrupted by it.* This is a little type of that union which always has existed, and will exist, we trust, between religion and education. God grant they shall never be divorced!

The first pastor of the mother church of Norwich Corners, was the Rev. John Eastman. He was installed September 11th, 1799, and continued pastor until March 21st, 1809, nearly ten years. The Rev. Hugh Wallis was installed as his successor December 13th, 1809, and was pastor at the time of the organization of this Church.

It fell to my lot, a few years ago, to supply the pulpit of that old church on Sabbath afternoons, during a part of one winter; and still later I have rendered the same service, for many winters as well as summers at Paris Hill. My own experience of facing blinding snow storms and plunging through deep drifts has been ample to afford a little realization of what the fathers and mothers of this people endured in those earlier days, to enjoy the privilege of worshipping God in his own holy sanctuary. Then, it was not merely a solitary minister, picking his way up the hills, but a large part of the congregation, some on ox-sleds, some on horseback; here a strong horse carrying double, the husband in front, and his wife on a pillion behind; there a couple of regular attendants, the wife alone on the horse, and the husband trudging on foot beside her; and all over roads not so good as those at present—although even now there is room for vast improvement—but through rough paths in the forest, leaping the bog-holes, carefully stepping over the roots, and winding about the trees and stumps.

When I read of these great difficulties, surmounted by the hardy ones of old for the service and worship of God, it seems to me a stern rebuke of that easy-going piety, that fair-

weather Christianity which now prevail so much, which will lounge into a church and through its service once perhaps on a pleasant Sabbath day, and more likely, on still rarer occasions. And with this small grain of religious observance, feign to fulfill the requirements of God and the demands of that part of our nature, which spurning the earth, finds home only in the things above. Would that the recollections of those earlier days, should inspire us with new energy to-day! Would that the spirit which braved such difficulties to found, sustain and attend upon the Church of God in the wilderness, should animate us with a like holy determination to carry forward the work thus begun—to consult, not ease, but the calls of God—to deny ourselves, as they did, for Him!

Still, it was but natural and right, that the residents of this valley should seek to establish a church nearer to themselves. They, doubtless, felt the want of a nearer church influence, as well as a wish to abate the hardships of church attendance so far away. There is an old record of a first unsuccessful attempt to form a religious society here, in 1795. On July 6th of that year, a meeting was held in the store of Dr. Perkins,—standing where the hotel now stands—and a society was then formed by the name of Hancock Religious Society. The following officers were chosen, viz: Joseph Howard, Clerk; Jonathan Davis, William Babbitt, David Seymour, Asa Shepherd, Matthew Nichols, Jonathan Davis, Jr., Jesse Prior, and Aaron Davis, Trustees. A sufficient number truly! A committee of three was then appointed to appraise the land for a house of worship, viz: Henry Crane, Jonathan Davis and John Clay. After this, on September 7th, 1795, there was a second meeting, in which provision was made for the purchase of a lot for a burying ground, and also they received and agreed to the report of the committee on the site of the church. They then voted to dissolve the meeting; and with this, so far as records show, not only the meeting, but the Hancock Religious Society itself, was dissolved.

Before the year 1800, occasional services were held in a school house, standing about on the present site of Mr. Sullivan's blacksmith shop. In October, 1800, the Norwich So-

ciety passed a resolution that the preaching on the Sabbath should be held in that schoolhouse one-third of the time, until the following May. In 1802, a new schoolhouse was erected on the site of the old one; and it was built much larger, with two rooms and a swing partition between them, which could be swung up and fastened on hooks to the ceiling above, so as to make it convenient for religious services. This was our church accomodations until the year 1810.

We now come to the time when this church and religious society began its separate existence.

On the 12th of December, 1809, an ecclesiastical council was convened in the Norwich Society, from the minutes of which we make the following extract :

“Several memorials from members of the church, living at or near the creek, were received. The memorialists report they live so remote from the usual place of worship in said society, that they do not derive that benefit from the ordinances of the Gospel which they need. They therefore pray the council to give them such direction and advice as they shall think best calculated to remove them from their present embarrassment.

“The council, after mature deliberation, are of opinion that it is expedient that a division be made in the church, and that those members who live near the creek be constituted a distinct Church of Christ.”

In accordance with this action, eighteen of the members of that church were dismissed, to form a separate church in this locality.

On the 8th of January, 1810, a number of individuals met in the schoolhouse aforesaid, and proceeded to organize a religious society. The name which they adopted was the same as now,—after the lapse of 69 years—Union Society. This name, as we understand, was selected for the reason that the society was made up of members of the four adjacent societies of Norwich, New Hartford, Paris Hill and Bridgewater. Three Trustees were chosen, viz: John Butler for one year, Joseph Howard for two years, and Eliphalet Sweeting for three years; James Dickson was appointed clerk. The first chairman was Gardiner Avery, father of Mr. Eli Avery and Mrs. Frederic Savage, Sr.

On the 29th of January, a meeting was held in the house of

Abner Bacon, to organize a church. This house, which stood then nearly on the site of the present residence of Mr. Chauncey S. Butler, has since been removed, and now stands just beyond Mr. Butler's barn on the other side of the road. It is insignificant enough in appearance, but oh, how glorious in this great memory! Here I insert the record of that meeting:

"PARIS UNION SOCIETY, Jan. 29th, 1810.

"Pursuant to a vote of the Church of Christ in Norwich Society, which was with a view to form a separate church, a number of professing Christians invited in assistance to form and constitute them in church state; who met at the house of Abner Bacon, on the day and date above. Present: Rev. Messrs. E. Woodworth, J. Eastman and J. Southworth. After solemn prayer to Almighty God, attended to the case of those persons, who, by the above vote referred to, were now in circumstances to form a new church; also attended to others who exhibited letters of recommendation, together with others who offered themselves for examination to join in church state, who never had united with the visible Church of Christ; who were examined with respect to their doctrinal, experimental and practical knowledge of religion. After a careful and candid examination, the persons whose names are undersigned, assented to the confession of faith adopted by the Church of Christ in Norwich, and to the covenant received by the Church of Christ in Bridgewater, together with the rules of admission received by the above named churches; and after having solemnly covenanted together, they were pronounced a regular Church of Christ, and, as such, solemnly charged to maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace."

Then follow the names of the original members, viz:

"John Howard, Joseph Howard, Submit Howard, Theodore Gilbert, Hannah Gilbert, Eden Camp, Elizabeth Camp, Eben Judson, Dorcas Judson, Jerris Chittenden, Abner Bacon, Timothy L. Bacon, Lydia Bacon, Hannah Bacon, Jonathan Davis, Elizabeth Pratt, Mabel Pratt, Lydia Butler, Peace Prior, Lucrecia Harrington, Elizabeth Shepard, Lydia Norman, Abigail Huggins, Patty Allen, Betsey Gilbert and Nabby Pierce."

Twenty-six in all; nine males and seventeen females.

On the 29th of May, 1872, I attended to the grave the remains of Mrs. Stephen Savage, an aged saint, formerly Nabby or Abigail Pierce, the one whose name is the last on

the above list, and who was the last one of that original number.

Of the clergy who officiated on that occasion, Mr. Southworth was pastor of the church at Bridgewater, Mr. Eastman of the church of Hanover,—having removed thither from Norwich the preceding year—and Mr. Woodworth was or had been, quite recently, pastor of the church of Madison.

The church being organized, chose Eben Judson for its Moderator, and Timothy L. Bacon, Clerk. It adopted the Congregational form of church government. It was resolved that the communion service be held on the first Sabbath of every second month, commencing with the first Sabbath of March, which usage has continued unto the present time; as also certain other usages in the society, such as the annual election of a single trustee, to hold his office for three years; the annual meeting of the society on the first Monday in December; and after the building of the church edifice, the annual meeting for the sale of seats on the first Monday in January. The first communion service was on March 4th, 1810, at which time 28 members,—two more besides the original 26—sat together at the Lord's table.

In the spring of 1810, the Rev. Ezra Woodworth commenced his labors here as stated supply. About the first of June, the church building at Norwich was consumed by fire, and the people there made a proposition to the people of the Creek, to unite with them in building a new church midway between the two places, which proposition was declined. On the 21st of August, a meeting was held to make arrangement for the building of a church in this locality. At first it was decided to build on the east side of the creek, and the site was selected just beyond the residence of the late William Knight. Here the foundation was laid in the spring of 1811, and the timber was brought together, when the site was suddenly changed to the one where the church now stands. The foundation and the timber were both removed to this spot, and such was the zeal of the people in the work that the whole transfer was effected in a single day. Before the end of this year, (1811,) the building was enclosed, and for three years following the congregation worshiped in it as it was, benches being carried in for their accommodation. It was

completed in November, 1814, and the pews were rented for the first time January 2d, 1815.

The form of this old church building is worthy of description here. It was large, square and high, without steeple, standing somewhat back of the site of its successor, so that its east side was on the boundary of the lot. Its gables were north and south, instead of east and west as now. But the door—that is, the inner door—was in the middle of the west side, under the eaves, instead of gable. Over this door was a porch, extending several feet outside the main building, which porch was entered from without by three doors, one on the west, opposite the inner door, and one on each side, close up to the main building. Each of these side doors opened at the foot of a flight of stairs, one at each side of the porch, which ran up first toward the west, landing on a platform above, in the middle, leading back through an upper inside door into the gallery. The gallery ran around three sides of the church, the west, north and south. There were, of course, two stories of windows, one above the gallery and the other below it. On the inside of the church below were three aisles, running east and west. Between the middle and each side aisle was a double row of slips; and outside the side aisles, on both sides and ends of the house, a row of square pews extended around the church on each side from the door of entrance unto the pulpit. This pulpit was opposite the door on the east side, and was a fit symbol of the days when the minister that occupied it stood much higher above the people than now; a very eagle's nest, from whence, as we presume, the eye of the preacher could command, with piercing view, the gallery above with the frolicsome boys and girls in it, (they are steady enough now, alas! many of them very *still*,) as well as the graver, steadier congregation below. But it was found, in time, that the convenience for such a purpose was a great inconvenience for the real purpose of preaching. And hence—as this latter purpose predominated over the other, also, perhaps, as a symbol of less domination of the minister over the people, and greater closeness and familiarity with them—this pulpit was cut down, once and then again, before the old structure was torn down and the present one built in its place. This first one stood until the year 1843. In it, about

340 persons united with this church, either by letter or profession of their faith.

But go back a little. The first year of this Church, 1810, was one of great spiritual blessing. In September, twelve persons were added to it; and in December, twelve more. Twenty-nine were added in all during that year; thus a little more than doubling the membership in that first year.

On September 2d, the Church voted to unite with the Oneida Congregational Association, and Joseph Howard was appointed the first delegate. On September 30th, 1811, Mr. Howard was elected the first deacon, and served, as deacon or elder, nearly forty years.

Early in 1813, Mr. Woodworth discontinued his place, and the church, still unfinished, was left unsupplied with preaching, except by different occasional ministers, until March, 22d, 1814, when the Rev. Abner Benedict became stated supply, and continued as such just eight months. Short as was his ministry, it seems to have been greatly blessed, for on July 3d seventeen were added to the Church, and twelve more during the year, making the accessions of that year the same in number as in the first year. At the close of the year 1814, the number of the church membership, as nearly as can be ascertained, was 74, with which to begin church life in their now finished church home. On December 16th of that year a second deacon was elected, David Curtis, who served, as deacon or elder, with the exception of five years absence, nearly thirty-six years.

We come now to the time when the church received its first pastor, the Rev. Publius V. Bogue. He commenced his labors towards the close of the year 1814, and was installed as pastor by an Ecclesiastical Council, March 15, 1815. He continued pastor for eleven years, closing his labors with the close of the year 1825. His pastorate was greatly blessed by several large additions to the Church. Seven were added in the first year of his ministry. In the year 1816, occurred that infrequent thing, a midsummer revival. As a result of this thirteen were added to the Church in September, and twenty before the close of the year. In 1818, there was an unusually large number of accessions by letter, indicating something of a revival of religious earnestness among profess-

ing Christians, which might have had much to do towards the grander revival of 1820. On May 14th, 1820, twenty-six united with the Church on a profession of their faith—just the number of the original membership. The pastor, in recording their names, appends this remark: "These are the fruits of a glorious awakening, which commenced about the 25th of January." In July, fifteen more were added. The whole number of additions during that year was forty-six. At the close of Mr. Bogue's pastorship the membership had increased to 123.

After Mr. Bogue had left, there was a vacancy for five months, when, on June 1st, 1826, the Rev. Oren Catlin became stated supply. He continued in charge until April 1st, 1829, nearly three years. During his comparatively short ministry, forty-one were added to the Church. A large number, however, must have been dismissed, as the whole number of members, when he left, was but 128—but five more than at the retirement of Mr. Bogue.

After the retirement of Mr. Catlin, there was a vacancy of eleven months, in which the pulpit was supplied by the Rev. Mr. Waters, who resided near Paris Hill. Even in this vacancy fourteen were added to the Church.

On March 1st, 1830, the Rev. Oren Hyde became stated supply, and continued as such ten months. In that short time sixteen were added to the Church. After him, the Rev. Tertius D. Southworth became stated supply, and continued as such unto the close of 1832. He received into the Church sixteen more.

This certainly was a very remarkable period for the church. For several years there had been frequent changes in the ministry and protracted vacancies, and yet they had been years of great spiritual prosperity—years of almost constant revival and accessions. During the four years closing with 1831, there were additions of sixty-one to the Church. My predecessor, in his history, remarks concerning this: "This steady increase is the more worthy of note, as, of all the periods of the church's history, this would, on some accounts, appear to have been the most unfavorable. There were no other four years in which there was so changing a ministry—three different stated supplies, besides a number of occa-

sional. This fact is somewhat explained, when we remember that this was the era of the great revival which swept throughout this entire part of our State, and the wave which flowed over the other churches, sprinkled this, notwithstanding its unsettled ministry."

And yet, large as were these additions, they did not quite suffice to maintain the status of the church, as to numbers. The number of deaths and dismissions must also have been unusually large. For at the close of Mr. Southwarth's ministry, the membership was only 116—twelve less than at the close of Mr. Catlin's labors, in April, 1829.

We come now to the time when the church saw fit to change its form of government, and become, as it is now, a Presbyterian Church. It is probable that here, as in most other new communities at the first organization of a Calvinistic Church, there was a diversity of sentiment as to the best form of organization, some preferring Congregationalism, others Presbyterianism. Some inclined to the former because it seemed, in their view, to accord greater liberty to the individual members and local churches; others preferred the latter because, as they thought, it united all reasonable liberty with a better order and greater efficiency of government. The only way of settling this difference, is to allow the choice of the majority to prevail; and if, afterwards, the majority should change, then to allow the corresponding change in the church. The clear sentiment of the present majority should now be the law, as the other sentiment has been the law before. As observation has shown me repeatedly, this must usually be the case. The majority may wait for a time, but it will in the end assert its rights, and take the rule. It will not long consent to be bound down under the rule of a clear minority; and it is foolish for any minority, even under the plea of previous rule when it was the majority, to attempt to cling still to its rule in that way. Hence, as communities change, churches change; sometimes from Congregationalism to Presbyterianism, sometimes the other way. In Central New York, the tendencies seem to have been quite generally in the former direction. A large number of churches, like this one, formerly Congregational, have become Presbyterian. Here, the Presbyterian element was more or less active from the very first. In 1813, less

than three years after organization, a standing committee—a *quasi session* in reality—was appointed “to attend to public complaints and other important duties.” A similar standing committee was again appointed in 1827, “for the purpose of prosecuting more effective measures for the government and discipline of the church.” Again, in 1818, the church, by unanimous vote, withdrew from the Oneida Association, to unite with the Presbytery of Oneida, afterwards the Presbytery of Utica, on the old plan of accommodation. Thus the way was gradually prepared for the complete change, which occurred April 26th, 1832, when the church voted to adopt the full Presbyterian form of government.

The change seems to have been effected without serious trouble. In fact, the large number of cases of discipline which were occurring at that time, some of which had dragged their slow length along for two or three years, and all of which must have been a constant disturbance to the peace of the whole church, had undoubtedly much to do in leading the people to welcome a change which would take the work out of the hands of all, many of whom must be incompetent, and commit it to the few effective, chosen men, who would manage these things, not only more wisely, but with much less of painful friction to the whole mass. A few, indeed, appear to have felt aggrieved for a time by the change, but no party was formed against it; and, so far as now appears, the peace of the church was but little disturbed by it. From that day to this, the church has stood, with general acquiescence, as a Presbyterian Church.

The first Elders elected were David Curtis, Salmon Holmes, Abijah Hubbard, Joseph Howard and Leverett Bishop. The latter two at first declined ordination, so that the session was first constituted with the other three, viz: Messrs. Curtis, Holmes and Hubbard. On June 28th of the following year, Messrs. Bishop, Howard, and Charles Coolege were elected, and in due time ordained, making the whole number of the session six. One of that original number, Leverett Bishop, continues with us, an honored and greatly beloved Elder unto this day, having served now in this office forty-three years.

Since then the following changes have occurred in the Eldership: September 13, 1838, Mr. Aaron E. Pettee was

elected in the place of Charles Coolege, who had been removed by death. April 2, 1844, three new Elders were elected, viz: Calvin E. Macomber, D. S. Marsh and Warren Bragg. June 5th, 1849, Joseph Howard was removed by death. November 2d, 1850, Mr. Curtis was removed to another church, and since then, as we trust, to the church above. Mr. Marsh having also been removed by death, two more Elders, Mr. M. M. Gray and Mr. Hiel Fitch, were elected March 2d, 1855. Mr. Bragg was dismissed October 5th, 1856, to take part in the formation of the new church at Clayville. Mr. Hubbard died in July, 1868. July 2d, 1875, two new Elders were elected, viz: George W. Burpee and William Booth, who were ordained October 3d, 1875. Thus the session, as now constituted, consists of seven persons, whose names are as follows, in the order of their election: Dr. Leverett Bishop, Aaron E. Pettee, Calvin E. Macomber, M. Miller Gray, Hiel Fitch, George W. Burpee and William Booth. Of this number, however, Aaron E. Pettee is, by the complete failure of health, disabled from further service; and it seems appropriate to place on record here a few words of appreciation of him as a man, an Elder, and Clerk of the Society. As a Christian man, earnest in his convictions, faithful, conscientious, self-sacrificing, and well disciplined by many a sore family bereavement—two of whose sons were freely given and bravely died in their country's service. As an Elder, serving faithfully for nearly thirty-eight years, constant in his attendance on the meetings of session and the sanctuary services, although being without a horse, he was obliged to traverse on foot, hither and back, the long distance between his place of residence and the church. Faithful also as Clerk of the Society, in a service of forty years, keeping the books in excellent order; and when compelled finally, by disease and infirmities, to give place to another, receiving a hearty testimonial of the great appreciation of his fellow members in the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted, and ordered to be recorded on the Society's Book of Records:

"Whereas, The duties of the Clerk of the Board of Trustees of this Society have devolved on Mr. Aaron E. Pettee, by annual election, for forty years, until by failure of his health

he is no longer able to perform the duties of said office ; therefore,

“Be it Resolved, By the members of Union Society in annual meeting assembled, that we bear testimony to the efficiency and correctness in which said duties have been performed ; and would also hereby express our sympathy to the brother and his family in the affliction which God, in his providence, has sent upon him.

“Resolved, That the above preamble and resolution be entered upon the minutes of this Society, and a copy be sent to the family.”

But, to return to the history. I was speaking of Mr. Southworth, who retired at the close of 1832. He died at Bridge-water two years ago, and it was my privilege to be present at his funeral. After his retirement there was a vacancy of three months, after which, on April 1st, 1833, the Rev. Beriah B. Hotckin began his labors here. On the 30th of April, he was installed by the Presbytery of Oneida, the *second pastor* of this congregation. His pastorate, extending over a little more than three years, is favorably remembered by many, even to this day ; and his brief visit to this scene of his early labors, in 1869, was gladly welcomed by many, who young then like himself, were now, like himself, well advanced in years. If the neatness and correctness with which he kept the records of the church be at all the index of the style of his ministry, we can well believe that that work too was well done. But we have many another evidence pointing to the same conclusion in what was actually done, as both the records and history show. In the first year of his ministry, measures were taken to give efficiency to the new session. The territory of the parish was divided into districts, and an Elder assigned to each district for personal visiting, with instruction to pray with those visited whenever consistent. The fruits of this new effort were soon apparent. At the communion in January, 1834, six were added to the church ; and during the year twenty-six were added, against seven the year before.

At that time the church took new and important action on the subject of *temperance*. It is well known that, in old times, the moral sense of men, both in the church and out of it, was not awake to this great question as it is to day. Men

might be liquor-drinkers, or liquor-sellers, and retain a good standing in the church, and be, in fact, good Christian men. The name of one of the original members of this church is on record in the history of the town, as the keeper of the first inn; yet he appears to have borne a good part in the church, and certainly has left some good descendants after him. But as time advanced, and the eyes of the people were opened more and more to the evils of intemperance, it came to be felt that the only true stand against it was that of Total Abstinence, not only from excess, but from use at all as a beverage of anything that can intoxicate. Hence, in 1833, the Presbytery of Oneida passed several strong resolutions on this subject, urging their churches to purge themselves, so far as possible, from the existing evil. The action of the Presbytery was laid before the church, and they responded by adopting the following resolutions :

Resolved, That this church concur in the first resolution of the Presbytery. That the manufacture, vending, or use of ardent spirits, as an article of drink, is a moral evil.

Resolved, That we earnestly entreat all our individual members to give their influence to the temperance cause, by a visible connection with some temperance society, and by pledging themselves to refrain from the traffic and use of ardent spirits as an article of drink.

Resolved, That we recommend to our session to adopt a rule, by which none shall hereafter be admitted to membership with us, unless they promise to abstain from the traffic and use of ardent spirits as a drink.

In accordance with this request of the church, the session met at the close of the church meeting, and adopted a rule, that whenever any person should apply for admission to the church, he should answer the following question : " Do you solemnly promise to refrain from the traffic and use of ardent spirits, as an article of drink ? " and that he should not be admitted unless he should answer this in the affirmative.

Accordingly, we find that, during the entire pastorate of Mr. Hotchkiss, every one received into the church, whether by profession or letter, answered this question in the affirmative.

Afterwards, the custom of asking this question fell into disuse. This, however, would by no means indicate a drift of

sentiment backwards. On the contrary, the truth seems to be, that the moral sentiment of the age, and the church too—at least in these localities—has gone so far forward, and the practice here guarded against become so recognized an immorality, that there is hardly more need to ask this special question than any other, as against profane swearing, or unnecessary working on the Sabbath. It is expected of a church member that he will deny himself *all* ungodliness and every foolish and hurtful lust.

Still, this sentiment in those days was not so greatly developed. Notwithstanding this action of the church, and rule for *new* membership, some of the old members still continued the hurtful practice. They were not drunkards, but they were *drinkers*; and hence, a year and a half later, the session issued a long and affectionate letter of admonition to them, which was read from the pulpit, and, in which, these persons were entreated “To consider whether the practice did not greatly prevent their usefulness in the cause of Christ, and bring the Gospel into disrepute,” and whether it was not, therefore, “A sin, which ought to be abandoned.” In connection with the reading of this letter, the pastor was requested to deliver at the time, a discourse appropriate to the subject. We presume that he did as requested.

I may add that this general position of the church upon this question, we hold to-day, and so far as I know, the practice of our members is more completely consistent with it now than then.

During the pastorate of Mr. Hotchkin, forty-four were added to the church, and the number of church members at its close, was 124. Thus, again, we see that while many were added, many left. The strength of the church in numbers was still about the same.

Mr. Hotchkin retired from the pastorate the last of August, 1836. He is still living, his post-office address being Broomall, near Philadelphia, Pa. Those who read the New York Evangelist are able to keep up acquaintance with him as the Philadelphia correspondent.

After his retirement, there was a vacaney of nineteen months, supplied in part, by occasional preaching, by the Rev.

Mr. Crafts for a few weeks ; the Rev. David Gilmer, for about six months, and the Rev. Mr. Gilbert, for a somewhat shorter period. During this vacancy, but one member was added to the church.

The next pastor was the Rev. Francis Janes, who began his labors April 1st, 1838, and was installed the *third pastor* on December 5th. His labors continued until the first Sabbath of July, 1841. He is remembered here as one, who, although not a great preacher, was a very earnest and successful Christian worker. The remark was made to me not long ago, by one who remembers him, that he "Always liked, especially, to hear Mr. Janes preach, because he gave the impression that he *fully believed himself* every word he said." This, certainly, should be called the very highest pulpit talent. It was the talent in his case, which, together with his earnest laborious work as a pastor, made his brief pastorship here, remarkable for its great success. There was a revival during the first winter, as a result of which ten united with the church in the next May ; fifteen in July, and in all, thirty-four in the year 1839. Forty-seven in all united with the church during his ministry, and yet, the number of removals and deaths so nearly corresponded with the additions, that he left the church about the same in numbers as he found it, 125. It was during the pastorship of Mr. Janes that the Ladies' Benevolent Association was formed. It was organized in July, 1838, under the name of the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society, but at the first annual meeting after organization, the name was changed to that which it now has. This Association has met monthly, during all seasons of the year, ever since that date unto the present time, and it is still in the full tide of its vigor and usefulness.

On the 2d Sabbath of July, the very next after Mr. Janes closed his labors, the Rev. John Waugh began his work and continued his ministry here for fourteen years, closing it on the first Sabbath of July, 1855. His is the longest pastorate that this church ever enjoyed. Of his pulpit talent especially, I need hardly speak, for it is not only well remembered here, but well known in the churches of central New York, in one of which he is still engaged, with no abatement of vigor, in the pastoral work.

As I have said, Mr. Waugh began his labors here on the 2d Sabbath of July, 1841. He was not installed pastor, however, until the latter part of 1843. Meanwhile, however, there was another revival in the winter of 1842 and '43, so that twenty were added to the church in the following May, and still more were added, as the fruits of the revival, during the following winter.

The time had now come when it appeared necessary, either to repair the old church edifice, or build anew. On January 9th, 1843, a committee was appointed to take this into consideration. They decided to build anew. So prompt was the society in carrying out this decision, that the building, begun in the spring and completed in the same year, was dedicated to the worship of the Triune God, December 27th, 1843. In the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Waugh was installed the *fourth* pastor of this church.

Thus the year which, according to the Millerites, was to close up the history of this world, witnessed indeed, though on a smaller scale, the end of the old church building, and the beginning of the new. This new building has now stood for thirty-three years, about the same length of time as the other, whose place it occupies.

It was also during Mr. Waugh's ministry, that the present parsonage was built. He was its first occupant.

From 1845 to 1854, there appears to have been no marked revival, and yet there was a steady accession to the church membership during most of the time. In 1855, fourteen were added, thirteen of them at one time. During the whole pastorship of Mr. Waugh, 107 persons united with the church; and yet, by reason of removals and deaths, the number of members at its close, was only 116. He closed his labors on the first Sabbath of July, 1855. Since then he has been pastor at Canton, St. Lawrence county, for the same length of time as here, fourteen years. He is now in his third pastorship, at Carthage, in this State.

After the retirement of Mr. Waugh, there was a vacancy of 21 months, in which the pulpit was supplied by several persons, among them the Rev. Alexander McLean and the Rev. Judson R. Aspinwall, who each supplied for three months.

It was during this vacancy that the Church of Clayville was organized. The religious society there was formed in the spring of 1856. On the 5th of October, 1856, the following persons were dismissed from this Church to constitute with others the Presbyterian Church of Clayville, viz: Lloyd Johnson and wife, Elder Warren Bragg, Mrs. Almira Bragg, J. J. Millard, Mrs. Clarissa Millard and Mrs. Sally Goff, and shortly after, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrows and Mrs. Catharine Garlock. From these and other dismissions and deaths, the total membership was reduced to ninety-five in the spring of 1857, at which time, on the first of April, the Rev. Joseph N. McGiffert became the *fifth* pastor.

The labors of Mr. McGiffert in this pastorship continued for a little over nine years. He was a pastor greatly beloved, and the hearts of the people were fondly centered in him during all that period. Attractive as a preacher, and genial as a man, faithful as a pastor, and gentle and loving towards all, always seeking to win and never to drive, he well deserved, and still deserves the warm love with which, as it has been mine to observe, this people still remember him. In the winter following his entrance on this field, there was another revival of religion, as a result of which seventeen were added to the church in March, 1858, and forty during that year. This revival was undoubtedly a part of the grand awakening which swept so mightily over the Northern States, and has made the year 1858 memorable in the history of this country, as the great spiritual recovery from the great financial disaster of the year before.

The number of admissions to the church during the pastorship of Mr. McGiffert were 109, seventy of these on confession of their faith. Deaths, dismissions, and correcting of the roll, however, reduced the net increase to 38, so that the whole number, when he preached his farewell sermon, was 133. This left the membership of the church twenty-one more than before the separation of the Clayville church.

It was during his pastorate that the war of the Rebellion occurred, during which he himself served a term of six weeks in the United States Christian Commission, and more fortunate than the present pastor, escaped sickness on the Southern field, to suffer it, however, after his return home.

There is but little on record to show the part which this church bore in sustaining the Government during that fearful struggle; but that she was loyal to the core, cannot be doubted. Had she more young men in her membership, doubtless she would have been more largely represented in the camp and battle-field. As it was, the sons of her members were many of them there, some never to return, and in the loss of their dear society, in the dangers, hardships and death, which those at home, who loved them, knew them to be enduring, and in the gifts and sacrifices to sustain the loyal cause which were freely made, I think it may be said of this church, as indeed of almost every other in these Northern States, "she did what she could." To God be all the praise for the patriotic spirit which he poured into the hearts of his churches in that time which tried men's souls, and which probably more than all things else sustained the spirit of the whole people through all the toil and through every disaster, until finally, the cause was triumphant, slavery was abolished, and the Union saved.

On the 15th of June, 1866, Mr. McGiffert closed his labors here, and removed to Ashtabula, where he now resides. After his departure, there was a vacancy until the close of the year 1867. At the beginning of 1868, the Rev. E. B. Parsons was engaged as stated supply, and labored as such for eight months, closing his labors here on the last of August. to accept a call to the Presbyterian Church of Baldwinsville, where he is now the pastor.

On the 1st of February, 1869, the present pastor began his labors here, and on the 6th of July of the same year, he was installed the *sixth* pastor of this church. Concerning my own life and labors here, it becomes me to say but little. In fact, there is not much to be said. That I have tried to do my duty, and serve the Saviour in my imperfect, yet sincere way, is enough for me to assert. During my pastorate, up to the present time, eighteen have been received into the church by profession of faith, and thirteen by letter—thirty-one in all. The number of members, when I began my labors here, was 119. The number at present, as I count them on the list, is 116.

Let me mention here, as worthy of notice in this history, the formation of the Ladies' Missionary Association during the last year, also the building of our lecture room during the same year.

But one thing has greatly impressed me in reviewing this history, that is, the care of God to preserve this church, notwithstanding its many losses. In times when the removals were the greatest in number, so the additions were correspondingly the largest. It seems to have been ours to maintain a nearly uniform rate of membership for about half a century. At the close of Mr. Bogue's ministry, the number of members was 125. At the close of Mr. Catlin's, 128. At the close of Mr. Southworth's, 116, the same as now. At the close of Mr. Hotchkins', 124. At the close of Mr. Janes', 125. At the close of Mr. Waugh's, the number again was 116. After that, and especially after the formation of the church at Clayville, the number was reduced to 95. But it was quickly enlarged, so that at the preaching of Mr. McGiffert's historical sermon, in 1860, it was 130. At the close of his ministry, it was 133. At the beginning of my ministry it was 119, and now it is 116. Thus we notice that for fifty-one years this church has neither been greatly enlarged nor greatly diminished.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EARLY MASONIC HISTORY IN THE SAUQUOIT VALLEY.

The first record of any attempt to establish Freemasonry in the colonies of North America was a deputation granted by the Grand Lodge of England, in 1730, Duke of Norfolk, Grand Master, to Samuel Coxe, for the provinces of New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania. But there is no record that Brother Coxe used his authority or performed any Masonic acts. The first charter for a Provincial Grand Lodge in

New York, was granted by the Grand Lodge of England, in 1737, by Grand Master Earl of Darnley to Richard Riggs as Provincial Grand Master. The records of this Grand Lodge were destroyed during the war of the Revolution. In 1747, under the Grand Mastership of Lord Byron, provincial patents were issued for New York. Francis Goalet was Provincial Grand Master. He was succeeded by George Harrison, in 1753, who was regularly installed in due and ancient form, December 27 of that year. He was succeeded by Sir John Johnson in 1760, which office he held until the commencement of the war of the Revolution, when he espoused the cause of the British, suspended the meetings of the Grand Lodge, and took possession of the records, etc., which were finally destroyed during the war, most of the lodges suspending business, and the work of the craft was transferred to the army or traveling lodges. September 5th, 1781, the Duke of Athol, Grand Master of the "Ancient Grand Lodge of England," granted a charter to Rev. William Walter to open a Provincial Grand Lodge as its Grand Master, the first meeting of which was held December 5th, 1782, at which nine city lodges and six military lodges connected with the British army were present. At the close of the war and the evacuation of the city of New York by the British army, the military lodges and many of the grand officers left the country. September 19, 1783, Brother Walter resigned and William Cock was unanimously elected Grand Master. February 4th, 1784, Brother Cock resigned and the Hon. Robert R. Livingston was elected Grand Master, from which we date our Grand Lodge. There is no record as to when the Grand Lodge changed from Provincial to Independent, but it is generally conceded that when the articles of peace were ratified, the change took place as a matter of course, without any formal action, and was a natural and legal result. The archives of the Grand Lodge do not contain reports of the early subordinate lodges, as was later on required, and in consequence it is no easy task, at this late day, to trace their history.

One bright, beautiful morning, late in September, 1793, a pioneer of what is now New Berlin, in the full flush and prime of early manhood, vaulted gracefully into the saddle,

and with a certain air of mystery surrounding his preparations, concealing from his family his destination or its object, merely informing them that they might look for his return the following day, took his way through the wilderness to the north. His journey was necessarily slow, only a bridle path leading through the woods along the banks of the Unadilla. The sun had reached high meridian when he dismounted at a capacious log house, at what is now Bridgewater, the genial proprietor of which was wont to entertain in a primitive though bountiful manner the land-agents, prospectors and the occasional straggling guests, that in those early days found their way to his humble frontier inn. Having rested and refreshed himself and his trusty horse, he remounted and resumed his journey, taking his route over the distinctly marked trail, opened up a few years previously by a detachment who joined Sullivan's campaign at Otsego Lake, and which led him through what was afterward Paris Hollow (now Cassville,) and thence along the high ground to Paris Hill. The lonely ride through a dense primeval forest on a bright autumn day, the weird sense of solitude in the deep, dark shade, the pure, exhilarating air, laden with the delightful aroma of cedar, hemlock, pine and the flora, the ringing carol of the feathered songsters, the startled scamper of the timid rabbits and smaller game, with the ever cautious outlook for the possibly more fierce denizens of the glade, combined to produce an indescribably thrilling charm, experienced by none of this generation, except, perhaps, those who may find their way on an occasional pleasure excursion, and "pack in" to the North Woods. As he neared Paris Hill, the quick, sharp, echoing strokes of the woodman's axe, and in all directions the resounding crash and roar of the falling giants of the forest, were the first evidences of civilization he encountered, at which little settlement he briefly halted. Again in the saddle and holding his course along the summit ridge, he at length began the descent of the northern slope, and ere long, debouching from the dark woods into the clearing, halted in amazement at the grand, magnificent scene unfolded to his view. Beyond, and far to the north a vast amphitheatre of dark, unbroken forest, bounded on the apex of the distant hills of Deerfield, Marcy and Floyd, where it seemed to join the sky and

vie with it in its deep, dark hue of beautiful blue; nearer, in the broad expansive valley of the Mohawk, the shadowed woods lay dark and sombre; while still nearer, and in full view of the foreground, the lovely valley of the Sauquoit, with the trembling, fluttering foliage of its sea of verdure, swaying and agitated by the mellow autumn breeze, the still clinging leaves touched by the frost fiend's first warning breath displayed in all the colors of the rainbow, variegated by a thousand blending shades and tints, all glinting and shimmering, under the rays of the declining sun, while the towering hemlocks, with their dark, everlasting green, in striking contrast, reared their mighty heads up through this sylvan sea of beauty, like giant sentinels; and at his very feet, in the gathering shadow of the now setting sun, nestled the little frontier village of New Hartford, the spacious residence of Judge Sanger, the great land agent, looming up, surrounded by some half dozen unpretentious frame and log houses in the only clearing visible in this otherwise vast, unbroken, native forest. The neigh of his impatient steed recalled him from his awe-inspiring rapture, when he slowly descended and soon approached the stately residence of the far-famed land agent, not however without some trepidation. But the Judge, by whom his arrival was evidently looked for, came out to meet him as he swung from his horse, and in an easy, cordial manner extended a welcome that at once put him at his ease and dispelled all embarrassment, and, giving the horse in charge of an attendant with directions for its care, courteously conducted him within. After partaking of a bountiful supper they together went over the farm, the Judge with great pride explaining his various improvements. The round, full moon grandly lifting up from behind Steele's Hill, flooding with silver sheen the valley and the hill-sides, reminded them that it was Lodge night—(lodges at that day met at the full of the moon)—and terminated their ramble. Judge Jedediah Sanger was the pioneer Master Mason in Central New York, and his house being the only building in all that region of suitable size for the purpose, he accordingly finished off in the chamber an ample lodge room, where he presided many years as the accomplished Master of old Amicable Lodge, No. 25, which was chartered April 7, 1792, the first in the county, being a

veritable "lodge in some vast wilderness." As they returned to the house the members had already commenced arriving from Whitestown, Utica and Clinton—this being the only lodge—and the Judge, consigning his guest to his accomplished and witty wife to entertain, repaired to the lodge-room for the purpose of "opening." After a little, the conversation lagging, our wearied horseman partially reclined on the sofa, relapsing into silence, while Mrs. S. industriously pursued her knitting in front of the capacious, glowing fireplace. Soon after, apparently suddenly recollecting herself, she laid aside her knitting and, with the large, old-fashioned oven-slice, (a shovel-like iron implement, with flat blade and long handle, used for putting in and taking out the loaves of bread, &c., from the deep brick ovens,) hauled out on the bright brick hearth an ample bed of glowing coals, at the same time calling to her daughter, busy in putting away the supper dishes in the adjoining kitchen, to "bring her the gridiron, as she thought from appearances, that they were going to make a Mason, and you know how impatient the Judge always gets, if the gridiron isn't hot just at the moment they require it." The order complied with, the gridiron was placed on the bed of coals, after which, in a matter-of-course manner she resumed her knitting. Just then, there was a slight movement on the sofa. The recumbent guest straightened up, slowly arose to his feet, walked leisurely to the window, looking out for a moment or two in a careless unconcerned manner, then reaching up to the peg where it hung, took down his cap, opened the door and passed out into the moonlight. As the door closed behind him the gridiron was removed, the coals swept back, the hearth neatly brushed, and she again demurely applied herself to the knitting. In due time the Judge came down, and noticing the absence of his guest, sat down and waited, thinking he had probably stepped out for a moment only, but as the slow moments dragged away, and he came not back, inquired of Mrs. S.; but she had no knowledge of his movements only that a short time before he had taken his cap, and without any remark had gone out; whereupon the Judge went out, looked around a little, coughed and ahem-ed significantly; meeting no response he took his way to the stables, opened the door and looked in. The horse,

saddle, bridle and man were gone. Completely dumbfounded, he returned and made his report to the assembled lodge, who consequently, not having much "work" that night, soon dispersed; our solitary horseman, meantime, far up the hillside, was picking his way along the dimly moon-lit bridle path—taking the back-track home. They never saw him more. He had heard the "gag," started by some old-time broad joker, that Masons at their initiation were branded with a gridiron, but hoped it was only an idle rumor, but now he was fully convinced that it was only too true, and thanked his stars that it was so luckily disclosed to him before those Masons got him up stairs, where he could not have made his escape. The Judge perplexed himself over the matter considerably. The witty Mrs. S., after a few days, in great confidence, gleefully imparted the whole transaction to a Mason's wife, enjoining strictest secrecy; and of course every member of the lodge soon had the story in all its details. What woman ever did keep a secret? The lodge had lost that "Sheaf of Wheat," but the joke was counted good enough to balance the loss of one candidate, and the clever perpetrator was readily exonerated. Those old pioneers who did have the courage to "face" the possible calamity of being branded, will appear in the following list of members of old Amicable Lodge, No. 25, F. & A. M., of New Hartford, (formerly Whitestown,) chartered April 7, 1792, with date of admission:

CHARTER MEMBERS.

1792—Jedediah Sanger, Jared Chittenden, Isaac Jones, Benjamin Merrill, Jonas Platt, Arthur Breese, Elias Kane, Jesse Woodruff, Ewing Wharey, — Veder, Abijah Putnam, Seth Riney.

AFTERWARD ADMITTED.

1793—Thomas R. Gold, John Beardsley, Uriah Wright, John N. Wemple, Evins Whany, Ebenezer Butler, Amasa Andrus, John Myers, William Veder, Gaylord Griswold, Caleb B. Merrills, Jonathan Hall, Asa Parmelee, David Ostrom, Jared Steele, Lysimore Wilder, Ebenezer Britten, Reuben Long, George Doolittle, Elizur Mossley, Abel French, Jonathan More, Noadiah Hubbard, Nathan Smith, Timothy Tuttle,

Alexander Enos, John Post, Oliver Collins, James Steele, Elijah Flowers, Wm. Colbrath, Ephraim Blackman, Lemuel Levenworth, Edward Salisbury, Samuel Sizer, Eliakim Elmer, Luke Wemple, Richard Willis, Samuel Collins, Jonas Wyman, Nathaniel Marsh, William Sayles, Benjamin Pike, Lysmer Wilds, John Tillotson, Amos Mathews, Alexander Dorchester.

1794—John Choat, John Ballard, F. W. Kellogg, Ebenezer Butler, Jr., Michael Myers, Loring Webb, Levi Sartwell, Richard Sanger, Alpheus Wheelock, Nedam Maynard, Daniel Perkins, Josiah Jumins.

1794—Thomas Brown, Amos Ives, Joseph Farwell, John R. Bone, Lot North.

1795—Stephen White, Richard Starkweather, John H. Perkins, Mathew Hurlburt, Joseph Kirkland, Jesse Pierce, John Edgett, Levi Hill, Hiram Innus, Thos. Norton, Thos. Caselty, Eli Butler, Ephraim Waldo, Elias Merrells, Richard Perkins, James Henry.

1796—Amos G. Hull, M. D., Asahel Jackson, Benj. Morris, Philo White, James Sheldon, Barnabas Lathrop, Daniel Chapman, George Standard, John Eames, Uri Doolittle, Grove Lawrence, Selah Seymour, James Dorchester, Jonathan Paten, John Kendall, Asa Way.

1797—Elnathan Andrews, John Goldsmith, Asahel Gridley, James Chapman, Artemus Jackson, Warren Hicox, William Henry, Stephen Turner, Kanak Mills, William Sage, Ezekiel Clark, Thomas Sayles, Joseph Pierce, Caleb Jackson, Windsor Stone, Gershum Hubbel, Ebenezer Pardy.

1798—Lemuel Johnson, Waitstill Dickenson, Samuel Hall, Truman Enos, Richard May, Theodore Woodruff, Ebenezer Hawley, Jeremiah Whipple, James Green, Joseph Yaw, Joshua Ostrom, Stephen Ford, Abraham Van Epes, Jonathan Barker, Eleazur House, Josiah Whitney, Richard Whitney, Justus Tower, Asahel Higby.

1799—Ebenezer Kimball, Oliver Hovey, James Jackson, Job Herrick, Joshua Johnson, Enoch Storey.

1800—John Paddock, William Huggins, Jesse Shepard, Samuel Meggs, Nehemiah Ensworth.

1801—Asahel Beach, Aaron Rider, Spaulding Pierce, M. D., Asa Shepard, Bele Thompson, Alpha Hovey, — Earle, Augustus Sayles.

1802—John Cross.

1803—Peter Raymond, Gardner Avery, Thomas McKuistry, Cobb Sampson, John Remington.

1804—Ebenezer Steward, Eliphalet Sweeting, Benjamin Allen, George Richards.

1805—John White, Justin Farnham, James Birthwrong.

1806—John C. Ives, Giles Sanford, John H. Handy, Simeon G. Wilbor.

1807—James Lowell, Oren Ives, Isaac Pitcher, Lewis Sherrill, Asher Flint, James G. Hunt, Wm. J. Hopkins.

1808—Amos Seward, Daniel Powel, Alfred Smith, Abel Beers.

1810—Benjamin Taylor, Obadiah Conger, Reuben Brown.

1811—Augustus Hurlburt, J. O. Wattler, Daniel Stanton.

1812—Samuel J. Grannis, Nathaniel Caulking, Eleazer Hovey.

Later members of unknown date, the books having been destroyed by fire in 1830: Amos Rogers, Sr., Oliver G. Rogers, Nathan Rogers, Solomon Rogers, George Stratton, Ezra Stiles, Captain King Strong, N. W. Moore, Samuel Lyon, Dr. Gilbert A. Foster, Isaac G. Stratton, D. Lanterman, B. F. Hurlbert, Samuel Tyler, Joseph Foster, Joseph Wheeler, S. E. Johnson, Elizur Steele, Jairus Stanley, Charles S. Brown, Amos Robinson, Thomas Laister, John Walker, A. C. Treadway, A. R. Gillmore, James Norman, Ezra H. Curtiss, B. F. Ward, John Grime, Richard Mills, Daniel W. Tower, Martin J. Stiles, Eli Savage, John Sawyer, Calvin Lockart, George Bigelow, E. M. Gibbs, George Anderson, W. S. Steele, Samuel Dakin, Richard Wells. Total, 240.

EARLY OFFICERS.

1792-1801—Jedediah Sanger, Master.

1802—Elnathan Andrews, Master; Dr. Amos G. Hull, S. W.; Richard Sanger, J. W.

1814-1823—J. Remington, Tiler.

1823-1826—Isaac G. Stratton, Master; Nathaniel Caulking, S. W.; John Walker, J. W.; Elizur Steele, Treas.; Dr. Gilbert A. Foster, Sec'y; George Bigelow, S. D.; Martin J. Stiles, J. D.

1827—Samuel Dakin, Sec'y.

There are no returns in the Grand Lodge of the early members, but among the papers there, besides a few unpaid notes, is a record that they paid \$10 a year for lot No. 7, New Hartford. The other bills are small, mostly for candles, cider, beer and crackers. They paid to Sanger & Co. \$1.00 for a plumb and level. The late Dr. Gilbert A. Foster, who presented to the present Amicable Lodge, No. 664, the Bible, Altar, Slipper, Level and Two Columns, was the last surviving officer of old Amicable Lodge No. 25, those cherished, time-honored relics, comprising the few things rescued from the Lodge when destroyed by fire in the year 1830, and were carefully preserved by him for many years, to be finally transmitted to the new Lodge, organized in 1868, nearly forty years after the destruction of the old pioneer Lodge of the county. That great Light of Masonry, the Bible, so providentially rescued from the flames of old Amicable Lodge, now reposing on their altar, is a sacred prize to cherish highly. The pioneers that from time to time sealed their Masonic vows on that ancient volume, were the founders of Utica, New Hartford, Paris, Whitestown, Bridgewater and Kirkland. They battled with the wilderness and replaced the wild, tangled forest with fertile fields with verdure clad, blossoming orchards and rural homes. They were the first Magistrates and Judges, Members of Assembly, Congressmen and Supervisors; veterans of the Revolution and the war of 1812. Churches and schools were founded and grew up under their fostering care; mills, factories, furnaces, machine shops, and the various industries they established, made the valley of the Sauquoit a teeming hive of industry and prosperity, and the county of Oneida famous throughout the State and Nation for its manufactures, wealth and educational enterprises. To write out the history of each of these pioneer Masons, would fill a library. Among the most prominent in that roll of honor, however, may be mentioned Jedediah Sanger, the pioneer of New Hartford, a land agent, purchasing one thousand acres there in 1788, (the present site of the village,) interested in founding the Paris Furnace Company, Clayville; Farmers' Factory, South Sauquoit; built the grist mill, now McLean's, in 1790, and in 1796 the grist mill at the mouth of the Skaneateles Lake,

Onondaga county; was interested in a cotton factory in 1815, one of the principal owners of the Seneca Turnpike, first Supervisor of Whitestown, and first Judge of Oneida county. He died full of honors June 6, 1829, aged 78.

General Joseph Kirkland was interested also in the Farmers' Factory and the Seneca Turnpike—being for many years the President and Treasurer—the Oneida Glass Factory, the New Hartford Manufacturing Company, Ontario Branch Bank, Hamilton College, the Utica Academy, Presbyterian Church, and most of the early institutions of the county. He was born in Norwich, Conn., January 18, 1770, graduated at Yale College in 1790, studied law with Judge Swift, of Windham, and afterwards was admitted to the bar in Oneida county; Member of Assembly in 1803, '18, '21 and '25; District Attorney in 1813–16; first Mayor of Utica in 1832, and again in 1834, and died January 2, 1844.

Joseph Higbee was the second settler of New Hartford, purchasing of Judge Sanger a large tract, east of the creek, of his thousand acres. Col. Gardner Avery, Member of Assembly in 1827, pioneer of Clayville, manager of the Paris Furnace; the Lenox Furnace; Superintendent of the Seneca Turnpike, and one of the owners of the Farmers' Factory. Judge Eliphalet Sweeting, founder, in charge of Paris Furnace. Jonas Platt, County Clerk of Herkimer county, and of Oneida county, when it was formed from Herkimer, in 1798; Member of Assembly in 1796; to Congress in 1799–1801; State Senator in 1810–11–12–13, and candidate for Governor in 1810 against Daniel D. Tompkins, and only defeated by a small majority. Arthur Breese, law partner of Jonas Platt, was Deputy County Clerk, Master in Chancery, Member of Assembly, 1796–97, and first Surrogate of Oneida county and Clerk of the Supreme Court, in 1808. Benejah Merrill, auctioneer in Utica in 1802; sheriff in 1807–10; removed to Sacketts Harbor in 1819, and died January 27, 1831. David Ostrom, a soldier of the Revolution, first Supervisor of the town of Paris, Member of Assembly for many years, County Judge from 1798 until 1816, and in conjunction with Captain Bacon built the grist mill and saw mill at Sauquoit, in 1797. Nathan Smith, Member of Assembly 1798, 1801, 1802, and one of the first Trustees of the Bank of Utica in 1812. John

Post, first merchant and first Postmaster in Utica, building the first frame house in Utica in 1790; also kept a hotel. General Oliver Collins, of Middle Settlement, was a General of militia at Sacketts Harbor, in the War of 1812. Timothy Tuttle built the first frame house at Paris Hill, also the first in Kirkland, in 1789, and Ebenezer Butler built the second frame house there. Justus Tower, early prominent settler in Kirkland. Richard Sanger, Member of Assembly in 1815, and Captain King Strong, early tavern keepers in New Hartford. Uri Doolittle, revolutionary soldier and pioneer of Paris, and Member of Assembly for several years. Dr. Spaulding Pierce, pioneer physician of Sauquoit. Dr. Amos G. Hull was the pioneer physician of Paris Hill and New Hartford, and afterwards, in 1811, in Utica. Asa Shepard, one of the pioneers of Paris, and a large landholder. Joseph Farwell, the first settler of Bridgewater. Eli Butler, (father of the Paris pioneers, John and Sylvester,) settled in New Hartford in 1795, on what is now the Morgan Butler farm. Amos Rogers, Sr., and his son, Oliver G. Rogers, pioneer manufacturers of cotton and woolen machinery, and founders of the Willowvale machine shops, destroyed by fire a few years since. Nathan Rogers, inventor of the locomotive head-light. Solomon Rogers, the veteran merchant of Sauquoit. Thomas R. Gold, Member of Congress for several years, and in conjunction with General George Doolittle, built the first cotton factory at New York Mills, in 1808. Philo White, son of Judge White, the first settler of Whitestown, was a prominent merchant there. Abraham Van Eps was Member of Assembly in 1803, and proprietor of a Patent of land in Vernon; had a trading-post at the mouth of the Oriskany, in 1785; (the first merchant in Oneida county;) established the first store in Westmoreland, in 1787; also was the first merchant in Vernon, in 1798. John Beardsley built the first mill in Oneida county, on the Sauquoit Creek, at Whitestown, in 1788. Caleb Merrill, the Whitneys, Barker and Hovey were prominent pioneers in Kirkland. Augustus Hurlburt, chair-maker, afterward removed to Utica and opened a warehouse on Bleecker street, and on Genesee, above Bleecker. Nathaniel Caulking, a noted builder and carpenter, planned and erected the Episcopal church at New Hartford. He is remem-

bered as a very "bright" Mason, well posted in the unwritten traditions, and in those early times, and before the office of Grand Lecturer was known, imparted instruction to brethren in this section, in the cabalistic ritual of the mystic tie.

1814—Samuel Lyon, the pioneer paper maker of the county; N. W. Moore, who learned the trade of him, and afterward founded the extensive paper mills at Sauquoit; Dr. Gilbert A. Foster, the pioneer dentist of Utica, and many years Secretary of the Lodge; Squire Samuel Dakin, a prominent man in town, and the last Secretary of the old Lodge.

From the members of old Amicable, chartered April 7, 1792, Federal Lodge, No. 80, of Paris, (afterward Kirkland,) was founded, and chartered Nov. 23, 1799, and Paris Lodge, No. 348, August 14, 1822; and from the latter was formed Sauquoit, No. 150, June 21, 1849, and from that, Amicable, No. 664, of Washington Mills, June 15, 1868. Of the 240 members of the old pioneer Amicable Lodge, all have gone to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," save one,—the old-time merchant, Solomon Rogers of Sauquoit, who alone survives.

FEDERAL LODGE NO. 80, F. AND A. M.

At a meeting of the M. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York, held in June, 1799, fifteen years after the Grand Lodge was organized, a petition for a Lodge, signed by Nathan Whitney, Jonathan Barker, Justus Tower, Asahel Gridley and Hon. Uri Doolittle, was received, and Federal Lodge, No. 80, of Paris, (afterward Clinton,) was chartered November 23, 1799. The officers were installed December 18, 1799, by Judge Jedediah Sanger, of Amicable Lodge, No. 25, of Whitestown, (afterward New Hartford,) as follows: R. W. Jonathan Barker, Master; W. Joseph Simonds, S. W.; W. Selah Seymour, J. W.; Oliver Lucas, Treasurer; Eleazer House, Secretary; Justus Tower, S. D.; Haynes Bennett, J. D.; Josiah A. Whitney and Samuel Meigs, Stewards; Abel Lawrence, Tiler.

In addition to the charter members, there were George Brown, Samuel Clernon, Ezra Dervev, Josiah Brown, Joseph Hart, Daniel Brown, Abraham Windsor, Alpheus Hitchcock,

Gorshom Orvis, William Norton and Jeremiah Tooley. Federal Lodge went down under the Morgan excitement, and surrendered its charter in June, 1831. The first Masonic burial of a brother of the mystic tie in the town of Paris was Medad Wilmot, who died November 24, 1805, aged 21 years, and was buried with the solemn rites of the Order in St. Paul's church-yard, Paris Hill, and a suitable headstone was erected by the fraternity.

PARIS LODGE, NO. 348, F. AND A. M.

The following officers were duly installed, August 14th, 1822, by the acting Most Worshipful Grand Master, Moses Foot, viz: Amasa Millard, W. M.; Asahel Curtiss, S. W.; Spaulding Pierce, M. D., J. W.; Hon. Uri Doolittle, Treas.; Hobart Graves, Sec.; Joseph B. Ball, S. D.; Philo C. Curtis, J. D.; Isaac Sexton, Daniel Beach, Stewards; Charles Millard, Tiler.

W. Masters.—1823, A. Millard; 1824, Abraham Sage; 1825, Abraham Sage; 1826, Cyrus Chatfield; 1827, Hon. Uri Doolittle; 1828, 1829, 1830, William Knight; 1831, Henry W. Adams; 1832, 1833, 1834, William Knight.

List of members other than the first officers.—Leverett Bishop, M. D., Solomon Rogers, Asa Shepard, A. S. Sweet, Josiah Mosher, A. Bartlett, William Geere, Abraham Sage, Philo C. Curtis, Lenthil Eels, A. Harvey. *Admitted:* Sept. 3, Abner Brownell, Cyrus Chatfield; Sept. 17, David Loring, Noel Jones, Charles Wilcox; October 1, Henry A. Millard, George W. Brayton; October 15, H. M. Cole, J. Stroud, A. Mace, John Corse; October 29, Edwin Webster, Harleton Winslow; Nov. 1, Moses Hoyt, William K. Black; Dec. 10, Samuel Nunn, Stephen B. Stearns. 1823—Jan. 20, Benjamin Searl, Peter Rumley; March 24, Abiatha Whitmarsh; April 21, Noel Thurber; May 19, George Peacock, Horace Luce; June 23, Nathaniel G. Millard, Jeremiah Brown; July 21, Harley Doolittle; Nov. 17, Joseph Butler; Dec. 16, John Allen, Orasmus M. Stillman, Edwin Adams. 1824—Jan 12, Lorenzo Graham; Feb. 9, Benjamin Andrews, Ransom Curtiss; March 15, Noah E. King, Samuel Farwell; May 10, Nijah Hotchkiss; June 7, William Knight, Joseph Mix;

July 5, George W. Mosher ; Sept. 11, Henry W. Adams, Sylvester Wadsworth ; Nov. 2, Philip Smith ; Dec. 6, Rev. A. S. Hollister, David Beckwith. 1825—Jan. 3, George Allen ; Feb. 28, Samuel Haley, S. Gookins, Ezekiel Hawley ; March 28, Ralph Lake, Samuel Hale ; Oct. 24, Isaac Scofield. 1826—Feb. 20, George Mix ; March 20, John C. Davidson, Ezra Chapman, Simeon Rogers ; Sept. 11, Edwin G. Dickinson ; Nov. 13, Joseph Brownell. 1827—Feb. 3, Thomas Goodier ; October 1, David Seaton. 1829—Feb. 16, Benjamin F. Eastman.

The Lodge first held its meetings in the chamber over the store of Hobart Graves, (now Truman's wagon shop,) at East Sauquoit. Dec. 30, 1822, it was removed to the hall of Cyrus Chatfield, (the old Savage stand,) at West Sauquoit. In the spring of 1829 it was moved back to East Sauquoit into the select school room in the chamber of the District School House No. 9, east of the Methodist Church. Old Paris Lodge, No. 348, shared the fate of many others, and fell a victim to the Morgan excitement, and met for the last time December 30, 1833, soon after which it surrendered its charter, but at the earnest appeal of Worshipful William Knight, he was permitted by the Grand Lodge to retain the register of proceedings and the jewels of solid silver, which he carefully preserved for more than fifteen years, and transmitted them to Sauquoit Lodge, No. 150. They are now treasured highly by that Lodge as venerated relics. There survive of old Paris Lodge, No. 348, residing here, the venerable Dr. Bishop and Solomon Rogers ; Henry W. Adams, of Lenox, Madison county ; Ransom Curtis, of Hillsdale, Mich. ; Edwin Webster, of Kansas, and Simeon Rogers, of Fleming, Cayuga county. The Lodge celebrated St. John's Day, December 27, 1826, with imposing ceremonies. Rev. A. S. Hollister, then Rector of St. Paul's Church at Paris Hill, who joined the Lodge in December, 1824, delivered the address in the Presbyterian Church at West Sauquoit, after which the members and their wives and sweethearts repaired to the hotel of Cyrus Chatfield, opposite, and sat down to an old-time feast. The occasion was long remembered. Hon. Uri Doolittle, then Master, 'Squire Asahel Curtis and Captain William Knight constituted the Committee of Arrange-

ment. April 28, 1828, a committee was named to investigate the expense of building a hall of either wood or stone. At the next meeting, May 24th, 1828, the committee reported, and Major William Geere was appointed to circulate a subscription. "Man proposes but God disposes." The tidal wave of the Morgan affair reached here about that time, and swept into oblivion all hopes of a Masonic Hall, or the continuance of the Lodge even.

Dr. Spaulding Pierce, the first Junior Warden of the Lodge, was made a Mason in old Amicable Lodge, No. 25, in 1801, and was the pioneer physician of the valley. Born in Plainfield, Ct., February 29, 1768, receiving his education at the Plainfield Academy, he then studied medicine with his uncle, Dr. Isaac Knight, and after finishing his studies removed to Vermont, where he was appointed Surgeon's Mate of the 4th Regiment, 5th Brigade, on the 30th of June, 1794, by commission from Thomas Crittenden, "Captain General Governor and Commander-in-Chief" of Vermont.

In the fall of 1797, while in the city of New York purchasing medicines, he formed the acquaintance of Dr. Sampson, the second physician of Paris Hill, there on a similar errand, who induced him to go back with him to Paris. They accordingly took their way on horseback to the "Far West," in due time arriving at Paris Hill, via the old trail, opened up by a detachment of General Sullivan's army, through Bridgewater and Cassville. He became the guest of old Dr. Sampson, who soon after accompanied him to Sauquoit, where he introduced him. Boarding at the hotel of Captain Bacon, he formed an attachment for his daughter Nabby, to whom he was married April 18th, 1799. He practiced here till his death, riding through the forest, guided by trails and blazed trees, and afterwards rude unworked roads cut out through the woods, enduring the hardships of pioneer life while the village grew up around him. He purchased five acres of land of Captain Bacon, a little west of the Savage stand, and thereon built his house, (the present residence of E. D. Brownell). He was a skillful physician and beloved by all. While on a visit to Rodman, Jefferson county, and about to start for home, with cloak and wrappings on, he paused a moment to warm his feet and say good-bye. A fatal pause! A last good-bye!

Almost instantly his great heart ceased to beat, and he fell dead without a struggle, February 14th, 1827, lacking a few days of 60 years of age. He was brought home and buried with Masonic honors, being the first Masonic burial in the valley. His son, William L. Pierce alone survives him here, who is also the only survivor of the Bacon family. Two other sons survive elsewhere, Sylvester P. Pierce, of Syracuse, and John S. Pierce, of Phoenix, Oswego county, N. Y.

The last representative of old Paris Lodge to the Grand Lodge, was 'Squire Ezra S. Cozier, of Utica, whom they appointed as their proxy, at the session held the June previous to his untimely death by cholera in 1832.

SAUQUOIT LODGE, NO. 150, F. AND A. M.,

was chartered June 21st, A. L. 5849; and afterward incorporated under a general act of the Legislature passed April 21, 1866. September 17th, A. L. 5849, (A. D. 1849,) the following officers were duly installed by R. W. Ezra S. Barnum, Senior Grand Warden, assisted by Philemon Lyon, A. S. Orcutt, J. M. Hatch, G. Mather, F. J. Clark, Burton Hawley, H. F. Morey and Ira Chase, viz.:

Naaman W. Moore, Master, died March 16, 1874; Hon. William Knight, S. W., died February 22, 1875; Calvin E. Macomber, J. W.; Abner Brownell, Treasurer, died December 30, 1875; David Seaton, Secretary, died November 18, 1866; Leverett Bishop, M. D., S. D.; David Loring, J. D., died September 3, 1850; Uri Doolittle, Jr., Zachariah P. Townsend, Stewards, died, the former in 1853, and the latter October 28, 1874; Ezekiel Hanley, Tiler, died June 10, 1855; Benjamin Bentley, died May 15, 1854.

WORK OF THE LODGE.

Master.	Time of Service.	Members admitted.
N. W. Moore,	1 Yr.	7
Hon. Wm. Knight,	10 "	117
C. E. Macomber,	1 "	1
Ansel Tyler, M. D.	2 "	13
Eli C. Green,	2 "	7
Isaac J. Doolittle,	1 "	4
Henry C. Rogers,	5 "	62
Levi Mason,	2 "	14
Seth W. Smith,	3 "	16
J. S. Parker,	3 "	14

Total admitted,.....	255
Charter members,.....	11
Total,.....	266

Surviving Past-Masters. — Calvin E. Macomber, Eli C Green, Henry C. Rogers, Levi Mason, Seth W. Smith, Josiah S. Parker.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL OFFICERS OF SAUQUOIT LODGE, NO. 150,
FROM ITS ORGANIZATION.

Master.	- S. Warden.	J. Warden.
1849. N. W. Moore,	William Knight,	C. E. Macomber.
1850. N. W. Moore,	William Knight,	C. E. Macomber.
1851. William Knight,	C. E. Macomber,	L. Bishop.
1852. William Knight,	C. E. Macomber,	J. H. Gray.
1853. C. E. Macomber,	A. Tyler,	E. C. Green.
1854. A. Tyler,	E. C. Green,	P. R. Miner.
1855. A. Tyler,	E. C. Green,	E. S. Green.
1856. E. C. Green,	E. S. Green,	L. F. Rykman.
1857. William Knight,	A. Tyler,	I. T. Doolittle.
1858. William Knight,	E. C. Green,	L. F. Rykman,
1859. E. C. Green,	I. T. Doolittle,	A. Tyler.
1860. I. T. Doolittle,	A. S. Hull.	R. E. Kaple.
1861. William Knight,	A. S. Hull,	R. E. Kaple.
1862. William Knight,	A. S. Hull,	R. E. Kaple.
1863. William Knight,	A. S. Hull,	H. P. Plumb.
1864. William Knight,	A. S. Hull,	C. G. Brownell.
1865. William Knight,	E. C. Green,	H. W. Wilcox.
1866. William Knight,	H. C. Rogers,	C. H. Moore.
1867. H. C. Rogers,	G. W. Burt,	L. Mason.
1868. H. C. Rogers,	L. Mason,	J. Parker.
1869. H. C. Rogers,	L. Mason,	J. Parker.
1870. L. Mason,	J. Parker,	S. W. Smith.
1871. L. Mason,	S. W. Smith,	A. S. Austin.
1872. H. C. Rogers,	S. W. Smith,	E. Jones.
1873. H. C. Rogers,	S. W. Smith,	F. J. Criggier.
1874. S. W. Smith,	F. J. Crigur,	C. H. Blackstone.
1875. S. W. Smith,	Josiah S. Parker,	B. E. Forbes.
1876. S. W. Smith,	Josiah S. Parker,	B. E. Forbes.
1877. Josiah S. Parker,	B. E. Forbes,	Chas. L. Marshall.
1878. Josiah S. Parker,	B. E. Forbes,	Chas. L. Marshall.
1879. Josiah S. Parker,	Chas. L. Marshall,	B. F. Willoughby.
1880. Chas. L. Marshall,	B. F. Willoughby,	David H. Morgan.

LIST OF MEMBERS OTHER THAN CHARTER MEMBERS,
WITH DATE OF ADMISSION.

1850—Jan. 7, Augustus L. White ; July 15, Robert Nutall ; 23, Benjamin Moore, Henry B. Thomas, (died Feb. 14, 1867,) E. D. Brownell ; Nov. 8, R. E. Kaple ; Dec. 2, C. Leander Marshall, (died July 3, 1876.)

1851—Feb. 3, Dexter Crossman, L. F. Ryckman, (died June 27, 1872,) Ansel Tyler, M. D., (died Feb. 2, 1866 ;) 17, James L. Davis, (died Feb. 11, 1874 ;) March 3, Joseph H. Gray ; May 19, John C. Paddock, William A. Hilliard, (dead ;) July 7, Nathan C. Green, (honorary member ;) Sept. 1, Charles R. Birdsall, (dead ;) Oct. 6, Augustus S. Hull, (died Oct. 8, 1877.)

1852—Feb. 16, Paul R. Miner ; March 1, William L. Mould, (died Nov. 23, 1864 ;) May 17, Alvin P. Lanterman ; July 19, Eli C. Green ; Aug. 16, Samuel F. Dexter, (honorary member.)

1853—Dec. 5, Edwin Webster, (honorary member.)

1854—Jan. 16, Ridley Cole, Nehemiah Mason, (died July 20, 1856 ;) Feb. 20, W. Irving Tillotson ; May 1, Eri S. Green, (dead ;) Dec. 18, Charles E. Luce.

1855—May 21, Horace Plumb ; Sept. 3, Prof. Ambrose P. Kelsey ; 17, Grove W. Bagg, Hon. Justus Childs, (died May 24, 1868,) Isaac T. Doolittle, (died Nov. 24, 1864,) C. O. Allen, R. W. Miller ; Oct. 15, Robert W. Seaton.

1856—March 20, T. P. Davenport ; April 7, Robert Dare ; 21, Henry C. Rogers ; Aug. 4, E. H. Joslyn ; Sept. 1, Andrew Boss.

1857—Feb. 16, W. E. Moore.

1858—Feb. 15, B. S. Radcliffe ; April 19, George P. Olmstead ; Oct. 18, Dodge P. Blackstone, J. B. Kendall ; Nov. 1, Levo L. LeRoy.

1859—Oct. 3, James Grendlay ; Nov. 7, Frank Hinckley.

1860—Jan. 16, F. M. Knight ; March 6, L. M. Joslyn ; May 7, H. P. Plumb ; Dec. 17, Solomon Rogers, (honorary member.)

1861—Feb. 4, James S. Kendall, (died Feb. 1, 1871 ;) April 6, George W. Corbin, (died, 1863 ;) Dec. 16, Charles A. Parker.

1862—Feb. 17, Z. Townsend Wilcox, Peleg Goodier ; Aug. 18, E. A. Cole, H. H. Jenkins ; Sept. 8, James Eastman ; 22, John Reehl ; Oct. 6, George W. Burt, John Pringle ; 20, Edmund Howard, George Helm.

1863—March 30, Alexander Van Valkenberg; May 4, David C. Addington, Charles D. Prior; June 1, Levi Mason; Hon. William H. Chapman, (dead;) 15, Charles Hoofcut, Hon. D. W. Prescott; July 6, Henry Whitacre, E. Cumming; Sept. 21, Horace M. Rogers, Charles G. Brownell; Dec. 14, Henry W. Wilcox, Benjamin R. Wilcox; 21, M. D. Lapham.

1864—Jan. 23, L. A. Seymour, Levi Patterson, (died Dec. 5, 1868,) D. W. Larrabee, (dead;) 26, Joseph Buckle; Feb. 15, Edmund C. Goodrich; 27, Josiah Parker, Thomas Lord, J. W. Knause; March 26, Hubert M. Rouse, John L. Wicks; April 30, Oliver G. Rogers, (died Nov. 2, 1866,) Lewis Rogers; May 28, Charles H. Moore, William Neal, (dead;) July 23, N. S. Hayes, George W. Nichols; August 29, Thomas Murphy; Sept. 19, W. H. Griffith, Douglass M. Thorn; Oct. 8, Rodney E. Wilcox, John H. Crane; 15, Harrison E. Webster; Nov. 26, Horace A. Marshall, (dead;) Dec. 10, Morris W. Dyer.

1865—Jan. 14, Samuel Robbins; Feb. 11, Frederick Scovill, Daniel A. Comstock; 27, Michael Weigle, Seth W. Smith; March 11, F. D. Blackstone, Edward Miller, Charles H. Blackstone; April 22, T. W. Blackstone, G. N. Schoonmaker; June 10, Thomas Harris; July 1, Charles Hardiman, (died Sept. 10, 1873,) George Mould; August 5, Albert M. Mills, Henry N. Adams, Samuel Francis, J. T. Perkins; Sept. 23, Richard Lewis; Nov. 25, A. P. Mallory; Dec. 13, B. F. Wright.

1866—Jan. 13, Adolph Miller, G. W. Warren; Feb. 24, Wm. F. S. Irvin, Edward H. Dean; March 24, Hervey Platt; June 9, W. Wallace Chapman; 23, F. G. Hitsworth, Charles T. Denning; August 11, Adolph Wilman, Albert Owens, J. G. Leefe; Sept. 22, A. H. Mason, (died Feb. 15, 1868,) John Miller, Joseph Brownell, (died Aug. 20, 1873,) Hugh Sloan, M. D.; Nov. 10, Horace L. Kirtland, George A. Hubbard, George P. Landt; Dec. 22, Charles B. Manchester, E. A. Capell, W. W. Bailey, Isaac Dingman, Robert Bailey; 8, C. N. Palmer, M. D., L. T. Richardson.

1867—March 30, L. L. Williams, Charles H. Cooper, John B. Warner; Oct. 26, Wessel H. Slover, Francis J. Criggier; Nov. 16, Henry R. Gaylord, Thomas C. Denniston.

1868—Jan. 11, G. F. Wilcox, J. B. Young, G. R. Carpenter; Feb. 8, Daniel W. Maltby, Eugene J. Warren, J. A. Moore;

March 28, Albert S. Austin, Henry Loyd, James Hardman ; May 9, Thomas Lee, Albert E. Winnegar, John Dagleish, E. E. Knickerbocker, D. A. Howland ; June 29, John E. Sawyer, Augustus H. Davis, Caleb B. Germond.

1869—Jan. 9, Jacob P. Calhoun ; Feb. 27, Wm. H. Gove, Geo. M. Austin, John Radcliff ; May 8, Charles Corbett, John B. Orendorf ; Nov. 27, William Weir, Orson N. Olmstead, Jas. H. Ratcliff, (died Feb. 24, 1879,) Levi S. Montgomery, William Prentice, Giles Howarth.

1870—Jan 22, Ellis Jones, H. N. Shepardson ; April 9, Charles W. Bowen, W. J. Lockhart ; May 14, Peter Watt ; July 9, Otis P. Coye, John C. Briggs ; Nov. 12, Gustavus A. Gifford, M. D. ; Dec. 10, R. D. Richards.

1871—July 1, Wm. H. Giles ; Aug. 26, Horace T. Farey, Stephen Gunston, Amasa Mason, (died Oct. 17, 1873.)

1872—Jan. 13, F. H. Saxton, James Benbow, Wm. A. Bassett, (died April 7, 1879 ;) 27, Hobart Osborn, Frederick A. Aldrich, (died March 2, 1876 ;) March 9, William S. Spafford ; May 12, William H. Criggier, James Russell, J. Harvey Reeves, Wayne W. Thurston ; James Campbell, (died Dec. 8, 1875 ;) Nov. 8, David H. Morgan, Henry Adelbert Head, Albert Barnett, Esq., (honorary member.)

1873—Feb. 8, B. E. Forbes, M. D., Ambrose S. Harvey, (died June 27, 1874,) Arthur C. Paddock, Frederick G. Talbott ; April 26, James O. Hasselkuse ; June 14, George I. Goodale, Daniel Morris ; Sept. 27, N. W. Moore, Jr., Charles N. Garlick, J. B. Holmes, Orville Bennett, John McGucken.

1874—Jan. 10, William Shackelton ; Feb. 28, William H. Calhoun, Ansel Thompson, Albert R. Haven ; Oct. 10, Charles L. Marshall, R. J. Benbow.

1875—Feb. 13, John R. Jones ; June 30, S. C. Reiley ; Sept. 25, John S. Reiley ; Nov. 27, John T. Bastow, Geo. D. Smith.

1876—Jan. 22, John L. Smith ; March 28, Stephen Woodhull, Thomas Reiley ; Oct. 14, N. M. Worden, John Shepard.

1877—Feb. 10, John Crawshaw ; 24, Reuben Horrocks.

1878—Jan. 25, Henry Barton ; March 9, Rev. Clarence H. Beebe ; April 10, H. W. Teachout ; May 25, Rev. B. F. Willoughby ; Sept. 28, Edward B. Avery.

1879—Jan. 11, John B. Gough ; May 10, H. W. Goodier ; June 14, Prof. T. H. Roberts ; July 12, George W. Penner,

Charles L. Seaman; Sept. 13, Frank A. Randall; 27, Samuel Clayton.

Veteran Members—Being a list of those eligible to the "Veteran Masonic Society," their Masonic age being 21 years or more: P. M. Calvin E. Macomber, honorary and charter member Fredonia Lodge, admitted 1816; Leverett Bishop, M. D., honorary and charter member Chittenango Lodge, admitted 1817; 'Squire Albert Barnett, honorary member Delaware Lodge, 1816; Solomon Rogers, honorary member of old Amicable Lodge, 25, admitted 1822; Edwin Webster, honorary member Paris Lodge, 348, admitted 1822; Nathan C. Green, honorary member Sauquoit Lodge, 150, admitted 1851; Rev. Samuel F. Dexter, honorary member Sauquoit Lodge, 150, admitted 1852, Benjamin Moore, Sauquoit Lodge, 150, admitted 1850; E. Dean Brownell, Sauquoit Lodge, 150, admitted 1850; Dexter Crossman, Sauquoit Lodge, 150, admitted 1851; W. Irving Tillotston, Sauquoit Lodge, 150, admitted 1854; Charles E. Luce, Sauquoit Lodge, 150, admitted 1854; Grove W. Bagg, Sauquoit Lodge, 150, admitted 1855; Henry C. Rogers, Sauquoit Lodge, 150, admitted 1856; Wilbur E. Moore, Sauquoit Lodge, 150, admitted 1857.

RECAPITULATION.

Original charter members,	11
Since admitted,	255
Total,	266
Honorary members, (also charter,)	2
Honorary members,	5
Deceased charter members,	9
Deceased other members,	30
Withdrawn, removed, &c.,	113
Surviving active members,	107
	—266

Hon. William Knight, during the unfortunate rupture of the Grand Lodge, which resulted in there being at one time two Grand Lodges in the State, took an active part in the reconciliation, and to his efforts, perhaps, more than any other single individual, the union was happily effected. As a recognition of his services he was appointed in 1862-3, one

of the Grand Stewards of the Grand Lodge. In 1867, H. C. Rogers received the appointment of Assistant Grand Lecturer for the Fifth Judicial District, composed of the counties of Oneida, Onondaga, Oswego, Herkimer, Jefferson and Lewis, and was reappointed in 1868. Those Brothers comprise the Grand Lodge officers from Paris.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY
 OF THE GRAND LODGE OF F. & A. MASONS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, }
 NEW YORK, October 28, 1872. }

W. HENRY C. ROGERS,

Dear Sir and Brother:—Pursuant to a provision of the resolutions adopted by the Grand Lodge, referring the *Proposed Amended Constitution* to a committee of one from each of the Masonic Districts, the Grand Master has called a meeting of the said committee, to be held in "Central City Masonic Hall," in the city of Syracuse, on Tuesday, November 19th, prox., at 9 o'clock A. M., [the day was afterward changed to second Tuesday of December,] for the purpose of considering the matter so referred. You have been duly elected from the 14th Masonic District (Oneida and Madison counties,) as a member of said committee, and you are hereby notified to attend at the time and place above designated.

Given under my hand and the seal of Grand Lodge,
 [L. S.] this 28th day of October, 1872.

JAMES M. AUSTIN,
 Grand Secretary.

The Convention met pursuant to the call, and all the Districts were represented except the 17th and 23d:

1, J. E. Morrison; 2, G. B. Wood; 3, William T. Woodruff; 4, Joseph Short, Jr.; 5, John W. Russell; 6, O. D. M. Parker; 7, G. Fred Wiltsie; 8, James McCausland; 9, Jesse B. Anthony; 10, James Gibson; 11, George Yost; 12, George B. Winslow; 13, Henry A. House; 14, Henry C. Rogers; 15, John R. Clarke; 16, George J. Gardner; 18, John L. Lewis; 19, William Shelp; 20, L. A. Waldo; 21, John Ransom; 22, David F. Day; 24, Caleb B. Ellsworth; 25, James M. Austin; 26, H. C. Sawtelle. French, &c., John W. Simons; German Lodge, Charles Sackreuter.

The result of their deliberations was adopted by the next Grand Lodge and is the present Constitution of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

UNION HALL ASSOCIATION.

In the year 1849 Union Hall Association erected the building at West Sauquoit now owned and occupied by Sauquoit Lodge, No. 150. At the completion of the building, the Odd Fellows leased the Lodge room of the Association and sub-let it to the Masons, each society arranging to meet on different evenings. In the fall of 1866, the building being sadly in need of repairs, Sauquoit Lodge, No. 150, resolved to undertake to buy up the capital stock of the Union Hall Association and put the building in suitable repair. Subscription papers were drawn up October 13th, 1866. N. W. Moore headed the subscription \$250; Abner Brownell, E. D. Brownell, C. G. Brownell, \$250; H. C. Rogers, \$50; M. M. Neal, \$30; C. L. Marshall, \$20; Lewis Rogers, \$20; (all in stock of Union Hall;) and others \$10; and so on down the list, at Sauquoit, amounting to \$695; Paris Hill, \$38; Clayville \$28, East Hill \$25, and Washington Mills \$56. The payment of the latter was not insisted on, as the brothers at that place soon after withdrew to found Amicable Lodge, and needed that money to fit up their new lodge. August 29, 1868, upon the completion of the railroad, a picnic, for the benefit of this fund, was held in the beautiful grove east of the paper mill, which was largely attended; many coming from Sherburne, Hamilton, Earlville, Waterville, Winfield and Utica, as well as the neighboring villages. It proved a success, yielding a good revenue. The picnic was repeated the following year, August 18, 1869, with still better success, followed by a festival at the hall December 24, 1869, and with continued united effort in the right direction the hall has been painted, repaired and beautifully decorated, and is now the property of Sauquoit Lodge, No. 150, deeded to its Trustees by the Trustees of Union Hall Association December 27, 1873, for a consideration of \$1,750, duly recorded in the County Clerk's Office, in book 371 of deeds, page 419.

THE ANTI-MASON EXCITEMENT OF 1826.

William Morgan was born in Culpepper County, Va., in 1775 or '76, and was a mason by trade. In 1821 he removed to Upper Canada, near York, and established a brewery, which in time burned down and impoverished him, when he removed

to Rochester, N. Y., and resumed his trade of mason, and soon after to Batavia, where he likewise worked at his trade. In the year 1826 it leaked out that Morgan, who bore a worthless reputation, was preparing a book to be published by David C. Miller, disclosing the secrets of Free Masonry. Great excitement prevailed, and an effort was made to get hold of the manuscript, but to no avail. Morgan, however, was thrown into jail at Canandaigua, some 50 miles east of Batavia, for debt, September 10, 1826. The next evening, soon after dusk, a man by the name of Lawson called to see him, which he was permitted to do by the keeper. Lawson proposed to pay the debt (a small one) and thus release Morgan, to which all parties consenting, they passed out of the jail together into the darkness of night, and while on the way to Lawson's house, he was seized, torn away from Lawson and thrust into a carriage, which was rapidly whirled away. The route of a carriage, supposed to be this one, was afterwards rumored to be, Victor, thence to Rochester, where the carriage and horses were changed, and driven to Clarkson, fifteen miles west, then to Gaines, and sometime in the night of September 13, arrived at Lewiston, seventy miles westerly from Rochester, but this could not be proven in the court. It was asserted that Morgan was confined in the old magazine of the fort and at night taken across the river in an open boat, but the Canada Masons refusing to receive him, the party returned, and Morgan was again confined. Be this as it may, his fate is shrouded in mystery from the moment he was parted from Lawson at Canandaigua. Some years since, a gentleman who was intimately acquainted with Morgan, published a statement that while traveling in India he met him in Calcutta, and although bronzed and decked out in the Indian toggery of a high dignitary there, he was positive of the identification, although Morgan would not identify him. Others supposed that Morgan was drowned in Lake Ontario, and a body washing ashore sometime afterwards gave color to that supposition, until upon examination the body proved to be that of another person. Yet the Anti-Masons still circulated the story, after it was legally exploded, and declared that the body was a "good enough Morgan until after election," the opponents to Masonry having merged into a violent political party.

Gov. De Witt Clinton—the Grand Master of Masons—in his capacity of Governor, issued a proclamation in regard to the kidnapping, dated October 26, 1826, offering “a reward of \$300 for the discovery of the offenders, \$100 for any and every one of them, and \$200 for authentic information of the place where the said William Morgan has been conveyed.” It was plain to all candid minds that the Grand Lodge or the subordinate lodges, or the great body of Masonry throughout the State were in no way responsible for the abduction, it being the act and crime of a few ill-advised, over-zealous individuals alone; but in those days, no telegraph existed to flash the news to every corner of the State; no daily papers in all her cities to publish at once all the details; no railroads to bear those papers to every village, that the succeeding day everybody, everywhere throughout this great Commonwealth, could know and understand all the circumstances of the case. Had it been so, the news would simply have been read, and the wish engendered that the offenders might be speedily captured and brought to justice. But in the days of stage-coaches and weekly papers, few and far between, the news spread slowly and by piecemeal, gaining in horrible details as it was repeated, until at last, “boomed” on by the politicians, the wildest excitement prevailed, and was kept alive for several years, the country lodges stemming the tide for a while, but eventually being forced to go down and surrender their charters. The matter finally drifted out of politics, and died away in 1832 or '33, and few are left that remember that fierce warfare, and the intense personal feuds engendered thereby in each neighborhood, and none of this generation can fully realize the possibility of the storm of passion and prejudice that swept with the besom of destruction to ruin the great institution of Masonry, and left her lodges wrecked and stranded in almost every village. The sober second thought, however, came at last, the rising generation viewed the matter intelligently, without prejudice, and the reaction set in, and to-day in this State more than eighty thousand Masons, numbering in their ranks the greatest and best men any State can boast of, assemble around her altar, and with “heart and tongue join in promoting each other’s welfare, and

rejoice in each other's prosperity." The dream of those old-time veteran Masons of Paris Lodge for a "hall of wood or stone," has been more than realized in the present well-appointed building and beautiful lodge-room. Those two pioneer manufacturers, Bros. N. W. Moore and Abner Brownell, who, out of their abundance so liberally contributed to this result, are no more here to share and enjoy its beauties. The extensive factory and paper mills, once their pride, and the wealth of the valley, are silent, or in ruins. The beautiful creek which, obedient to their skill and energy, was yoked into power, turning the mighty machinery and the thousands of humming spindles, furnishing employment to hundreds of workmen, and infusing business vitality into this once active village, now untrammelled, bubbles dancingly by the Valley Cemetery, where both silently sleep; thence aimlessly along past the deserted paper mills and on down, reflecting on its rippling bosom the gaunt spectre of the ruins of the dismantled, fire-blackened walls of the once busy factory, and on to the sea. Their good deeds, however, live after them. Generation succeeding generation, who shall assemble within these hallowed walls in peace and unity, as they "meet upon the Level, and part upon the Square," will ever treasure deep emotions of gratitude for their munificent generosity.

AMICABLE LODGE, NO. 664, F. & A. M., OF WASHINGTON MILLS.

Having worked one year under dispensation from the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of the State of New York, on the 11th day of May, 1868, before W. Henry C. Rogers, Assistant Grand Lecturer for the Fifth Judicial District, Amicable Lodge exemplified the work and lectures, whereupon W. Bro. Rogers granted them the official certificate of suitable proficiency, to enable them to be chartered. June 15, 1868, a charter was granted to them by the M. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York. The first regular communication under the charter, was held on the 18th day of July, 1868.

FIRST OFFICERS.

J. T. Perkins, M.; H. N. Adams, S. W.; Albert Owens, J. W.; George Helm, Treas.; George E. Eastman, Secretary; C. H. Moore, S. D.; Robert Codlin, J. D. (1867, Amicable, U. D.);

W. F. S. Irwin, Chaplain; L. H. Van Allen, (1867, Amicable, U. D.,) Dwight Denio, (Otsego,) M. of C's; J. Quackenbush, Tiler, (1867, Amicable, U. D.)

CHARTER MEMBERS IN ADDITION,

A. P. Mallory, Henry Whitacer, H. L. Kirtland, George P. Landt, Michael Weigle, Isaac Dingman, Hon. W. H. Chapman, (died Aug. 21, 1876,) John Pringle, L. D. N. Mason, J. B. Warnes, Robert Bailey, Hugh Sloan, M. D.; T. W. Blackstone, E. Cummings, W. W. Chapman, Hon. D. M. Prescott, William H. Griffith, F. D. Blackstone, Horace Plumb, (1855,) E. H. Dean, C. G. Denning, N. S. Hayes, John Miller, R. A. Smith, A. M. Mills—Sauquoit Lodge, No. 150.

Total officers and members from Sauquoit Lodge, 32.

Charles Eberle, M. C. Blackstone, Hon. Geo. W. Chadwick, Oriental Lodge, No. 224; C. B. Manchester, Isaac Brayton, Utica Lodge, No. 47; Edwin R. Polly, Philanthropic Lodge, No. 164; E. W. Denio, E. C. Denio, Otsego Lodge.

SINCE ADMITTED.

1867—W. G. Perkins, George Hinchliff, David Hughes, J. D. Green, Uriah D. King, H. L. Babcock.

1868—G. R. Wadsworth, J. A. Rice, William Cone, H. Kellogg, A. A. Rogers, Marshall Sackett, Thomas Lewis, Reuben Weeder, John Marks, John Murphy.

1869—Samuel Patterson, George F. Merrill, L. E. Rogers, (died June 25, 1877;) James Wood, Thomas Monroe, Charles Greenwood.

1870—H. O. Adams, Thomas Adams, Richard Manning, George Wood, J. W. Norton.

1871—Henry Barton, John Thompson, William H. Kelly, D. P. Root.

1872—J. E. Dempsey, J. B. Winship, Thomas W. Moore, Henry Dodge, William Farrill, E. Jacquemer, Joseph Sault.

1874—John D. Thickens, M. O. Dingman, M. M. Gaylord, O. N. Olmstead, George W. Shumaker, (died March 1, 1879,) H. J. Mathews.

1875—C. O. Millard, E. S. Snow, J. W. Cook, John Benton, Robert R. Gibbs, N. A. Cook, C. H. Dodge, Henry Page, C. H. Philo, J. Lighbody, Hon. R. U. Sherman, J. L. Comstock, P. L. Tyler, C. F. Lee, W. Johnson.

1876—W. D. Vanvalkenberg, Daniel Richards, L. E. Moore, J. S. Knapp, E. W. Hurty, J. W. Seaton, A. J. Bullock, (died August, 1878.)

RECAPITULATION.

Total Members,	111
Withdrawn, &c.,	26
Dead,	4
	— 30
Present Membership,	81
Petitioning Members, 40.	

MASTERS.

1867-8, J. T. Perkins; 1869-73, H. N. Adams; 1870-77-78, C. H. Moore; 1871-2, M. C. Blackstone; 1874--75, T. W. Blackstone; 1876, H. L. Babcock; 1879-80, C. H. Dodge.

Amicable Lodge, No. 664, the youngest of the valley lodges, enters the second decade of its existence with flattering prospects. The signs of the times give promise of a general revival of business, and the recent starting up of the Washington Mills Woolen Factory inaugurates prosperity, and without doubt, New Amicable can celebrate the Centennial Anniversary of Old Amicable, on April 7, 1892,—twelve years hence—with full ranks, harmonious membership and prosperous treasury.

Rev. Mr. Magill, rector of St. Paul's Church, Peru, Ill., being asked by a lady, the question, "Are you a Mason?" responded in the following beautiful lines:

I am one of a band
Who will faithfully stand
In the bonds of affection and love;
I have knocked at the door,
Once wretched and poor,
And there for admission I stood.

By the help of a friend,
Who assistance did lend,
I succeeded an entrance to gain;
Was received in the West,
By command from the East,
But not without feeling some pain.

Here my conscience was taught
With a moral quite fraught
With sentiment holy and true.
Then onward I traveled,
To have it unraveled,
What Hiram intended to do.

Very soon in the East,
I made known my request,
And "light" by command did attain;
When lo! I perceived,
In due form revealed,
A Master, a Brother, and Friend.

Thus far I have stated,
And simply related
What happened when I was made free;
But I've "passed" since then,
And was "raised" up again
To a sublime and ancient degree.

Then onward I marched,
That I might be "Arched"
And find out those treasures long lost.
When behold! a bright flame,
From the midst of which came
A voice which my ears did accost.

Through the "vails" I then went,
And succeeded at length
The "sanctum sanctorum" to find;
By the "signet" I gained,
And quickly obtained,
Employment which suited my mind.

In the depths I then wrought,
And most carefully sought
For treasures so long hidden there;
And by labor and toil
I discovered the spoil,
Which is kept by the craft with due care.

Having thus far arrived,
I further contrived
'Mong valiant Sir Knights to appear;
And as pilgrim and Knight,
I stood ready to fight,
Nor Saracen foe did I fear.

For the widow distressed,
There's a chord in my breast;
For the helpless and orphan I feel;
And my sword I could draw,
To maintain the pure law
Which the duty of Masons reveal.

Thus have I revealed,
(Yet wisely concealed,)
What the "Free and Accepted" well know;
I am one of a band,
Who will faithfully stand
As a brother, wherever I go.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, 1775-82.

Captain John Porter, died March 5, 1804, aged 67; Captain Gideon Seymour, died April 6, 1804, aged 63; Major Amaziah Royce, died July 30, 1814, aged 49; Samuel Stiles, died April 11, 1819, aged 83; Hon. David Ostrom, died March 17, 1821, aged 65; Lieutenant Charles Burritt, died Dec. 1, 1825, aged 79; Theodore Gilbert, Sr., died Aug. 11, 1826, aged 75; Eli Blakeslee, died Dec. 6, 1826, aged 74; Salmon Hecox, died Aug. 1826, aged 66; John Draper, died June 10, 1826, aged 69; Benjamin Merrills, died Nov. 23, 1827, aged 82; Deacon John Bailey, died Jan. 19, 1830, aged 80; Captain Kirtland Griffin, died April 9, 1830, aged 78; Gardner Avery, Sr., died Dec. 27, 1831, aged 81; William Babbitt, died Oct. 29, 1831, aged 75; Captain Abner Bacon, died Aug. 25, 1832, aged 74; David Bishop, died April 7, 1833, aged 76; William Risley, died June 1834, aged 77; Captain John Stroug, died March 30, 1838, aged 79; Peter Selleck, died 1840, aged 84; Ephraim Walker, died July 6, 1842, aged 88; Asa Priest, died Feb. 9, 1844, aged 88; Josiah Mosher, died Aug. 1846, aged 92; Captain Uri Doolittle, died 1848, aged 86; Elijah Davis, died Aug. 21, 1849, aged 85; 'Squire Asahel Curtiss, died May 15, 1852, aged 87; Captain Martin Nichols, died Nov. 12, 1854, aged 104; Hobart Graves, died Jan. 11, 1853, aged 88; John Chapman, died — aged 103; Deacon David Curtiss, died Aug. 12, 1855, aged 88; Ensign Josiah Hull, James Barnett, Robert Dixson, Isaac Steadman, Ezekiel Pierce, Nathan Randall. Jesse Prior, Captain — Gibbs and Caleb Simmons, served 7 years each; Sergeant Richard Risley, of Colonel Jameson's dragoons, at the capture of Andre, (he named his oldest son, Jameson, in honor of the gallant Colonel, under whom he fought;) Captain Warren was in the battle of Bunker Hill, with his cousin, the brave General Warren, who fell on that memorable and well-fought field. Captain John Mosher was at the battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778. The day was intensely hot, and the heat and excessive fatigue proved fatal

to many. During the action Captain Mosher was "melted," as they termed it, (sun-stroke) and carried from the field, his brother Josiah taking his place and leading the company. The attack did not prove fatal, but although he lived many years he never fully recovered. Of the above brave heroes, 13 were officers, and 29 privates, a total of 42, a grand record for the town of Paris. David Bishop was with Washington in the retreat from Long Island, and Captain John Strong spent the winter with the Father of his Country at Valley Forge. James Barnett served in the Commissary Department during the whole period of the war. Deacon David Curtiss was one of the Minute Men. Ephraim Walker, the old surveyor and engineer, was at the battle of Bennington, and all those old Revolutionary veterans served their country in that time of great need, faithfully and honorably, and without adequate remuneration. Among the incidents they used to relate when they chanced to meet at Uncle Jordan Gray's grocery and "fought their battles over again," was the joke perpetrated on Elijah Davis. In following up the British in New Jersey, on one occasion, a scouting party, among which was Davis, was sent forward. In passing through a clump of woods, he halted for some purpose and the rest of the party proceeding out into the clearing, beside a rail fence, in short range from the edge of the woods, found a Britisher, stark, stiff, dead, shot by a preceding party. They hastily stood him up in an angle of the rail fence, facing the woods, his gun at his shoulder resting across the top rail pointing towards the woods, in the attitude of taking aim, adroitly and firmly fastening both him and his gun in the position, with the straps of their cartouch boxes, then secreting themselves out of range, but commanding a view of the woods, awaited events. Ere long, Elijah appeared at the margin of the woods, and with a keen, cautious glance, discovering the "red-coat" in the act of aiming, he, in true frontiersman style, "took to a tree," as a barricade. Putting his cap on the end of his ram rod, he cautiously projected it at the side of the tree,—as if he was in the act of peering out—with the design of drawing the fire of the Britisher at the fence. The cap not being fired at, satisfied him that his enemy had not discovered his hiding tree, and replacing his cap and bringing his gun to

his shoulder, with a quick glance along the barrel at the foe, aimed and fired, at the instant, again covering himself by his tree. Hastily but silently reloading, he again repeated his ruse of the cap, and again peered cautiously out, and there stood the undaunted "red-coat." Again, but with more deliberation in his aim, he sent his unerring bullet (he was a noted marksman) at the heart of his enemy. Repeating his previous tactics and again cautiously looking, there firmly stood his man. Chagrined and out of patience with himself at his unaccountable bad shooting, he again blazed away, but with no better result than heretofore. How much longer he would have continued his target practice, is uncertain, but just then his companions disclosed themselves, and with shouts of laughter revealed the situation. While his old comrades in arms survived, he never heard the last of that grim joke,—"shooting the dead 'red-coat.'" He was born in Mansfield, Conn., came to Paris in 1799, and settled about one-half mile north of East Sauquoit, at the mouth of the glen, near where General Gates now resides, utilizing the spring brook that flows from the Glen, as a water-power for his rope-walk, where during his life time he made rope of various sizes, rope halters, cord, and fly-nets tied of cord. He was an enthusiastic Methodist and one of the first Trustees, and he it was that named the little embryo village, Bethelville, which name, much to his regret, was ignored when it was made a post-village and officially named Sauquoit. He was an early "Abolitionist" and Emancipationist, and showed his faith in his works by manumitting his only slave in 1808, (New York, at that time being a slave State,) as the following record on the town book explains:

PARIS, September 1, 1808.

This may certify that John Frank, a negro man lately owned by and the lawful property of Elijah Davis, we judge to be about thirty-seven years of age, a man of health and capable of procuring a livelihood, and approve his manumission.

(Signed,)

JOSEPH HOWARD,

JOEL BRISTOL,

Overseers of the Poor.

MARTIN HAWLEY, Town Clerk.

He was brother to Ephraim Davis, the pioneer of Forge and Farmers' Factory notoriety; the other brothers, David, Jona-

than, Aaron, Asa and Noal, (the schoolmaster,) were also early settlers in the neighborhood; all of the last mentioned, however, afterwards removed to other parts of the country, except David. No vestige of "Uncle 'Lijah's" rope walk remains except a trace of the dam at the mouth of "Crane's gulf," as the glen used to be called, and after a Christian life of industry and probity, full of years, revered by all, the old Revolutionary hero peacefully departed, August 21, 1849, in the 85th year of his age.

Captain Uri Doolittle, one of the early settlers near Paris Hill was a man of great talents, and distinguished among his townsmen. He was sent to the Legislature in 1806, and again in 1822, and was Justice of the Peace, and also held various other town offices, and in early days was a merchant (Tompkins & Doolittle) on Paris Hill. In 1796 he was made a Mason in old Amicable Lodge, No. 25, under the Mastership of Judge Sanger. In 1799 he withdrew from old Amicable in conjunction with Nathan Whitney, Jonathan Barker, Justus Tower and Asahel Gridley, to found Federal Lodge, No. 80, for which they received a charter November 23, 1799. At the founding of Paris Lodge, No. 348, August 14, 1822, he was one of the charter members, and the first Treasurer. In 1828-29-30 he was Master. He was one of the founders and first vestrymen of St. Paul's (Episcopal) Church, Paris Hill, February 13, 1797. Full of honors, beloved by all, in the year 1848 the old Revolutionary veteran, Captain Uri Doolittle, at the ripe old age of 86, was "gathered to the land of his fathers."

'Squire Asahel Curtiss came from good old Puritan stock. His grandfather, Captain Allen Curtiss, of Old Canaan, Litchfield county, Conn., had four sons, viz: Elihu, Medad, Seth and John, and four daughters, viz: Hannah, Chloe, Ruth and Ann. John, the youngest son, lived in the town of Alford, Berkshire county, Mass., had seven sons, viz: Solomon, Asahel, Amasa, John, Darius, Flavius J. and Libbæus. 'Squire Asahel Curtiss, the second son, was born September 23, 1765, at Old Canaan, Conn. Polly Osborn, his wife, the oldest daughter of Alexander Osborn, of Windsor, Conn., was born

January 2, 1762, (she had two sisters, Jemima and Cynthia, and three brothers, Seth, Alexander, Jr., and Luke.) The children of 'Squire Curtiss were three sons and two daughters, viz: Charles Osborn Curtiss, born in New Canaan, Columbia county, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1785; Philo Clinton Curtiss, born in Old Hoosick, Reusselaer county, N. Y., June 21, 1789; John Curtiss, born in Granville, Washington county, N. Y., July 26, 1793; Polly Curtiss, Aug. 13, 1794, and Laura Curtiss, June 28, 1801. In 1803, he moved with his family from Granville to East Sauquoit, where he lived and died. At the age of sixteen years—in April, 1781—he enlisted in the war of the Revolution and served nine months, being stationed on the northern frontier, until Cornwallis surrendered. His house at East Sauquoit was a little south of the tannery-brook, and now owned and occupied by Alfred Johnson. Here he carried on the business of saddle and harness making, (General LeRoy Gates was his apprentice,) and also transacted his official business, being appointed Justice of the Peace by Governor Morgan Lewis, in 1805, which office he held for twenty-six years; he was also, about the same time, appointed by Governor Lewis to the office of Superintendent of the Stockbridge and Brotherton Indians, which office he held for fifteen years; and during most of the time, until about 1830, he was Commissioner of Deeds. He was a man of strictest integrity, and discharged the duties of his various offices with skill and impartiality. He was a prominent Freemason, and one of the charter members of Paris Lodge, founded in 1822, and was the first Senior Warden of that lodge, his son, Philo C. Curtiss, being the first Junior Deacon, at the same time. After a long life of distinguished usefulness, beloved by all, this Revolutionary veteran, 'Squire Asahel Curtiss, quietly passed away, May 15, 1852, aged 87.

His oldest son, Charles O. Curtiss, lived during his lifetime on his farm, beautifully located east of Sauquoit, on the brow of the hill west of Elkanah Hewitt's, and commanding a fine view of the village and the valley. He was a worthy citizen, member of the Methodist Church, and also of the choir; "the father of twenty-one living children," as he used to say, and peacefully went the way of all the living, July 20, 1868, aged 83. Philo C. Curtiss, the second son, was a mechanic of rare

skill and great inventive genius, perfecting an improvement of the power-loom at the early day of its introduction into the factories of the Valley, and soon after removed to Utica, where, after many years of ingenious industry, he, too, joined his fathers, Sept. 24, 1864, at the advanced age of 75, his son, Philo S. Curtiss, succeeding to the business, since developed by him to the present well-known, extensive machine shop. John Curtiss, the third son of 'Squire Curtiss, who at an early day carried on a carding mill, clover mill and woolen mill on the site (afterwards Savage & Moore's old paper mill,) also built the tannery at East Sauquoit, and in those old times a prominent and active business man, removed from the village many years ago, and died April 12, 1862, at the age of 69.

Josiah Mosher was born in Pepperell, Mass., in 1754. He entered the army, with his brother John, at the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, and served seven years. He came to Paris with his brother and family in 1791, a sister, Mrs. Grimes, riding on horseback the entire distance, the trip occupying about two weeks. For a riding whip, she cut a sprout from a cherished willow tree on the old homestead at Pepperell, which she carried in her hand, and upon dismounting in the valley of the Sauquoit, she stuck it down in the moist ground near the creek, where it took root and grew to be a mighty tree, from which other sprouts, in great number, were cut and set out in the same manner, and the place became noted for the great number of those trees, and in time came to be called "Willowvale," most of which, up the hillside, Josiah Mosher settled. He afterward exchanged his farm for the Major Gere tannery and farm at East Sauquoit. After a long life of usefulness, the old Revolutionary hero of "Monmouth" and many a well-fought field, went to his rest, August, 1846, aged 92. There survive of his children here, Rebekah, widow of Dr. Rufus Priest, now wife of Dr. L. Bishop, and Cornelia, wife of S. A. Millard. Josiah Mosher, Jr., went to Kentucky at an early day, and kept the hotel at the Mammoth Cave, one of the great natural wonders of the continent. S. Emerson, the old schoolmaster, married the eldest daughter of Henry Crane, and removed to Oneida, Ill., some years ago, where he died; the other son, George W., died many years ago.

He was an active member of old Paris Lodge F. & A. M., admitted July 5, 1824. Betsey Mosher, who married a Mr. Cook, reared a family of six—four boys and two girls: Edward, W. Newton, Josiah, Henry, Jane and Harriet. She died a year or two since, and her children survive her, except Josiah, who died a few years since, in Michigan. Edward is a well known business man in Oswego county, where he has resided many years; W. Newton is one of the pioneers of Grand Rapids, Mich., and has witnessed its growth from the wilderness to a city; he is a prominent business man there, ex-alderman, and has held other offices of trust. His father died at his house, some years ago. Henry resides in the vicinity of Grand Rapids, and is a prosperous farmer. Jane, who married John Crane, and after the loss of their farm-house by fire, on the morning of May 1, 1872, and the untimely death of her husband a few days later, rented the farm, and lives with a married daughter—Mrs. Celia Maltby, at West Sauquoit. Harriet Cook, the youngest daughter, went to Michigan, with the family, many years ago, and in the early days of Mormonism, embraced that faith, and married, or was sealed, (his second wife,) to the late Governor Brigham Young, by whom she had one son, grown to manhood, a prominent business man in Salt Lake City, Utah, with whom she resides since the death of her husband, Governor Young. Belinda Mosher married Captain William Knight, and in February, 1836, while he was at Albany as Member of Assembly, she died instantly, of heart disease, leaving five children, the youngest—Charles—an infant. The sad event occurred during the “deep snow of 1836,” which covered the ground to the depth of six feet. In those days there were no telegraphs, and the roads being obstructed by the snow, some delay occurred in getting the sad news to Mr. Knight; when received, he set out at once, and traveling night and day, crushed with grief, made all the progress possible. The day of the funeral arrived. Kind neighbors turned out and shoveled a deep cut through the snow from the door of his residence up to the old churchyard, and a space around the open grave, near where the Academy now stands. The cut was made wide enough for the bier and the bearers—there being no hearse in those days, their beautiful dead being tenderly borne on a bier by four selected bearers

to the last resting place—and such was the great depth of snow, that the procession was hid from view in the cut. The friends and mourners assembled; the services were delayed a reasonable time, hoping for the arrival of the absent husband and father, but at length proceeded with; before the completion of which, a jaded team came wallowing through the deep snow, the Captain leaped from the sleigh, and a moment later was bending over the corpse of his beautiful wife, whom a few weeks before he had left in perfect health, and the full flush of matronly beauty,—the weeping children clinging the while to the grief-distracted father; a heart-rending scene, never effaced from the memory of those present. After the first outburst of grief had in a measure subsided, the old minister, with trembling voice, addressed a prayer to the Throne of Grace for the afflicted father and bereft little ones, that in a measure calmed his sobbing audience, and the sad ceremony was brought to a close. As the procession moved through the deep cut to the old churchyard, the Captain was moved with emotions of gratitude to the kind neighbors that had rendered the moving of the procession possible, and at the open grave of his fair young bride, as his tears mingled with the earth that forever hid her from his view, Captain Knight registered a vow, that “he would ever after, through life, render assistance in sickness and death.” How well he kept that vow, thousands in the Valley can attest, and many have wondered, that laying aside all business, he always volunteered his aid in the much needed afflicted hour. During the last years of his life, he imparted the secret to the writer, and as he has gone to meet the reward of the good deeds done here below, his death absolves the pledge of secrecy. It is a coincidence that, his funeral also occurring in February, (thirty-nine years after his wife,) the impassable road to the cemetery, rendered so by the deep snow, was shoveled out by a “bee” of his townsmen. His four boys, Francis M., Milton L., George H. and Charles Carroll, are in the west, and his only daughter, Louisa, married to Dr. DeWitt Bacon, son of Homer Bacon, went to Oneida, Ill., where she died a few years ago. Polly Mosher, who married Zabine Luce, died, a few years since, at the residence of her only daughter, Mrs. Cornelius J. Knickerbocker, of Utica. John Mosher, an officer of the Revolu-

tionary War, who was prostrated by the heat and carried from the field at the battle of Monmouth, N. J., came to Paris with his brother, Josiah, in 1791; carried on a tannery with his son, Abijah, at an early day, on the site of the Rogers machine shop, at Willowvale, and also built the sawmill further up the stream, carried on for many years by his son, Abel. He died many years ago. Abel Mosher was born in Pepperell, Mass., Oct. 4, 1779, and at twelve years of age came to the Valley, in 1791, with his parents; arriving at manhood he married Sarah, daughter of Ephraim Warren, a Revolutionary soldier, and cousin to General Warren, and who was with him when he fell, mortally wounded, at the battle of Bunker Hill. Abel Mosher carried on the sawmill built by his father, and for many years kept the tavern there, just south of the sawmill. He had three sons and three daughters. Warren, his eldest son, removed to Ohio many years ago, where, in a fit of melancholy, he died by his own hand; Chauncey L. was a promising young business man, and was the accomplished superintendent of Hollister's extensive factories at Clayville, and died January 9, 1850, aged 29. His widow survives, married to Squire Charles C. Wicks, of Paris Hill. Augustus has long been a resident of New York city, and for many years the courteous landlord of a popular Broadway hotel. Betsey, the eldest daughter, married Hon. C. S. Butler, and died March 29, 1836, aged 32. Mary A., born in 1810, married Alanson A. Butler, and died April 11, 1838, aged 28. Clarissa Mosher survives,—the widow of the late David J. Millard, of Clayville, where she resides. Sarah Warren, wife of Abel Mosher, died July 15, 1825, aged 42. He married a second wife, (Widow Morehouse,) by whom he had one son, Francis, who survives, residing at New Haven, Ct. Abel Mosher was well and favorably known in the Valley, a prominent business man in the early days. Retiring from active business, he spent his declining years at Sauquoit and Clayville, and passed away Sept. 25, 1868, aged 89. A daughter of Ephraim Warren, the Bunker Hill hero, survives—Mrs. Elias Pratt, of Volney, Oswego county, N. Y.

Kirtland Griffin was born in the town of Guilford, Conn., in the year 1752. When but a boy he was deprived of ma-

ternal instruction and influence by the death of his mother. At the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle he was among the first to enter the lists to effect the emancipation of his country. While with the army at Ticonderoga, his health became considerably impaired. With the view of improving his health, and at the same time of serving his country, he determined on braving the dangers of the ocean. He accordingly shipped on board of one of the earliest privateers that were fitted out in that contest, to annoy and cripple the commerce of Great Britain. The cruise was short and disastrous. At the end of three months their craft was captured by the British ship *Nonesuch*, of superior force, and taken to Plymouth, England, where himself and comrades in arms were thrown into that den of misery, the Mill Prison. Here, through hunger and the loathsomeness of the place, he suffered extremely. At the end of two years and six months he, with two hundred others, were exchanged and sent in a cartel to the Minister of the United States in France, at Nantes.

During his incarceration in the old Mill Prison, he formed the acquaintance of Richard Dale, a fellow prisoner, then recently a master's mate of the U. S. brig *Lexington*, who sometime previous to the exchange of prisoners contrived to escape from Mill Prison and make his way to France. Here he fell in with Commodore John Paul Jones, a Scotchman by birth, but whom the American Congress had appointed a Captain in their navy, and then commanded a squadron fitted out in the ports of France, his flag-ship being the *Bon Homme Richard*. Mr. Dale, a native of Virginia, and subsequently a distinguished naval captain, was tendered the position of first lieutenant on the *Richard*, by Commodore Jones, which he promptly accepted, and the Commodore being furnished with blank commissions for the purpose of recruiting, filled one out and Lieutenant Dale at once assumed his duties. Just at this time the 200 exchanged prisoners arrived, with the intention of being sent home, but the *Richard* being short-handed, Lieutenant Dale solicited volunteers from their ranks. Our hero, Kirtland Griffin, promptly stepped to the front. His example of patriotism proved electrical, and nearly one hundred, (who had expected to go home,) with three hearty cheers, sprang to his side. The others being too enfeebled by long

confinement for enlistment for active duty, were placed on board the Alliance, to be convoyed home. This accession of numbers gave the flag-ship a respectable body of Americans, to sustain the honor of the flag she so proudly bore. The squadron set sail, but the brave and daring Commodore Jones, instead of sailing direct to the United States, as was expected, must needs "beard the lion in his den" by cruising around the Island of Britain. On the cruise, when near the coast of Scotland, in September, 1779, he sighted the British frigate *Serapis*, which he decided to engage, and clearing the decks for action at once bore down upon. The battle that followed proved one of the most obstinate and bloody recorded in naval warfare, in which Commodore John Paul Jones acquired the reputation of a daring and fortunate commander. At half-past seven in the evening, his own ship, the *Bon Homme Richard*, of 40 guns, engaged the *Serapis*, a British frigate of 44. After the action had continued an hour, the two frigates approached so near to each other that Jones, seizing the opportunity, lashed them together.

The battle now became furious, and the carnage horrible. The *Serapis* was on fire not less than ten times; and often both frigates were on fire at the same moment, presenting a sublime and dreadful spectacle. At length, the Alliance, one of Jones's squadron, came to his assistance; but the two frigates being fastened together, many of her shot struck the *Bon Homme Richard*. At ten o'clock the *Serapis* surrendered. Her successful antagonist was so shattered, that the crew were obliged to leave her immediately, and she soon after sunk. The *Pallas*, which was also one of Jones's squadron, engaged at the same time and captured the Countess of Scarborough. After the engagement, the British captain attributed his defeat to the presence of the Mill Prison sailors, knowing that they would fight to the death, rather than be conquered and again be confined there another term.

After the battle, the squadron set sail for Holland where they safely arrived. When 'Squire Griffin left the *Serapis* he secured as a trophy from her armament, a plain cutlass, which he carefully retained, and it is still preserved in the family as a cherished memento of that perilous fight. He was with the brave and daring Commodore Paul Jones

eighteen months and was in nine engagements. Finally, after an absence of four years, he sailed from France for his native land. During his lifetime he always celebrated the anniversary of his deliverance from the horrors of Mill Prison as a day of thanksgiving, assembling his children and grandchildren around his sumptuous table, in true old New England style.

At the conclusion of the war the cities and villages throughout the New England States "celebrated peace," as it was called—much in the same manner that they afterwards did the Fourth of July. Our hero was determined that his native town, North Guilford, Conn., should not be behindhand in doing honor to the occasion, and as they had no cannon, he visited the surrounding places to procure one, but found them all "bespoke." At a corner of the park in New Haven was an ancient, heavy piece of ordnance set in the ground, muzzle down, as a relic, which the authorities tendered him on conditions that he should replace it again. Procuring assistance, he dug up the monster, and with three yoke of oxen hauled it home, where it was cleaned of the long accumulated rust and prepared for action. The day arrived; the women prepared the refreshments for an old-time feast, to conclude with an old-fashioned dance on the village green, the festivities to open with a Federal salute of 13 guns from old "Ticonderoga," under command of "Captain" Griffin. The gun was carefully loaded and discharged, but our veteran was not fully satisfied with the report; "she didn't speak loud enough," and he declared and vowed his determination to make her roar the thirteenth and last time. He accordingly put in a tremendous charge of powder, and with well rammed wadding loaded her to the muzzle. At the smell of gunpowder the old hero had got his blood up, and, lost to all sense of danger, was on the point of applying the match, when some one of the more timid ones interposed and persuaded him to fix a slow match to touch her off. To this he consented and the slow match being fired they all retired to a safe distance. A few moments of breathless expectation, a vivid flash leaped heavenward from the breech, a deafening, crashing, thundering roar that shook the rocks and hills of old Guilford as never before or

since, the mighty echo ere long reverberating back from the distant mountains, like the deep-toned thunder of a tropical storm; the thick sulphurous cloud slowly lifted, eddying up, disclosing the scorched and blackened "green;" but the cannon! where was she? Echo didn't answer where. Blown into a thousand fragments, the old gun had boomed its last roar. Providentially no one was injured, and after the first shock was over, and the astonishment recovered from, the festivities were resumed, and the feast enjoyed, and then "on with the dance," and the day passed with great rejoicing.

In the year 1791, he came to the wilderness of Paris, and settled on the east side of the creek near what is now Chadwick's. He erected a sawmill on the east bank of the creek near the upper end of the present large reservoir that supplies Chadwick's factory. When the Presbyterian Church was first formed at New Hartford, by Dr. Jonathan Edwards, of New Haven, Conn., in August, 1791, he became one of the "fathers of that church," and gave in his name as one of the number, having previously attached himself to that denomination on his return to America. A few years later he withdrew and joined the little band of Methodists at Bethelville, (now East Sauquoit,) and became one of the most earnest leading members. He was one of the first trustees of that society, and in after years was always called the "father of the church." He was for many years Justice of the Peace, and in all the relations of life honored and respected. During the great revival of Rev. Alexander Irvine in the spring of 1830, he was taken violently with what at first had the appearance of inflammatory rheumatism. His sufferings were great, but his patience overcame all complaint. His sons, Robert, Camp and Joel, were with him through all. The last words he was heard to utter were, "Joel, this is a good time." He died in peace, Friday, April 9, 1830, aged 78. On the day of his funeral, though the weather was rainy, more were present than could enter the meeting house. The recollection of his virtues long dwelt in the memory of those who knew the valiant old hero of Ticonderoga and nine naval battles, and a pioneer of Paris—'Squire Kirtland Griffin.

In the year 1765, near a staid old New England sea-port town, resided a French emigrant with his wife and an only daughter, a beautiful, sprightly lass just blooming into womanhood, with flashing eyes, resplendent with traditional national vivacity, the idol of her fond parents. In the vicinity, a youthful scion of Puritan parents, just arrived at his majority and the paternal acres—a fine, well-stocked farm, in the broad valley of the Connecticut—of stalwart form, and in the vigorous prime of early manhood, thrown often in the maiden's society, enamored with her bewitching eyes and petite form, a victim to the old, old story, fell in love, which to his unspeakable delight was warmly reciprocated. Her parents suddenly awakened to the tender state of affairs, rudely dashed to earth their love's young dream, and interdicted their further wooing. They could find no objections to the man of her choice, who possessed many qualifications to command their respect, was a fair type of the sturdy, intelligent farmer of that early period, and owned a splendid farm; but they, wearied of the cold, uncongenial clime of New England, and, longing for the sunny, vine-clad valley of their native land, had resolved to dispose of their farm and betterments at the first opportunity, and return to *la belle France*, and could not find it in their hearts to go home and leave their much-loved daughter in a foreign land. In due time, the farm disposed of, the coveted opportunity of their return presented itself in a French ship that touched at the port, homeward bound. With passage secured, the household goods and baggage aboard, they only awaited the turn of the tide for their departure. During the leave-takings and good-byes, and the consequent excitement, at the last moment, when about to take the boat that should put them aboard the ship swinging at her anchor in the harbor, they suddenly missed their daughter. A hurried search through the little town failed to discover her. The signal sailing gun boomed over the waters, but the kind-hearted, sympathetic captain consented to a reasonable delay—another tide—to enable a more thorough search, in which the whole village united in vain. She had disappeared as absolutely as if the grave had opened and swallowed her up. Again the signal gun announced no further delay, the sad, reluctant parents aboard, the anchor hove

a-peak, the tapering masts and spars alive with active seamen, the snowy canvas gracefully drooped to position, and soon all taut, filled with the favoring land-breeze, the gallant ship, gathering headway, bounded forward, the idle villagers dispersed, and ere long, far out at sea a little speck of white, like a sea-gull, soon after lost to sight in the far distant blending of sea and sky, and the ship, she sailed away, in the shimmering sea dissolved like the vision of a dream. Emerging from an old-fashioned brick oven, where securely hid and furtively fed, during the search, by her ardent lover, self-orphaned, as the receding ship, bearing forever away her parents, disappeared behind the rolling billows of the blue ocean, the charming French girl, shaking out her rumpled tresses, fell sobbing into the willing arms of Benjamin Merrill, the man of her choice, to whom her troth was plighted, of a verity "forsaking all others to cleave unto him." As soon as the proper time elapsed to publish the bans in compliance with the "blue laws," they were united in marriage, there being none to forbid.

At the breaking out of the revolutionary war, a company one hundred strong—the largest from any village in the New England States—was raised at the village of Old Hartford Conn., Benjamin Merrill being one of the first to enlist. The company was ordered into the south, and in their passage to Savannah, Georgia, the transport, carrying some five hundred, was so overcrowded that many died before arriving at their destination. The campaign proved disastrous; the casualties of battle, diseases incident to that climate, and camp fever, did a sad work. Of that gallant one hundred, that to the stirring music of fife and drum marched to glory from the village of Hartford, cheered on by the best wishes and prayers of fond, weeping mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts, only two ever returned to see the village-green of their Hartford home—Benjamin Merrill, and one brave compatriot. Upon the return of our hero at the close of the war, he found his valuable farm in very good condition, the work having been carried on by his energetic wife, assisted by the children, his son Zenas being a stout lad, in his teens. A few years later, in the spring of 1791, the old hero took his way to the wilds of Central New York, and upon arriving at New Hartford,

went up the Sauquoit Valley and located a farm for his son Zenas, west of the creek, near Chadwick's, and extending up the hillside and south to Charles Cooledge's line, in lot 72 of Bayard's Patent. Returning home, he sent Zenas forward to clear up the land. He was accompanied by his sister Jerusha, a beautiful girl of sixteen, to do the housework. Their log house was located at the foot of the hill, on the west side of the present main road, near the brook, and between it and the present residence of Mr. M. M. Neal, a descendant. On the opposite side of the highway, was afterward situated the cooper shop of Almeron Moore, (father of Zenas and Naaman W. Moore, deceased, and of Benjamin Moore and Widow Neal, who survive,) who married a daughter of the old hero, Benjamin Merrill. In clearing off the land, and while log-rolling, Zenas was injured, and upon advice of physicians, started back for the eastern home; but upon reaching Schenectady, he was prostrated, died suddenly, and was buried there. Jerusha was married to Charles Cooledge, a young pioneer, and their nearest neighbor, December 23, 1792. In January 1793, the old hero, Benjamin Merrill, sold his valuable Connecticut Valley farm in the suburbs of Hartford, and with his family removed to the Sauquoit Valley farm, where he ever after resided.

About the time of the war of 1812, the pioneer Irishman of the valley, James Fineghan, put in an appearance, seeking employment of "Uncle" Ben. When asked if he could chop—the important branch of work at that period—he declared he could, whereupon the old man engaged him on trial, and conducting him to the western hillside to the edge of the clearing pointed out to him as his first job a giant elm tree, with the remark, "There, see if you can fall that tree, so as to smash that rail fence all to pieces"—a six-rail fence, with rider, just completed and leading along past the trees—and then returned to the house. In due time, hearing the crash of the falling tree, he went up to see if the job was well done. Struck dumb with rage and astonishment he found that the tree had been felled on the fence, six rods of which were smashed into splinters. Before he had recovered his speech "Jimmy" inquired of him "if he had done the job to suit," adding that he "always obeyed orders if it broke

owners." "Yes, or fences either," said Uncle Ben, suddenly remembering his parting remark, which the Irishman had accepted literally and obeyed. The old man saw that he had a "character" on hand, and gave him employment, "Jimmy" remaining with him many years and proving trusty and faithful, but Uncle Ben was thereafter cautious how he worded his orders.

Charles Cooledge was one of the first trustees of the M. E. Church at East Sauquoit, his wife Jerusha being also a member, and they influenced James Fineghan and his wife Lucy to attend the meetings, where they both became converted in 1815, during the celebrated revival of Rev. Abner Chase, the first pastor, and both became members of that church. Charles Cooledge afterwards withdrew and united with the Church of Christ at West Sauquoit, and in 1832-33, when they adopted the Presbyterian form, he was one of the first six Elders ordained. He was born in Roxbury, Mass., July 18, 1768, came on to the farm alluded to—now owned and occupied by Mr. John Chadwick—in 1791, and after a useful life in church and society, went to his rest August 1, 1837, aged 69 years. His wife Jerusha survived him, and passed away at an advanced age December 30, 1856.

Benjamin Merrill had many descendants, among whom surviving are the Moore and Neal families, Naaman W. Moore, however, was his favorite grandson, whom he aided materially in starting in business. The brave old hero of romance and the Revolution put off his armor and joined his old village company of patriots "gone before," November 23, 1822, at the ripe old age of 82. The charming French girl, in genial pleasant old age, amused her rapt-listening grandchildren with many a quaint tale of early pioneer life and adventure. One day, gently falling asleep, October, 1821, she passed over the "dark river" to that voiceless, echoless shore, preceding her ardent, boyish lover, a little more than a year.

David Curtiss was born in Sharon, Conn., September 7, 1767. In the last years of the Revolutionary war, he was drummer boy of the "minute men." He was early left an orphan. After the war he removed to Vermont, where he married Miss Lucy Bennett, where was born to them Anna,

Oct. 3, 1790; Clarissa, Nov. 2, 1797; Henry, Dec. 3, 1792; and Ransom, Jan. 8, 1800. Deacon Curtiss moved to Sauquoit in June, 1813, and settled on a farm on the road leading from the Burning Spring to the Bentley district, then known as the Bishop farm, now part of the Mattison farm. He was a prominent member of the Congregational church at West Sauquoit. April 26, 1832, the Church resolved to adopt the Presbyterian form of government, and five elders were elected, two of whom declined to be ordained; the other three, David Curtiss, Salmon Holmes and Abijah Hubbard were ordained July 26, 1832, the first elders of the church. About this time Deacon Curtiss removed to the village of East Sauquoit in the house now occupied by Mr. Cole, west of the store of Miller & Nichols, where he resided many years greatly respected, quiet and unobtrusive, very firm in his belief but not violent in his opinions. At the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Foster of New Hartford, Aug. 12, 1855, near the close of his 88th year, Deacon David Curtiss, the drummer boy of the Revolution, in the fullness of years, peacefully went to his rest. His daughter Clarissa married Sam Hackett, (cousin of the now Gen. Hackett, U. S. army,) long and favorably known as a resident of Sauquoit. Ransom Curtiss, the youngest son, born in Vermont in the year 1800, came with his father to Sauquoit at the age of 13. In 1822 he married Esther Pierce, daughter of Dr. Spaulding Pierce, and thereafter for several years was the popular landlord of the old Savage stand at West Sauquoit, and here his son Henry P. Curtiss was born May 24, 1824. His son, Charles Carroll, was born at the homestead of Dr. Pierce, Nov. 8, 1826. February 9, 1824, Ransom Curtiss was made a Mason in Paris Lodge, No. 348, F. & A. M. He was in business with a Mr. Adams in Utica, and in 1831 started the "new crockery store," No. 34 Genesee street. In 1832, (cholera year,) Frederick S. Savage became a partner in the business. At the death of his wife, his two boys, Henry and Charles, mere lads, made their home with their grandfather, Deacon Curtiss, at East Sauquoit, for a few years. Ransom Curtiss, so well and favorably remembered in the valley of the Sauquoit, now resides at Hillsdale, Mich., with his son, Charles C., at whose residence was celebrated his 80th birthday, Jan. 28, 1880, where he, in the full enjoy-

ment of rare good health, hale and hearty, received the congratulations of his many friends, which find an echo in the hearts of those who live to remember him in the Valley—his boyhood home.

CHAPTER XX.

SOLDIERS OF THE WAR OF 1812, WHO SURVIVE.

Dr. Leverett Bishop, served at Sacketts Harbor as Surgeon's Mate, (now called Assistant Surgeon,) resides at Sauquoit, aged 89 years; John King, served at Sacketts Harbor as private, now resides at Sauquoit, aged 88; Captain Asahel Dexter, resides at Cassville, was a captain in the war, aged 94; Prof. Charles Avery, served at Sacketts Harbor, now resides at Clinton.

THOSE WHO HAVE PASSED AWAY.

Amos Bishop, (was under fire at Oswego;) Val Pierce, Chauncey Gorton, Daniel Prior, Abel Randal, Captain Zachariah P. Townsend, (died 1874, aged 92;) John Vanderpool, Ephraim Gates, (died July 8, aged 93;) Daniel Stanton, William Barnett, Bishop T. Randall, (died December, 1879, aged 85;) 'Squire David Budlong, (died 1860, aged 63;) Captain John Budlong, of Sauquoit, (died 1860, aged 70;) Josiah W. Bagg, (died September, 1870, aged 83;) Captain Zerah Brown, (died in Wisconsin;) Caleb Green, Zenas Moore. A curious coincidence of that veteran is the fact that he was born the same day as Governor William L. Marcy, and died the same day, both dropping dead of heart disease, away from home and at hotels. Governor Marcy was born December 12, 1786, and on July 4, 1857, at the Sans Souci Hotel at Ballston Spa, N. Y., about 12½ o'clock P. M., fell dead in his room, in the 71st year of his age. Our hero, Zenas

Moore, (born December 12, 1786,) on the eventful Independence Day attended the celebration at Utica, hale and hearty, among the then surviving veterans of 1812. At the close of the celebration, he repaired to Van Wormer's Hotel, Deerfield, partaking of a hearty supper, in apparant excellent health for a man threescore years and ten. After supper he stepped out into the yard where he, too, fell dead of heart disease, about 6 o'clock P. M.

Captain John Budlong, who removed from Cassville at an early day, and settled on the old 'Squire Griffin farm, north of East Sauquoit, (now occupied by Mr. McCabe,) was at Sacketts Harbor. He removed to Utica some years since, where he died in 1860, aged 70 years. His children were : Melissa, Philander, James J., and Susan, of whom Philander alone survivors, residing at Clinton.

CAPTAIN ZACHARIAH P. TOWNSEND'S COMPANY.

27th Regiment Detached Militia ; Lieutenant Colonel Christopher P. Bellinger, Commander ; Oliver Collins, Brigadier General. Muster Roll September 20th, 1814.

Commissioned Officers—Zachariah P. Townsend, Captain ; Peter B. Casler, Lieutenant ; Zeba Corbet, Lieutenant ; James L. Campbel, Ensign ; Ethel Judd, Ensign.

Non-commissioned Officers—Richard Smith, Orderly Sergeant ; Luke Kieth, Sergeant, (Sanford Main, substitute ;) George Hess, Sergeant ; Harry Rising, Sergeant ; John Truman, Sergeant ; Harry Runels, Corporal ; Amos Jonson, Corporal ; Abraham Mower, Corporal ; Jesse Turner, Corporal ; Daniel Wright, Corporal ; Artemas Ward, Corporal.

Musicians—Bartemas Hagerty, fifer, (discharged Oct. 28, 1814 ;) Henry Grants, drummer.

Privates—Richard Walrath, John Buckdorf, (discharged Oct. 8, 1814,) John Kelmer, Thomas Allen, Rudolph Casler, John Young, John Whight, Joseph Ruby, William Ruby, Isaac Hering, Albert Tibets, John F. Helmer, Jacob Tuman, Mibehart Casler, Alexander Forbes, Ezekiel Lee, Gardner C. West, Archibald Caterlin, George D. Williams, George F. Chrisman, Rusel Davis, Peter Piper, Lyman Bumpus, Joseph Rider, (discharged Oct. 3, 1814,) Amos P. Randal, Joseph Cole,

Oliver Wilcox, Leonard Collings, Adam Ackler, Peter T. Murfey, Peter Spoon, John House, Frederick Miller, (sick, on furlough, Oct. 24, 1814,) Andrew Miller, (absent without leave, Sept. 24, 1814,) Adam A. Staring, (absent without leave, Sept. 24, 1814,) Ira Williams, Jesse Toms, Mason Tilden, Abial Hill, Arnold Spencer, Rusel S. Hall, (died in hospital,) Phinehas Davis, Lawrence Ryan, Daniel Warren, Thomas Elmer, John Raymond, Jr., Rufus Potter, Jacob House, (discharged Nov. 15, 1814,) Godfrey Wall, Randal King, Jonah Rider, James Wilks, George Armstrong, James Smith, (discharged Nov. 15, 1814,) Jacob C. Edick, Henery Hess, Arvry Hagerty, James Truesdale, (discharged Nov. 7, 1814,) William Hagerty, Conrad Countryman, Jacob Buckdorf, Adam Steel, Richard Pangburn, Charles W. Shaw, Mark Staring, Uriah Whightman, (J. L. Campbell's substitute,) John Castler, Peter S. Woolly, Ashel Alford, Nathan Chapel, Nicholas Harder, Marcus F. Lee, Amos Noble, Daniel Miller, Edmun Murdick, Henry Sandy.

Nicholas Casler, waiter (not from the line) to Lieut. P. B. Casler.

Joseph Tenbroeck, waiter (not from the line) to Lieut-Col. C. P. Bellinger.

Mustered by Ransom Rathbun, Brigade Major.

(A large number of the company were recruited from Litchfield.) Captain Z. P. Townsend was commissioned May 23. 1812, by Daniel D. Tompkins, Governor State of New York.

GENERAL ORDERS.

SIR: You are hereby requested to be and appear, and the Company under your command, at the house of Stutely Palmers in Gr. Flats, on the 13th day of this instant, at 8 o'clock A. M., for general review and inspection; and likewise you, and your Company under your command, are to meet at house of Reuben Reynotts, in Columbia, on the 12th day of this instant, at 8 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of battalion training. By order of

Lieut.-Col. CHRIST. P. BELLINGER,
DANIEL C. FOX, Adjutant.

Ger. flats, Sept. 6th, 1815.

To Capt. Zachariah Townsend.

The manner in which the men were drafted for the War of 1812, was unlike the plan adopted during the War of the Rebellion, when the names were put in the wheel and drawn out, and was as follows, viz: All the able-bodied men in the town, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, were "warned out," and on a certain day assembled in line on the village green, when the drafting officer counted off, and every ninth man stepped to the front, and he must go to war, or furnish a substitute, and so on over and over the line, until the requisite number were drafted. The plan is a very fair one, provided the men were not arranged as St. Paul, according to the ancient tradition, once upon a time shrewdly fixed things. The tradition is, that on a certain voyage, having with him fifteen Christians and fifteen Jews, a violent storm arose, and it became necessary to lighten ship by casting one-half of the passengers into the sea. St. Paul arranged them in line, and told off every ninth man, who was immediately thrown overboard, and when completed, the Jews were all *non est*, and the Christians all saved, as follows, viz: c, c, c, c, j, j, j, j, j, c, c, j, c, c, c, j, c, j, j, c, c, j, j, j, c, j, j, c, c, j.

Captain Townsend resided in Litchfield in 1812, but afterward removed to Paris, and settled on the farm adjoining Baxter Gage's on the south, where he ever after resided, a man highly respected, a charter member of Sauquoit Masonic Lodge, an active and worthy member of the Methodist Church. He lived to a ripe old age, being born Aug. 15, 1782; the veteran soldier passing away Oct. 28, 1874, aged 92 years. His grandson, Z. Townsend Wilcox, resides at Omaha, Nebraska.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOLDIERS AND OFFICERS IN THE GREAT REBELLION.

1862—Aug. 26, Amidon Sam'l. Corporal, Clayville, 146th Infantry; July 24, Avery Edward B., Corporal, Clayville, 117th Inf. or 4th Oneida, promoted to Corporal Nov. 11, 1863, wounded in both legs at Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864; Aug. 11, Anderson Wm. Lyman, private, Clayville, 117th Inf.; July 28, Allen Charles, corporal, Clayville, 117th Inf., promoted to corporal, Jan. 25, 1863; Aug. 26, Avery Jared S., private, Clayville, 146th Inf.

1863—Dec. 22, Armstrong Joseph, private, Sauquoit, 14th H. A.

1864—Jan. 4, Anderson John, private, Clayville, 2d H. A.; April 9, Armstrong Henry, private, Sauquoit, 15th Inf.; Aug. 31, Anderson Mathew, private, Clayville, 6th H. A.; 29, Allen Spencer A., private, Clayville, 20th Inf.

1864—Aug. 31, Barker John, private, Paris, 6th cav.; Barber Orange, private, Clayville, 146th inf.

1862—Aug. 9, Briggs Alex. M., private, Sauquoit, 117th inf.; 11, Bailey Wm. M., sergeant, Paris, 117th inf.; July 22, Bonfy Charles M., private, Brookfield, 117th inf., taken prisoner; Aug. 4, Bates Josephus, private, Cassville, 117th inf.; 26, Bates George W., private, Clayville, 146th inf.; July 26, Beach Naaman C., corporal, Clayville, 117th inf., died of small pox on Folly island, S. C., March 13, 1864, and was buried there; Aug. 5, Babcock Perry F., private, Bridgewater, 117th inf.; 11, Barnum Herbert, private, Cassville, 117th inf., hurt by a tree; 11, Bailey Abel S., sergeant, Paris, 117th inf., wounded in leg at Drury's Bluff, Va., May 15, 1864; 7, Burritt Wm. H., private, Paris, 8th cav.

1863—Dec. 22, Balf James, private, Paris, 15th cav.; Balf Stephen, private, Paris, 15th cav.

1864—April 8, Burk John, private, Paris, 2d H. A.; Bray Peter, private, Paris, 2d H. A.; Sept. 1, Brooks Russell H., private, Paris, 117th inf., wounded at Fort Fisher, N. C.

1861—April 22, Briske John, private, Paris, 14th inf.; 20, Brooks Hiram, private, Clayville, 14th inf.; Sept. 29, Briggs Henry S., private, Sauquoit, 1st L. A., or Bates' battery; Oct. 15, Birdseye Henry, private, Sauquoit, 93d inf., dis. March 4, 1863, re-enlisted Oct. 25, 1863, in U. S. A., Sig. Corps..

1863—Aug. 11, Brown Lorenzo P., corporal, Paris, 117th inf., promoted to sergeant Aug. 31, 1862, wounded at Petersburg; April 22, Brownell Franklin R., private, Sauquoit, 4th H. A.

1862—Aug. 6, Brownell Albert E., 1st lieutenant, Sauquoit, 146th inf., discharged Nov. 25, 1864; July 14, Brower Wesley, private, Sauquoit, 101st inf., died of disease Sept. 14, 1864—he came home to die; Aug. 24, Connor Edward, private, Paris, 6th cav.; Crook Moses, private, Sauquoit, 146th inf., died of disease Jan. 18, 1863, at Wind Mill Point; July 22, Craft Stephen M., corporal, Cassville, 117th inf.; 25, Cogswell Joseph B., private, Sauquoit, 117th inf., killed at the battle north of the James, Oct. 26, 1864; Cogswell John, private, Sauquoit, 117th inf., killed at Drury's Bluff, May 15, 1864; Sept. 3, Cady Oscar L., private, Clayville, 146th inf.; Aug. 13, Crandall, Henry N., private, Brookfield, 117th inf.; 28, Chapman Benjamin G., private, Clayville, 146th inf.

1864—Jan. 4, Collins Leander W., private, Clayville, 2d H. A.; Connors John, private, Paris, 2d H. A.; Sept. 3, Cave John K., private, Clayville, 101st inf.; 5, Criggier Frank, private, Sauquoit, 3d L. A., taken prisoner at the 2d Bull Run, paroled after 15 days.

1862—Aug. 12, Clement Charles L., private, Paris, 117th inf.

1863—Aug., Coon Theodore D., Sauquoit, drafted; Cahoon Benjamin, Sauquoit, drafted; Comstock Charles; Clark James.

1861—April 22, Chilson William J., private, Sauquoit, 14th inf.

1864—Sept. 2, Carpenter Edwin L., private, Cassville, 1st L. A.

1862—July 30, Camp Willard M., private, Paris, 117th inf.; Aug. 1, Daboll Sherman B., corporal, Brookfield, 117th inf., wounded at Drury's Bluff, May 16, 1864; 9, Delong Martin,

private, Paris, 117th inf.; July 30, Davis William R., private, Clayville, 117th inf.

1863—Dec. 22, Doxlen John, private, 14th H. A.

1861—Sept. 5, Dennison Darwin, private, Clayville, 14th inf.

1862—Aug. 8, Day George B., private, Sauquoit, 117th inf., discharged by order Sec. of War, March 27, 1864; 9, Delong, C. R., corporal, Paris, 117th inf., promoted Aug. 13, 1863, sergeant May, 1863, died July 15, 1865; Aug. 13, Edmonds Henry, private, Clayville, 117th inf.; Egon James, private, Clayville, 117th inf.; Dec. 22, Elmer David, private, Sauquoit, 14th H. A., died June 27, 1864; Elmer John, private, Sauquoit, 14th H. A., killed June 7, 1864.

1862—July 28, Ernst John D., corporal, Paris, (town of,) 117th inf., promoted to sergeant April 13, 1864; July 27, English William, private, Paris, (town of,) 117th inf.

1863—Dec. 22, Flame George, private, Paris, 14th H. A.

1862—August 13, Faley Patrick, private, Sauquoit, 117th inf.; August 13, Foster Henry, private, Sauquoit, 117th inf., killed before Petersburg, June 30, 1864; August 30, Foster Isaac M., corporal, Sauquoit, 146th inf. Was taken prisoner May 5, at the battle of the Wilderness, taken to Andersonville prison, then to Florence, S. C., then to Wilmington, N. C., thence to Salisbury prison, and there was paroled February 26, 1865.

1861—April 22, Finger Martin, private, Paris, 14th inf.; Sept. 30, Fisk Henry A., private, Sauquoit, 1st L. A.

1863—Aug. 26, Ford Columbus W., private, Clayville, 97th inf., drafted.

1862—Aug. 9, Green Martin V., private, Paris, (town of,) 117th inf.; Oct. 10, Garlock Elias, private, Clayville, 146th inf.; Aug. 15, Gardiner Edwin A., private, Sauquoit, 8th cav., taken prisoner at Stony Creek, Va., was in prison five months, in which he contracted disease, of which he died in hospital at Annapolis, Md., March 6, 1865; his remains brought home and buried in the Sauquoit Valley Cemetery; July 30, Greenhill William M., private, Paris, 8th cav.; Aug. 13, Gillman Henry, private, Clayville, 117th inf.; Aug. 9, Green George W., corporal, Clayville, 117th inf., promoted March, 1863, and to sergeant Jan. 15, 1865; Aug. 26, Giles

Richard S., sergeant, Clayville, 146th inf., wounded, lost his right arm at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864; 26, Gannon Thomas, private, Paris, 6th cav.

1863—Dec. 30, Galoren Richard, private, Sauquoit, Scott's 900, inf.; 31, Gage William B, private, Sauquoit, 3d L. A.; 31, Gage William, private, 14th H. A.

1861—April 22, Goff Hiram, captain, Clayville, 14th inf.; Aug. 26, Green David Millard, private, Clayville, 97th inf., drafted, wounded, lost right foot at the battle of White Oak Swamp, Va., June 13, 1865.

1862—July 30, Harrison John M., private, Paris, 117th inf., died Nov. 1, 1863; Howell Robert, drummer, Clayville, 14th H. A.; July 24, Henninger Philip, private, Clayville, 117th inf., wounded, lost an eye at the attack on Fort Fisher, N. C.; Aug. 11, Hubbard George A., private, Sauquoit, 117th inf.; Henninger Eliat, private, Paris, 6th cav.; 13, Hart Earl A., private, Clayville, 117th inf., died.

1863—Dec. 28, Helmore William R., private, Sauquoit, 2d H. A.; 29, Hendricks Isaac, private, Sauquoit, 14th H. A.

1864—Jan. 4, Henson William, private, Clayville, 2d H. A.; Aug. 29, Hill Albert J., private, Brookfield, 1st light art.; Sept. 5, Henderson Alphonzo W., private, Clayville, 20th infantry.

1861—Sept. 5, Hilliard Charles, private, Cassville, 14th inf., discharged September 5, 1873, afterwards went as a substitute for Morris Childs in the 76th inf., was taken prisoner at the battle of the Wilderness and died in a southern prison; April 22, Hollenback Horace, private, Sauquoit, 14th infantry.

1862—Aug. 13, Head Jonathan E., captain, Paris, 100th inf., was promoted to corporal August 4, 1863, on the color guard from August 24, 1863, until May 16, 1864, and color bearer from May 16, 1864 to Oct. 4, 1864. Promoted to first sergeant Sept. 25, 1864, to first lieutenant December 1, 1864, and to captain April 16, 1865. Participated in all the sieges of all the forts around Charleston, S. C.; and was in the engagements around Richmond, Va., from May 7, 1864, until the surrender of General Lee at Appamatox Court House, April 9, 1865. Discharged at Richmond, Va., August 28, 1865; 11, Ireland Henry, private, Paris, 117th inf., wounded at Drury's Bluff;

Oct. 10, Jones Owen R., private, Paris, 146th inf.; Aug. 13, Johnson Lewis, private, Clayville, 117th inf.; July 28, Johnson Medine L., second lieutenant, Clayville, 117th inf., promoted to sergeant Aug. 31, 1862, to first sergeant Oct. 30, 1862, to second lieutenant Feb. 16, 1865, wounded.

1864—March 19, Jones Leroy, private, Paris, 117th inf.; Knott Edward M., private, Paris, 92d inf., Ill.

1862—Aug. 11, Knight Arthur, sergeant, Sauquoit, 117th inf., promoted to corporal April 13, 1864, to sergeant Feb. 17, 1865; Dec. 15, Kimball Samuel A., private, Paris, 2d heavy artillery.

1864—Jan. 4, King Adam, private, Clayville, 2d heavy art.; Aug. 5, Knight Joseph, private, Paris, 117th inf.; Sept. 9, Kinyon Horace A., private, Paris, 117th inf., died Feb. 6, 1865, of typhoid fever, at McDougal Hospital, New York Harbor.

1861—April 22, Kelsey Foster, private, Paris, 14th inf., wounded in leg at battle of Gaines Mills, Va., discharged May 24, 1863.

1862—Aug. 15, Knight Robert, corporal, Sauquoit, 129th inf., Ill., went with General Sherman on "the march to the sea" through Georgia to Savannah, was taken prisoner near Goldsboro, N. C., and held a prisoner of war forty days. Discharged July 3, 1865.

1864—March 31, Long Thos., private, Clayville, 117th inf.

1862—July 25, Lackenby William, private, Sauquoit, 117th inf., discharged for disability; 24, Luce Roscoe W., private, Clayville, 117th inf., taken prisoner in front of Petersburg, Va., Aug. 25, 1864, thence to Salisbury prison, N. C., where he died of disease, Dec. 19, 1864, and was there buried. Oct. 10, Lasher Charles E., private, Clayville, 146th inf.; Aug. 11, Lasher William G., private, Sauquoit, 117th inf.

1864—Sept. 5, Lasher Edward H., private, Sauquoit, third light artillery.

1862—Aug. 20, Lott Frederic, corp., Clayville, 146th inf., died of disease, in camp near Warrenton Junction, Va., Dec. 18, 1863; 30, Loomis Edwin A., private, Cassville, 146th inf.; Sept. 9, Larrabee David, surgeon, Paris, 86th inf., afterward, June 25, 1863, commissioned and assigned to the 84th Reg't

inf.; resigned March 22, 1864; June 10, 1864, went as acting assistant surgeon in the U. S. army.

1864—March 19, Leroy Jonas, private, Clayville, 117th inf.; 31, Lary Thomas, private, Sauquoit, 117th inf., wounded in left arm at Drury's Bluff, May, 1864, was blown up at the mine explosion in Fort Fisher, Jan. 16, 1865, and wounded in the right arm.

1861—April 22, Leonard Newton, private, Paris, 14th inf.

1862—Aug. 30, Mould George, second lieutenant, Sauquoit, 146th inf.; promoted to second lieutenant by commission, June 6, 1864; in the meantime, on May 5, 1864, at the battle of the Wilderness, was taken prisoner, carried to Andersonville prison, then to Florence, S. C., thence to Wilmington, N. C., and near there made his escape into our lines, Feb. 25, 1865; 27, Mattison Charles Levi, private, Sauquoit, 8th cav.; 13, Merrill Albert, corporal, Clayville, 117th inf., badly wounded—promoted July 1, 1864, to corporal; 22, Morgan David, private, Sauquoit, 146th inf.; July 25, Millard Charles S., adjt. Clayville, 117th inf.; first lieutenant, Aug. 12, 1862; promoted to adjutant Sept. 29, 1864; resigned on account of ill health, Sept. 26, 1864; Aug. 8, Maxon Albert, private, Clayville, 117th inf.; 30, Mathews Albert, private, Sauquoit, 146th inf.; 7, Minter Henry, private, Paris, 8th cav.

1864—Jan. 7, Mudge Henry S., private, Clayville, second heavy art., died of disease, Sept. 16, 1864; remains brought home and buried; McCarthy James, Jr., private, Paris, 117th inf., wounded in the arm and side at the battle of Chapin's Farm, and discharged from the hospital June 27, 1865; April 8, McGinniss John, private, Paris, second heavy art.; 12, Monahan Peter, private, Paris, fifth heavy art.; 14, Mathews Thomas, private, Paris, 144th inf.; McCombs John, private, Paris, 144th inf.; 29, Mason Arthur H., private, Clayville, 20th inf.; Sept. 5, McCormick John, private, Paris, 101st inf.; 7, McLaughlin John H., private, Paris, third light artillery; April 22, Millard Charles Otis, private, Clayville, 14th inf.

1863—Aug. 26, Miller Ambrose H., private, Clayville, 97th inf., drafted; wounded in left shoulder at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 11, 1864.

1862—Aug. 6, Mosher Gustave, private, Paris, (town of,) 117th inf.

1861—May 3, Maltby Daniel Webster, sergeant, Sauquoit, 23d Ill. inf.; was taken prisoner Sept. 20, 1861, at the battle between Col. Mulligan and Price at Lexington, Mo.; afterwards in the eighth army corps, and was discharged June 18, 1864; Sept. 24, Maltby William S., private, Sauquoit, first light art.; Maltby Eugene J., private, Sauquoit, third light art., died of disease, June 20, 1865.

1862—Maltby H. Milton, private, Sauquoit, 121st inf., wounded at Rappahannock Station, and severely wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Va.; 28, Nears Kern George, private, Sauquoit, 146th inf.; 7, Nears Kern Nicholas, private, Sauquoit, 146th inf.; Oct. 10, Nichols Edward, private, Paris, 146th int.; Nash William C., private; Nelson Andrew, private.

1863—Dec. 21, Nears Kern Eugene, private, Sauquoit, 14th heavy art.

1861—Nov. 9, Nears Kern George W., private, Sauquoit, 14th inf., discharged July 31, 1862; re-enlisted in the fourth heavy art., on April 22, 1863; Dec. 11, Orendorf George, private, Cassville, 14th inf.

1864—April 9, Orville Philip, private, Paris.

1861—Dec. 11, Oatley Simeon, private, Cassville; taken prisoner at Gaines Mills, Va.; discharged Sept. 29, 1863.

1864—Sept. 2, Owens Owen, private, Clayville, 3d L. A., accidentally killed at Newberne, N. C., Jan. 12, 1865; Feb. 8, Oliver Edward W., sergeant, Paris, 117th inf.

1861—April 22, Oatley Pulaski R., private, Cassville, 14th inf.

1862—Aug. 11, Oatley Henry William, corporal, Cassville, 117th inf., wounded May 14, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, and soon after died of his wounds; buried at Fortress Monroe, Hampton, Va.; was promoted to corporal March 17, 1864; Pangburn Thomas J., private, Paris, 117th inf.; Porter John, private, Paris, 6th cav.; Oct. 10, Palmer Henry F., private, Clayville, 146th inf.; Aug. 13, Palmer Duane F., private, Paris, 117th inf.; 10, Prosser Daniel, private, Clayville, 117th inf.; July 24, Pangburn Thomas J., private, Clayville, 117th inf.; Aug. 13, Powers Michael, private, Clayville, 117th inf.; July 22, Pette

William Eugene, sergeant, Clayville, 146th inf., missing, supposed to have been killed in the battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

1861—Aug. 15, Pettie Robert, corporal, Clayville, 50th N. Y. Engineers, wounded at the laying of the pontoon bridge at Fredericksburgh, Va., Dec. 11, 1862, and died in hospital Dec. 15, 1862, remains brought home and buried in Sauquoit Valley cemetery.

1863—July, Pettie Charles E., corporal, Clayville, 14th H. A., taken prisoner March 25, 1865 and carried to Richmond, Va., discharged Aug. 26, 1865.

1862—Oct. 10, Palmer Henry W., private, Clayville, 146th inf.; Aug. 14, Peet Anson, private, Sauquoit, 146th inf.; Oct. 10, Pitts James, private, Clayville, 146th inf.

1863—Dec. 7, Parshall John B., private, Clayville, 117th inf., wounded; 30, Patterson James, private, Sauquoit, 4th H. A.

1864—Jan. 5, Potter George L., private, Sauquoit, 117th inf., wounded while in a rifle pit front of Petersburg, Va., June 27, 1864, died July 2, 1864, remains brought home and buried; Jan. 5, Priest Rufus G., private, Sauquoit, 117th inf.; Pratt Martin, Sauquoit, killed May 5, 1864, at battle of the Wilderness.

1862—Oct. 10, Palmer Homer G., private, Clayville, 146th inf.; Packer Thomas, private, Paris (town of); Aug. 13, Palmer Wirt M., drummer, Paris (town of).

1861—April 22, Parker Alpheus, private, Clayville, 14th inf.; May 4, Penner Andrew J., Sauquoit, 26th inf.

1864—Jan. 20, Piersons Chester, private, Sauquoit, 117th inf., wounded in hip and arm at battle of Chapin's Farm, badly.

1862—Aug. 12, Quinn Morris, private, Clayville, 117th inf.; 13, Quinn James, private, Clayville, 117th inf., killed at Fort Fisher, Jan. 15, 1865.

1864—Jan. 2, Royce Albert H., private, Sauquoit, 117th inf.; Robinson Richard, Sauquoit, died in hospital.

1862—Aug. 13, Robinson Timothy, private, Clayville, 117th inf.; Robinson John, private, Clayville, 117th inf., discharged for disability and died on his way home; 11, Royce Lafayette M., private, Sauquoit, 117th inf.; Sept. 5, Randall Austin,

private, Clayville, 8th cav., discharged from Belle Plain hospital for disability; Rogers Samuel, private, Paris, (town of) 6th cav.

1863—Dec. 30, Reed Charles H., private, Paris (town of), Scott's 900; 21, Rood Stephen C., private, Clayville, 14th H. A., killed July 26, 1864, while on picket duty in front of Petersburg, Virginia.

1864—Jan. 5, Royce Eugene, private, Sauquoit, 117th inf.; April 8, Riley Francis, private, Paris (town of), 2d H. A.

1861—April 22, Ray Leander, private, Clayville, 14th inf.; Rhodes Pulaski, private, Paris (town of), 14th inf.; Sept. 12, Ray Jeremiah B., private, Clayville, 14th inf., discharged for disability Jan. 1, 1863, re-enlisted July 2, 1863 in 14th H. A.

1861—Rogers Hiram C., brev. brig.-gen., Sauquoit, promoted from captain of Co. D., 27th inf.; Rogers Harris G., major, Sauquoit, additional paymaster; Rogers Horace M., Sauquoit, assistant paymaster.

1862—Aug. 12, Stickney M. D., private, Clayville, 117th inf.; July 8, Scott Thomas, private, Clayville, 14th inf.; Stewart George H., private, Paris, 8th cav.; 25, Sherman Adolphus, fifer, Clayville, 117th inf.; Sharpe Charles W., private, Clayville, 117th inf.; 24, Sharpe Charles H., sergeant, Clayville, 117th inf.; Oct. 10, Smith James J., private, 146th inf.; Aug. 13, Southworth George F., private, Clayville, 117th inf.; 7, Sawyer John E., musician, Clayville, 117th inf.; Oct. 10, Sharpe Eugene A., private, Clayville, 146th inf.

1863—Dec. 22, Sheldon John, private, Sauquoit, 14th heavy art.; Sheldon John Jr., private, Sauquoit, 14th heavy artillery.

1864—Jan. 4, Stedman John, private, Clayville, 2d heavy artillery.

1861—April 22, Sherman William Henry, private Clayville, 14th inf., wounded.

1864—April 12, Smith James, private, Paris, (town of), 5th heavy art.; 9, Sheradon John, private, Paris, (town of), 144th inf.; Sweeney John, private, Paris, (town of), 144th inf.; Sept. 3, Stowell James, private, Clayville, 3d light art.; 5, Shields Dennis, private, Clayville, 14th heavy art.; 3, Snyder Peter, private, Paris, (town of), 3d light art.

1861—April 22, Scott John, private, Clayville, 14th inf.;

Sept. 12, Simmons John, private, Paris, (town of,) 14th inf. ; Oct. 8, Savage G. Fred, wagoner, Sauquoit, 1st light art. ; June 28, Stuart Charles, private, Paris, 71st inf., Ill., wounded May 11, 1864, at Spottsylvania Court House, Va.

1862—Aug. 40, Smith Chauncy, sergeant, 146th inf., was taken prisoner May 5, 1864, at the battle of the Wilderness, Va., taken to Andersonville, then to Florence, S. C., thence to Wilmington, and while on his way with other prisoners being transported to Salisbury prison, and while seated quietly in the car, was shot through the breast and instantly killed by the rebel guard at the car door, Feb. 18, 1865. The guard who so recklessly fired into the car, crowded with unarmed, helpless prisoners, gave as an excuse that he *supposed they were going to try to escape*. Sidney Sherman, Sauquoit ; 29, Teachout George, private, Sauquoit, 146th inf. ; Oct. 10, Turrell Simpson, sergeant major, Paris, (town of,) 146th inf., wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 8, 1864, taken to hospital at Alexandria, where he died ; July 25, Tirrell Francis O., private, Clayville, 117th inf. ; 22, Townsend Isaac, private, Paris, 117th inf., discharged for disability ; Aug. 13, Tuttle Franklin F., private, Clayville, 117th inf., discharged for disability and died in hospital ; 13, Tubbs Edwin E., private, Paris, 117th inf., taken prisoner at Bermuda Hundreds while on picket duty, and died in a southern prison ; Oct. 10, Timerson John A., private, Paris, 146th inf. ; Aug. 22, Thompson Richard, private, Sauquoit, 146th inf.

1863—Aug. 7, Townsend Charles O., private, Paris, 8th cav., wounded at Beverly Ford, April 15, 1863 ; 7, Townsend Geo. W., private, Paris, 8th cav., killed at Boonsboro, Md., July 8, 1864 ; Dec. 23, Tenny Charles B., private, Clayville, 14th heavy art.

1864—Jan. 1, Thomas Nathan L., private, Clayville, 2d heavy art. ; Sept. 1, Townsend Dallas P., private, Sauquoit, 117th inf.

1861—Sept. 26, Tyler John M., first lieutenant, Clayville, 2d heavy art.

1864—Jan. 22, Taylor Theodore W., private, Sauquoit, 24th cav. ; Townsend Albert G., private, Paris, 6th inf., Pa., died Sept. 6, 1861, in hospital at Tenallytown, D. C. ; 22, Thurston Albert M., private, Sauquoit, 24th cav., taken pris-

oner at Poplar Grove, Va., Sept. 29, 1864, died at Salisbury prison, N. C., Dec. 3, 1864,

1863—Aug. 30, Varley Abraham, private, Sauquoit, 146th inf., transferred to the navy May 3, 1864; 26, Van Leanvan Jonas, private, Clayville, 146th inf.

1864—Sept. 1, Vanort William, private, Clayville, 101st inf.; Vickery John, Sauquoit, died in the service.

1862—Sept. 3, Wright William, adjt., Sauquoit, 146th inf., wounded, lost left arm at the battle of the Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864; Wright Benjamin F., captain, Sauquoit, 146th inf.; taken prisoner May 5, 1864, at the battle of the Wilderness, Va., carried to Macon, Ga., then to Savannah, and thence Charleston, S. C., where he was put under fire of our guns bombarding that city, and afterwards taken to Columbia, S. C., and was there paroled; March 1, 1865, was breveted major; Aug. 13, Walter Alonzo H., private, Paris, (town of;) July 24, Webster Harrison E., sergeant, Clayville, 117th inf.; detailed to second medical department; discharged by general order 77, at Wilmington, N. C., May 10, 1865; Ward William private, Cassville, 117th inf., died of disease, at Fort Schuyler, N. Y. Harbor, Feb. 2, 1864; Aug. 11, Worden Linus D., private, Clayville, 117th inf.; 4, Wheeler Edwin A., corporal, Cassville, 117th inf.; July 25, Wilcox Madison, private, Cassville, 117th inf.; Oct. 10, White Charles F., private, Paris, (town of,) 146th inf.; Aug. 27, Waldron Nelson, private, Clayville, 146th inf.; taken prisoner at the battle of the Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864; taken to Andersonville prison, where he died Aug. 27, 1864, and was buried there.

1861—April 22, Worden William H., private, Clayville, 14th inf.; wounded at Gaines Mills, Va., June 27, 1862, in the left leg, below the knee; was discharged with his regiment, May 24, 1863; re-enlisted in the 117th regiment, February 29, 1864; was wounded in left hand, in front of Petersburg, Va., July 11, 1864, and discharged Aug. 15, 1865; Wood Abram W., private, Clayville, 14th inf.

1864—Sept. 2, Wilcox George H., private, Clayville, 101st inf.; Wilcox Z. Townsend, private, Sauquoit, 100th inf.; Wicks George C., private, Paris, 50th inf.; Waldron Baxter, corporal, Clayville, 100th inf.; Aug. 27, Williams Stafford, private, Clayville, 20th inf.

1861—April 17, Wicks Jay Munson, captain, Paris, 3d inf.; wounded Oct. 27, 1864, north of the James, and died Oct. 31, 1864, and brought home and buried.

1862—Nov. 3, Wilson Andrew J., first lieutenant, Sauquoit, 146th inf.; discharged Jan. 7, 1863; July 13, Wicks John B., sergeant, Paris, 117th inf.; promoted to sergeant March 1, 1863; to commissary sergeant, 1864.

DRAFTED MEN AND THEIR SUBSTITUTES.

Drafted in 1863 and entered the service: David M. Green, Columbus W. Ford, Ambrose H. Miller, Theodore C. Coon, Benjamin Cahoon.

DRAFTED MEN AND THEIR SUBSTITUTES—1863.

Drafted.	Substitutes.
Henry A. Butler,	William J. Sitterle,
Morris Childs,	Charles Hilliard,
John D. Mason,	George Shedlac,
Andrew Smith,	Charles H. Mosher.

DRAFTED MEN AND THEIR SUBSTITUTES—1864.

Drafted.	Substitutes.
Norman Merrill,	Albert Drappo,
Morris H. Jones,	David Haselton,
Grove W. Bagg,	Charles Haskell,
Crawford Throop,	Thomas Glenn,
Edward Miller,	Adolph Miller,
Amasa L. Kilbourn,	James Patterson.

Foreign enlistments to the credit of the town of Paris, to fill her quota on call of July 19, 1864, procured by F. S. Savage, supervisor, and mustered in Jan. and Feb., 1865, each being paid \$700 bounty: Reuben Stalham, A. Ringe, Wm. Colby, Abram Stockfort, Michael Cain, Stephen Jackson, Thomas French, Charles Bond, John Pattern, John Beardon, Thomas W. Goran, Edward Smith, Thomas Dow, Samuel Burnett, George C. Stillwell, John Parkson, Joseph P. O. Lewis, Patrick McCarthy, John O'Neil, Theodore Stell, J. J. Moon, William Henry, John Gorham, William North, John Smith, John Dorney, David Sorney. Total, 27, at \$700, \$18,900.00.

RECAPITULATION.

3d Infantry,	1		
14th do. or 1st Oneida,	26	{	Engaged in battles of Gaines Mills, Hanover C. H., Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.
15th do.	1		
20th do.	4		
26th do. or 2d Oneida,	1		
27th do.	1		
50th do.	1		
86th do.	1		
97th do.	3		
100th do.	3		
101st do.	5	{	In battles of Seven Pines, Peach Orchard, Savage Station, Chickahominy, White Oak Swamp, Charles City Cross-Roads, Malvern Hill, Groveton, Second Bull Run, Chantilly and Fredericksburg.
117th do.	92		
121st do.	1		
144th do.	4		
146th do. or 4th Oneida,	41		
Scott's 900	2		
6th Cavalry,	6		
			Total Infantry, 187
8th do.	9	{	Antietam, Beverly Ford, Middleville, Gettysburg, Williamsport, Funks Town, Falling Waters and Brandy Plains.
15th do.	2		
24th do.	2		
1st Lt. Art., Bates' Bat.	6		
3d do.	8		
2d Heavy Artillery,	15		
4th do.	2		
5th do.	2		
6th do.	1		
14th do.	14		
50th N. Y. Engineers,	1		
Unknown and from } other States, }	20		
Total from Town of Paris,			275.
Men who were paid bounty to fill quota,			27
Total killed or died from wounds or disease,			38.

Interesting Account of the Saving of the Day at Gettysburgh, by the 140th (Monroe Co.) and the 146th (5th Oneida) Regiments In the latter were most of the Sauquoit Boys who so gallantly went to the front. The magnificent record of the 117th (4th Oneida) Regiment, of which Company "G" made up of Clayville Boys, on every bloody field won distinction.

Some recent discussions in relation to the battle of Gettysburgh have brought out the very important fact that two New York regiments of volunteers—the 146th from Oneida county, and the 140th from Monroe county—turned the tide and saved the day in that most critical battle of the last war. The facts may be briefly recounted. The battle of Gettysburgh began on the first of July, 1863. General John F. Reynolds, in command of the first and eleventh corps, made the advance. General James S. Wadsworth commanded the division which dislodged the Confederates from their position. Reynolds pressed forward, and early in the afternoon was killed by a sharpshooter. Later in the day the Confederates rallied, drove back the Union troops, recovered their lost ground, and demoralized (not for the first time) the eleventh corps. On the second of July, a great, but indecisive, battle occurred. The enemy gained advantage in every direction but one. Lee had made sad havoc with our right and centre. If he could drive back our left wing and seize the point known as Round Top, he would hold the key to the situation. It was here that he failed; and, according to the recent statement of General G. K. Warren, his failure was due to the trusty gallantry of the brigade which contained the 146th and 140th regiments of New York volunteers. General Sickles, whose left should have defended Round Top, had advanced half a mile beyond the position assigned him, thus breaking our line. He was about to withdraw to a safer place, when he was impetuously attacked, and his corps was driven back in great confusion, and with terrible loss. In the demoralization resulting from Sickles' retreat, it seemed easy to dislodge the Union troops from Round Top. General Warren describes how he made his observations from that point, and how essential it was to hold the hill. In Greeley's "American Conflict" the fact is set forth that "Meade regarded Round Top as vital to the maintenance of our position." When the two New York regiments were thrown forward to

hold this most important position, the very fate of the battle depended on their coolness and courage. General Warren testifies that their conduct was superb, and that through their bravery the Confederate advance was stayed, and the day's work ended in a drawn battle. He does not tell how great his influence was on these heroes. But it ought to be added, that he had been their commander almost up to the time of the battle, and every veteran who knew Warren in the war, will agree with us that the inspiration of his presence was worth a thousand men in a hot fight. It takes so long to sift and arrange the facts of history—particularly the history of wars—that even now, after the lapse of sixteen years, many citizens of Oneida county will be surprised to learn what a prominent part one of our regiments took in the greatest battle of the civil war. The 146th regiment was commanded at Gettysburgh by Colonel Kenner Garrard, whose services that day won him a Brigadier General's stars. He was succeeded by Colonel David T. Jenkins, who was killed in action at the Wilderness. The next commander was Colonel James G. Grindlay, brevet Brigadier General of U. S. Volunteers, under whom the regiment was mustered out after the war ended. Among the other officers of the regiment were Henry H. Curran, Peter Claesgens, Joseph S. Lowery, Charles B. Dutton, Charles L. Buckingham, and other well-known or well-remembered Uticans. In the 140th regiment, Mayor John Buckley served with distinguished credit.

The 146th (5th Oneida) was afterwards badly cut up—loss 400—and many of our brave Sauquoit boys killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, at the battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864. The following is the list of battles in which the 146th regiment was engaged, and which, by order of the War Department, were allowed to be inscribed upon its banners: Fredericksburgh, Chancellorsville, Gettysburgh, Rappahannock Station, Bristow Station, Mine Run, Williamsport, Wapping Heights, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Laurel Hill, North Anna, Tolopotomy, Bethsaida Church, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, Chappel House, Hatch's Run, Hick's Ford, White Oak Road, Five Forks, Appomattox Court House, (Lee's surrender.) Total, 22.

The 117th regiment, (4th Oneida,) of which Company "G" was almost wholly made up of Clayville boys, won a noble record on many a well-fought field. Its prominent battles, and losses, are as follows: Drury's Bluff, May, 1864, 81; taking of Petersburg Heights, June 15, 1864, 24; siege of Petersburg, 132; Chapin's Farm, Sept. 29, 1864, 130; Darbytown Road, Oct. 27, 1864, 52; Fort Fisher, Jan. 15, 1865, 95. The 117th left home with 1,020 men, and returned with only 315.

NOTE.—"General Warren was on the top of the Little Round Top with some signal men, when Vincent's and Weed's brigades were ordered to the position. Vincent opened the way for Hazlett's battery to make its wonderful climb among the rocks, while Weed advanced from the glen below. When O'Rourke's regiment began struggling up the loose rubble, of which the face of the hill is composed, the men found themselves opposed by a considerable force of the enemy, who had already clambered along from the left of the Federal line. A sharp fight ensued, and the Colonel lost his life. The 146th New York, under Garrard, followed the 140th, and also found a few riflemen posted on the hill, and they, being unable to escape, died, or were wounded, at their posts."

"Had the two brigades been in any way delayed in their advance to General Warren's support, that distinguished officer might possibly have been taken prisoner. It is an interesting fact that Gettysburgh was for the 140th and 146th infantry of New York, their first great battle; neither command having before seen more than the fringe of a general engagement. They belonged to a brigade which had been, up to a few weeks before, commanded by General Warren, and it was the belief that that old brigadier was leading the assault, (for after all that was what it amounted to,) which gave the men additional courage and order."

GEN. HIRAM C. ROGERS—A SAUQUOIT BOY'S RECORD IN THE
"GREAT REBELLION."

At the breaking out of the Rebellion the subject of this sketch was employed as paying teller of the Bank of Binghamton. When the news of the firing on Fort Sumpter was flashed over the country, he at once volunteered his services and raised the first company from Broome county, was unanimously elected captain and ordered to the rendezvous at Elmira, where he united his company with others, and formed the 27th Regiment N. Y. Volunteers. When the question of selecting officers for the regiment came up, Captain Rogers insisted upon having an educated soldier for colonel, and was largely instrumental in securing the election of Henry W. Slocum to that position, and the subsequent brilliant career of that officer fully confirmed the wisdom of the selection. The regiment was organized and mustered into the United States service, May 21, 1861, and reached Washington just in time to join the army of General McDowell, then on its march to Manassas, and to participate in the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. In this engagement the regiment suffered severely. Colonel Slocum was shot through the thigh and carried off the field. Captain Rogers was wounded, his second lieutenant and eight men killed and fourteen others wounded, comprising nearly one-third of his company. On the retreat that night, upon arriving at Centerville, being the senior officer present, he assumed command of the regiment, and also at the request of Major Sykes, of the regular army, took charge of a battery of artillery and conducted it safely to Washington. For this, and his gallant conduct at Bull Run, he received honorable mention in the official report of Gen. Porter. In November, 1861, Captain Rogers was appointed by General McClellan, Judge Advocate of a general court martial of Franklin's division. Among the cases tried by this court, was one for desertion to the enemy, in which the accused was found guilty and shot in the presence of the entire division. This was the first execution for desertion in the Army of the Potomac. For this service Captain Rogers received the personal commendation of the Commanding General. In January, 1862, he was appointed by President

Lincoln, Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of captain, and assigned to duty on the staff of General Slocum, then commanding the first brigade of Franklin's division. Was present at the siege of Yorktown, the battle of West Point and all of the battles of the Peninsula campaign, Mechanicsville, Gaines Mills, Fair Oaks, Savage Station, Charles City Cross Roads, White Oak Swamp and Malvern Hill. Was promoted to Major, July 4, 1862. On the 14th of August the army left Harrison's Landing en route to Alexandria to join Pope in his memorable campaign. General Slocum was then in command of the first division. Franklin's (6th) corps and Major Rogers was with him at the second Bull Run or Manassas, fighting over nearly the same ground where he first saw war in earnest and with nearly the same results, viz: a hurried retreat to Washington.

On the 4th of September, the Army of the Potomac was again placed under the command of its favorite leader, General McClellan, and immediately started in pursuit of the enemy, who had already crossed the upper Potomac and invaded Maryland. On the 14th, Franklin's corps being on the left of the army, encountered the enemy strongly posted in Crampton's Gap, South Mountain. General Slocum was ordered to attack with his division, and after a sanguinary conflict, which lasted until dark, succeeded in driving the enemy up and over the mountain into the valley beyond, capturing several guns and a large number of prisoners. The division bivouacked on the field of battle that night, and on the following morning joined the main army in pursuit of the enemy.

On the 17th occurred the memorable battle of Antietam, which resulted in the defeat of the rebel army and its retreat across the Potomac into Virginia, which was effected under cover of darkness on the night of the 18th. During this battle Major Rogers was sent into the enemy's lines with a flag of truce, in answer to a communication received from them in relation to removing the wounded that lay between the armies, and though no official consent was ever received for their removal, yet during the delay occasioned by the messengers not readily finding General Lee, the object was accomplished before Major Rogers' return and the renewal of hostil-

ities. Soon after the battle of Antietam, Maj.-Gen. Slocum having been placed in command of the 12th army corps, Major Rogers was promoted to Lieut. Colonel, and assigned to duty with him as Assistant Adjutant General and Chief of Staff. The corps was stationed for some time at Harper's Ferry, but rejoined the Army of the Potomac at Stafford C. H., Va., soon after the battle of Fredericksburgh, and remained there in winter quarters until the spring of 1863. At the battle of Chancellorsville, May 1st, 2d and 3d, the corps was hotly engaged, and again two months later at Gettysburg on July 1st, 2d and 3d. In both of these battles Colonel Rogers served with distinction, and won the highest praise of his commanding officers for his gallantry and good conduct. In the early part of November, 1863, soon after the disaster to Rosecrans' army at Chickamauga, the corps was ordered west to join the Army of the Cumberland, and occupied the line of the railroad from Murfreesboro, Tenn., to Chattanooga, and remained there during the winter. Upon the consolidation of the 11th and 12th corps, General Slocum was assigned to the command of the District of Vicksburg in the spring of 1864. Colonel Rogers went with him and remained on duty there until October, 1864. General Slocum had in the meantime been assigned to the command of the 20th corps, and after the capture of Atlanta, Colonel Rogers rejoined him. Then came Sherman's famous "march to the sea." General Slocum was appointed to command the army of Georgia, consisting of the 14th and 20th corps, and Colonel Rogers was assigned to duty as Assistant Adjutant General and Chief of Staff. On the evening of the 15th of November, 1864, the torch was applied to the storehouses and public buildings of Atlanta, and by the light of the conflagration the troops marched out of that ill-fated city, and went into camp for the night. On the morning of the 16th, all that was valuable of the city lay in ashes, and the whole army moved eastward in four columns. The incidents of that march are too well known to require any mention here. The soldiers lived mostly on turkey and preserves, and arrived before Savannah in good condition on the 10th of December. On the 16th Colonel Rogers accompanied Colonel Ewing, of General Sherman's staff, who was sent with a flag of truce to the enemy's lines

to demand the surrender of the city. The officers of General Hardee's staff who received the dispatch, were dressed in new and elegant uniforms, foreign made top boots, and white gloves, and presented quite a contrast to our officers, who had been on the march for a month, with no means or opportunity to "dress up." Upon being questioned on the subject, they admitted with evident satisfaction, that they had just received these things from a "blockade runner" that had arrived only a few days before. Whereupon both parties "drank from the same canteen," and separated, destined not to meet again; for on the night of the 20th the enemy evacuated the city, and early on the morning of the 21st of December, Sherman and his army entered Savannah.

Soon after the capture of Savannah Colonel Rogers was promoted to Brevet Brigadier General, for gallant and meritorious services, and on January 31st, 1865, after nearly four years continuous service in the field, he received an honorable discharge and returned to civil life. It may be said of him, and greatly to his credit, that he was never absent from any battle in which his corps was engaged, and the list of battles he is entitled to wear on his badge, embraces every one of the Army of the Potomac (save Fredericksburgh) from Bull Run to Gettysburg—and in the west from Atlanta to the sea. His gallantry in action and strict attention to duty in camp, won the confidence and respect of his superiors, and his gentlemanly deportment and amiable disposition made him a favorite with all.

CHAPTER XXII.

OLD PEOPLE OF SAUQUOIT—A LIST COMPILED BY HON. ELI
AVERY, OCTOBER 10, 1871.

Darius Dunham, 81 years 3 months; Z. Townsend, 89 years 2 months; Francis Truman, 87 years 6 months; Mrs. Daniel Wells, 70 years; Mrs. Sylvester Nichols, 75 years; Zabine Luce, 76 years 10 months; Mrs. Polly Luce, 72 years; Levi Birdseye, 77 years 3 months; Mrs. Levi Birdseye, 74 years 8 months; Doctor L. Bishop, 80 years 3 months; Ann Pride, 77 years 2 months; Sophia Pride, 72 years 6 months; Richard Brown, 70 years; Mrs. Richard Brown, 70 years; Calvin Kellogg, 77 years 9 months; Mrs. Calvin Kellogg, 72 years 1 month; Theodore Sanford, 71 years; Mrs. Theodore Sanford, 71 years; Mrs. Coleman, 81 years; Hiram Kellogg, 71 years; Thomas L. Switzer, 76 years 6 months; Mrs. Thomas L. Switzer, 75 years 5 months; Camp Griffin, 73 years; Marietta Winship, 81 years; Axia Goddard, 77 years 9 months; John King, 81 years 7 months; Daniel Blackman, 71 years 3 months; Mrs. Daniel Blackman, 72 years; Mrs. Sarah Rice, 87 years 8 months; Levi Goodsell, 84 years 4 months; Robert Griffin, 85 years; William Talbot, 77 years; Mrs. William Talbot, 72 years; Mrs. Randall, 83 years; Nancy Corbett, 89 years 6 months—35 persons—total age 2,704 years 5 months; average 77 3-12 years. At that time all of them in ordinary good health; some of them, however, have since passed away. At the present writing, the oldest person in town is Captain Asahel Dexter, a veteran of 1812, hale and hearty, in his 94th year, residing near Cassville. There are several married couples in town who have lived together more than 50 years. At Sauquoit: Calvin E. and Lucinda Macomber, 52 years; Solomon and Harriet Rogers, 53 years; Theodore C. and Rosanna Gilbert, 54 years; John and Nancy Ann Goodier, 60 years. At Paris Hill, John Bailey and his wife have just celebrated their "golden wedding"—50 years.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MYSTERY THAT HAS NEVER BEEN SOLVED.

Henry Crane, senior, although not a pioneer, was an early settler near East Sauquoit, in the Griffin neighborhood, and soon afterward removed to the village and started a country store, his being the second store established there (Martin Hawley was the first merchant) at "Bethelville." He died a few years later, leaving a handsome competence to his son Henry, who became a large land-owner. To his farm-homestead, now owned and occupied by Thomas Garlick, on the opposite side of the road, north of the M. E. Church, was attached a wing on the west end—long since removed—which for many years did duty as a bar-room, and where Uncle Henry dispensed the various fluids then deemed an essential necessary to the arduous task of building up a village, and energetically developing its various industrial undertakings. The bar was a formidable looking affair, occupying the north side of the wing, and was protected by a chevaux-de-frise arrangement of round pickets extending nearly to the ceiling, a section of which, however, directly over the bar proper, was so constructed, as to swing up like a portcullis, for business, thus opening the mouth of the bar much as Baalam's ass opened his mouth at the sight of an angel, the angel, however, in this case being gold or silver. One morning in the fall of 1829, as the shades of night gave promise of giving birth to day, trending their anxious steps towards this Mecca of their desires, might have been seen many of the villagers (as was then the custom) dripping with the hurried moisture of the cold foggy morning, wet outside but dry within, enter one by one, and after halting a moment to catch the warmth of the capacious glowing fire-place, advance boldly up to the yawning mouth of this average "Reformer's" hell, and, perhaps, trembling throughout with fear, order their customary morning bitters. They were "the early birds that caught the (fruit of the) worm." They were steady, industrious vil-

lagers, mechanics, etc., attending strictly to their duties during business hours, but who from long custom deemed it necessary to take this morning walk, an appetizer for their breakfast that was even now being prepared by their helpmeet over the fire which they had kindled before calling her. The tempting warmth of the fire-place, together with the forbidding gloom without, delayed the homeward departure of quite a number, who, halting between the desire and the propriety of taking another "nipper," all at once were aroused by a late arrival, who announced to them that there was something unusual and strange in the appearance of the old church-spire opposite. A general exit to the piazza, followed by a careful observation, discovered that there was something crowning the very top of the spire; what it was could not be discerned. It looked "very like a whale," but might be a huge bird, as nothing without wings could attain such a height. The rising sun ere long put an end to the discussion, lifting the fog and dissipating the vapors, revealing to the wondering beholders, not a whale, but a wheel. Perched on the vertex of the spire, the accumulated drops of moisture on the vermilion spokes, the glistening brightness of the well-worn tire, under the slanting rays of the morning sun, sparkled and glowed like a thousand gems, as of a crown of glory for the sombre old church edifice; like a disk, impaled on the spire, was somebody's wagon wheel. But whose, and how did it get there? The first burst of astonishment was soon merged into mirth at the "tall" joke on some one, "Uncle" Henry heartily joining in the uproarious laughter. But alas for all earthly joys! They are so evanescent. The chasm of grief was even then about to open and swallow up his hilarity. At that very moment one of his boys appeared on the scene and announced to him that his best wagon, under the shed, was careening on three wheels, and where the "off" hind wheel should be, was only a tarred axle and a lonely lynch-pin, at which stunning news he laughed out of the other corner of his mouth, and now fairly glowing with rage, vowed that the extent of the law should be inflicted on the offenders. Among the villagers, who by this time had gathered to see the sight, was the venerable and respected Justice 'Squire Curtiss, to whom he appealed. The cautious old

'Squire assured him of his willingness to bring the offenders to justice, and if the crime was not actually burglary or robbery, it was at least malicious mischief, and was certainly punishable—at the same time gently reminding him to first "catch the hare" before looking up the recipe of how to cook it, and advised him to offer a reward, which advice was at once followed. As the day wore on, it brought the usual number of travelers to the village, as well as the farmers to the mill, the stores and the shops, all of whom halted at the inn, and while refreshing the inner man, inquired about the going topic, until the word wagon-wheel became positively odious to the old man, and contrary to sacred advice he permitted the sun to go down on his wrath. Another day's repetition of the annoyance satisfying him of the futility of the offered reward, he "gave in," and gave out to the usual bar-room audience that "if the boys would take down the wheel and restore it to him, he would stand treat." The question was raised and discussed, that if any accepted his proposition and took the wheel down, it would be charged that they alone knew how it was placed there and were the guilty ones, but it was finally agreed that it should not thus operate and the boys consulted as to whom should undertake it. From among the young men of those days, prominent in their reckless daring in going aloft on the timbers at the raisings, and noted for their skill and strength at wrestling, and the other athletic games of that period, six were selected to make the attempt, viz Ami Andrus, Daniel Wells, George H. Knight, Sid and Hen Campbell and Harry Cooley. But they would not consent to do the job until the following Saturday afternoon—three days more of agony for Uncle Henry—that being, in those days, a generally observed half-holiday for farmers' boys, apprentices and school-boys, and at that time they could be spared from their usual avocations.

The news spread rapidly in the neighborhood, and when the appointed time arrived, a large crowd assembled to witness the daring exploit. The young men were promptly on hand, but when it was found that they had not provided themselves with tackle-blocks, or material for stagings, &c., some of the older heads endeavored to dissuade them from their mad attempt, and proposed to start a subscription and have carpen-

ters erect stagings, and thus safely accomplish the object, but all to no effect. They had set out to do it, considered their honor at stake, and would listen to no modification of their plan. So the old sexton unlocked the door to the porch, they passed in, and the door closing behind them, was again locked to prevent any of the assemblage interfering. Ere long, far up in the open tower, where the ponderous old bell swung to and fro, the scuttle of the bell-deck was flung up, and one after another emerged, until the whole six stood in view. Above the bell-tower, and supported by four corner posts, was the roof, from which sprung the conical spire some twelve feet high, a narrow ledge of inclined roof around the base of the spire, near the outer edge of which was a balustrade, the clumsy proportions of the whole of which excited the criticism of "the committee of 47," who dubbed it the "sheep-pen." To this roof there was no scuttle, access to which could, therefore, only be obtained from the outside. Two of the athletes promptly stepped out on the projecting ledge of the bell-deck, and, while clinging to the corner post, Daniel Wells, the giant young blacksmith, joined them, when, in a twinkling, to the horror of the spectators far below, he was seized by the other three and hoisted up on the shoulders of the two clinging to the post, while at the same time he grasped the balustrade above with his powerful hands, and, with mighty strength of arms, raised himself to the upper roof and over the balustrade. In another instant Ami Andrus was hoisted in the same manner to the shoulders of the two. Wells reached over, grasped his hand with his giant grip, and in a breath they stood side by side on the narrow fringe of the roof, scarce twenty inches wide, at the base of the spire at that giddy height. Wheeling suddenly around, Daniel embraced the spire with his brawny arms—he could not encircle it—at the same time bracing himself firmly, when Ami, with the skill and agility a professional acrobat might envy, made the ascent to his broad shoulders, stood erect, his arms encircling the smaller portion of the spire and in reach of the coveted wheel. Pausing scarce an instant to take breath and brace his nerves for the crowning effort, he released his right hand and reaching aloft grasped firmly one of the spokes of the wheel near the hub, and pushing up, slowly raised it.

nearly off, canting it over to the right, but still with the extreme portion of the hub hanging on the apex of the spire. Now came the critical time. Any lack of nerve, dizziness, or miscalculation of balance with the weight of the wheel in his right hand, and certain death awaited them both, dashed to mangled pulp far below. With a caution to his comrade beneath him of "All ready!" he carefully released the wheel and with Herculean strength, at arms length, swung it slidingly down the spire, and when within reach, Daniel grasped it and in like manner slid it to the narrow roof, leaning it against the spire, which they both again grasped, to rest a moment for another trying ordeal. For Ami to get down was a far more difficult feat than to get up there. Holding fast he slid his hands lower down the spire and knelt on his companion's shoulders, then quickly releasing his right hand, with which he quickly reached down and seized Daniel's head, thus steadying his balance, he, with an adroit movement, seated himself astride of Daniel's left shoulder, who at the same time released his left hand from the spire and Ami slid gently and safely to his footing on the narrow sloping roof. Seizing the wheel, they passed it over the balustrade down to their companions below, who landed it on the bell-deck. Ami was next passed down, and then the young blacksmith swung himself over, and soon all stood safe in the old bell-tower. The whole transaction of this perilous feat, so promptly executed, had consumed but a few moments, but it seemed an age to the awe-stricken audience below, who, with bated breath, transfixed with the fear of an impending horror, had in breathless silence marked every detail. An instant elapsed ere they fully realized that the boys were safe, and then at first a low murmur, a fluttering of handkerchiefs, clapping of hands, and soon cheer upon cheer came surging up to the ears of those mad-caps in the belfry, like the roar of a mighty tempest. All but Daniel and Ami immediately descended, while they pulled the bell-rope up from below, and attaching it to the wagon-wheel (which was too large to go through the scuttle,) they launched it over the outside ledge of the bell deck, it in its descent swinging to and fro like a vast pendulum front of the old church tower. It was finally reached by the four below, who detached the rope, which was hauled up and re-

placed, and then the two heroes of the hour, Daniel Wells and Ami Andrus, descended safely to earth, and were again and again greeted with prolonged shouts of welcome. The agony was over, but to many who witnessed that perilous scene it was the nightmare of a lifetime. Bearing aloft on their brawny shoulders the rescued wheel, the daring six marched across the village green to the inn, where they were met at the piazza by Uncle Henry, who, with a glass in one hand and a decanter partially filled with whisky in the other, proffered them the promised treat, the inadequacy of which, both as to quality and quantity, to fulfill the contract was apparent, and consequently declined. After some parley, the old man refusing to yield more, they raised the wheel in palanquin style, and with George H. Knight seated on the hub, playing on the bugle the national airs, followed by quite a procession, marched in triumph to West Sauquoit, where they pledged the wheel at the old "Savage Stand" for an adequate supply of the "oh-be-joyful."

The next year Ami Andrus, having sowed his wild oats, became converted under the ministration of Rev. Alex Irvine, during his great revival, and joined the M. E. Church, proving as active and enthusiastic inside as he had formerly outside and on top of the church. They all in a few years scattered to different parts of the country, except Daniel Wells, who at manhood settled down and carried on his blacksmith shop at East Sauquoit for many long years, noted for his honesty and integrity, retiring from business some time since in ill health, his iron constitution battling with disease for years, at last yielded to the "grim monster," and at an advanced age he went to his rest, a year or two since, respected by all, and without an enemy. The old inn-keeper, Henry Crane, soon after closed his bar and devoted his remaining years to farming, and passed away August 13, 1850, aged 69. Who put the wagon wheel on the old church-spire is still a mystery, and few, very few, are left of that large assemblage who saw it so daringly and skillfully taken down.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SAGHDAQUEDA LODGE, NO. 269, I. O. G. T.

The lodge was organized at a temperance meeting held in the Presbyterian church at Sauquoit, by W. L. Hurlburt, with thirty-three charter members, April, 22, 1867: R. Seymour, Ed. R. Gilson, Nathan Boyd, Merrit Bunce, Albert S. Newton, Perine D. Matteson, Stephen G. Savage, John J. Brownell, E. C. Campbell, C. H. Blakeslee, G. M. Gray, H. A. Head, B. F. Wright, D. W. Maltby, Eugene Royce, H. D. Brownell, F. Gorton, Henry Dexter, H. A. Butler, R. D. Richards, W. S. Stillwell; Mrs. C. G. Brownell, Mrs. F. Gorton, Mrs. H. Dexter; Misses E. L. Brownell, Kate L. Seaton, Libbie Savage, Ettie Rogers, Hattie E. Rogers, C. E. Royce, Libbie M. Seymour, Kate Savage, and Mary Head.

First Worthy Chiefs—S. G. Savage, D. W. Maltby, H. D. Brownell, E. B. Parsons, Gardner Avery, George Gray, C. E. Campbell, R. D. Richards, E. Nichols, R. Barnes, James Cole.

Number of names on record since organization, 477.

The lodge first held its meetings in the select school room, in the chamber of the old district school house at East Sauquoit, and afterwards at Masonic Hall at West Sauquoit, but finally erected a tidy building for their hall, on the south side of Mill street, a few rods east of the Franklin factory yard, where they have since held their meetings, festivals, and various entertainments.

SAUQUOIT GRANGE OF THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY, NO. 415. OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

The Grange was organized February 22d, 1877, by Deputy M. W. Bigelow and O. B. Gridley, of Waterville, who appointed the first officers. The following were the charter members:

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Calhoun, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Blackstone, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Dunham, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wicks, Mr.

and Mrs. M. Birdseye; Messrs. Frank Bowers, Peleg Goodier, Antoin Raslen; Misses Martha Calhoun, Hattie E. Rogers, Kate Savage, Libbie Savage.

Masters—J. M. Porter, D. C. Addington.

In addition to the above, other members are :

Mrs. D. C. Addington, M. Townsend, Mrs. Quinn, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gough, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Gallup, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Hecox, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Prior, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Thurston, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Day, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Savage. Messrs. A. H. Allport, E. C. Birdseye, E. D. Brownell, A. W. Comstock, O. L. Dunsmore, J. B. Holmes, M. E. Neal, J. V. H. Scovil, G. B. Smith, A. R. Thompson, M. Wooley; Misses Mary Birdseye, Lottie Calhoun, Mary Head.

They hold their meetings in the lodge room of Masonic Hall at West Sauquoit, as well as their festivals and entertainments.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOLMAN CITY—(LOG CITY.)

Holman City was the third settlement in the town of Paris, and is situated in a deep ravine in the east part of the town, nestling among the towering pinnacles east of Clayville, 1,100 feet above the level of the sea, and was called by the early settlers "Log City," from the number of log houses there located, and bore that name until about the year 1840, when it gradually came to be known as Holman City, taking the latter name from the Holman family, who were early prominent settlers there. The beautiful trout brook that flows down through the village went by the name of the City brook, aluding to Log City, but of late it has come to be known as Holman brook. Its entire length is about two miles. Bursting from the hill-side well up towards the "Dry-lots," is the famous "Thompson spring," from which the brook tumbles

tumultuously down the steep declivity, another brook tumbling in on the way, which takes its rise near John Goodier's, and at the foot of the hill it is joined by a third brook, from the "Blue spring," and thence emerging from the upper ravine, a fourth brook comes tumbling over a bluff of "horse-bone" formation in a sheer fall of some 15 feet, and further down two more little rivulets pour in before crossing the road and flowing into the pond at the head of the village, all fed by never-failing, living springs; thence along down through the little village in the narrow ravine, in a succession of cascades (formerly, and before they were hidden by the dams for water powers) and flowing on through the broader meadows along past the east side of the Valley Cemetery, unites with the Sauquoit Creek at South Sauquoit or Upper Paper Mills, falling nearly 300 feet. It is the most important tributary of the Sauquoit, as being fed by springs, it furnishes an unceasing flow of water into the creek. The first to utilize the power which its great "fall" furnishes, was Seth Leonard Cutler, the pioneer of the village, who settled here in 1798, and erected a small shop, with a lathe for turning wooden bowls, his establishment being known by the early settlers as the "dish mill." He turned the bowls from the large knobs that were found protruding from the sides of the trees, here and there in the primitive forest, which were saved for him by those clearing the land. He turned them into "nests," the largest side of the knobs making a large bowl and so on, smaller and smaller inside, down to a tiny salt-bowl. Mrs. Solomon Rogers has one of the first that he turned, some eighty years ago, (a present from her father, Theodore Gilbert,) which is rather more than two feet across and some nine inches in depth, the grain of the wood twisted and gnarled like "curly maple." Cutler also worked at the carpenter's trade, and assisted in the building of the Methodist Church at East Sauquoit, in 1801, and some years later moved away. Lenthel Eells afterwards had a saw mill on the site of Cutler's second "dish mill," a half mile below the village, and now operated as a factory for turning hubs and for job work, by J. B. Davis and his son I. E. Davis. Mr. Eells was an early settler and a prominent member of the Presbyterian Church, and one of the first members of old Paris Lodge, F. & A. M., at its organization, and died some

years since; his wife (now dead) survived him many years, living in the old homestead. His grandson, Lenthel S. Davis, whom he received into his family when a child, and whom he loved as a son, went to Waterbury, Conn., many years ago, where he still resides, prominently connected with the "Scovill Manufacturing Company," being at the head of the button department.

David Holman, Jr., came here in 1812, and purchased Cutler's power, and erected a grist-mill, saw-mill, and a little below, later on, a clover-mill—the latter being afterwards converted into a distillery by George Mix and Joseph Howe. The grist-mill, besides doing a custom business, ground the grain for the distillery, which used annually nearly 12,000 bushels of grain. George Briggs, son of Lieutenant Spencer Briggs, run the distillery for many years, and until it was destroyed by fire, when he afterwards removed to the West, now residing in Osage, Iowa—a large land-holder there. After the destruction of the distillery by fire, the grist-mill declined, and William H. LeRoy and his brother-in-law, Jeremiah Wells, erected the present building on the site, as a shop for the manufacture of draw-shaves, carried on by Mix & Kendall, Milton Wells being associated with them. Hoes were also manufactured there for 'Squire Henry S. Smith, of Cassville—now of Grand Rapids, Michigan—a dealer in agricultural implements. It was afterward converted into a bathing factory, carried on by Charles and Henry Bastow, now of Utica; Erastus Everett, the old Sauquoit merchant, a Mr. M. Henry, and others. Hiram and George W. Holman, sons of David Holman, Jr., afterwards owned it. It is now owned and occupied as a cabinet manufactory by Charles H. Cooper, whose warerooms are at Clayville, where he resides. William Holman, (brother of David, Jr.,) had a grocery store here at one time, and George Briggs had a store while he carried on the distillery, and about the same time a man by the name of Hutchinson, also a Mr. Tripp, kept tavern there. Mr. Tripp married a daughter of "Mayor" Filkins, and after a few years removed to Babcock Hill, where he kept tavern many years. Mr. Filkins received his soubriquet of "Mayor of Log City," from his portly, patriarchal appearance, and his long residence there. His son, James Filkins, survives him, and has long

resided at Waterville—the well-known detective. “Dave” Bloss, was a “character” at “The City.” After the pioneer days of Baxter Gage, Bloss and “Spence” Worden, of South Sauquoit, were the champion choppers, and could “put up” four cords per day each, of “body wood,” split and piled, (“corded,”) ready to be measured, and then it would be hauled to the village, and, when sold, again piled and measured; then afterward, with a “bucksaw” and “sawbuck”—the wood being placed on the latter—sawed into “stove length” and split finely, ready for use. This was after the days of the old fire-places with their “back logs” and large wood, and in the days of “wood” stoves. Coal stoves were not introduced in the Valley until 1854. In 1852, Captain Knight put a grate and fire-brick into his wood-stove, (fitting them in temporarily,) and also “fixed” S. Rogers’ stove in the same manner, and they commenced experimenting in the burning of anthracite-coal. In 1854 they, as well as William Harrison Royce, procured stoves made for burning coal, and were the first to burn coal. Others followed in its use, but it was not generally adopted until the completion of the railroad to the Chenango Canal at Sherburne—Aug. 19, 1868—when a coal yard was established at Sauquoit by the writer. The first coal received over the railroad was Sept. 30, 1868, and the first coal delivered from the yard was three and one-half tons to Dr. L. Bishop. The surrounding farmers mostly use wood as yet, except in their parlor stoves, in which they burn the “nut” coal.

David Holman, Jr., had a store at “The City,” near where Hiram Holman now resides, the only survivor of the family there, David, Jr., as well as David Holman, Sr., (who came later,) having died many years ago; George W. Holman, the well-known millwright, now residing at Clayville. A negro by the name of Wigden had a small shop here at one time, where he turned wooden bowls. A few years since, James Stedman had a wagon shop there, and a little below the village, Benjamin G. Chapman has a wagon shop, utilizing his dam for a trout-pond, which he has abundantly stocked. A few rods further up the stream, George Waldron has two trout-ponds, both stocked with the speckled beauties, the clear, cold spring water of this brook being well adapted to.

their propagation and growth. Lyman Prior was an early settler here, now living at East Sauquoit, his son, Charles D. Prior, residing on the old homestead, to which he has succeeded. The old schoolmaster, Henry Gage—eldest son of Baxter Gage—also located south of the village, where he died a few years ago. Horace Rice was an early settler here. May 8, 1825, he married Hannah Gilbert, daughter of Theodore Gilbert, the pioneer, and some years later removed to Ripley Hill, Chautauqua county, then a wilderness, and commenced a pioneer life there. They had a large family of daughters, all grown up, married and settled. His wife, Hannah Gilbert, born Nov. 8, 1805, died in her 74th year, while he still survives.

Sampson Johnson was an early settler in that part of the town, and came in 1812 from Hartford, Conn. He was one of the first members of the Methodist Church, in the "fifth, or south class," also his wife Sarah, his daughter Sophia, and three sons: Levi, Lloyd and Zebina; these four children, all now aged people, constitute four of the six only survivors of the one hundred and seventy-eight original members of that church; two other sons are living in Geneseo—Sylvester and Royal. Levi and Lloyd reside at Clayville, and Zebina, who for many years carried on the gristmill above Clayville, now resides with his son Morris, at West Sauquoit—all honored citizens, and the most remarkable example of longevity, of any family in town. They worked in the old Paris furnace when young men, and until it went out of blast, about the year 1832-33.

The most important manufactory ever carried on at Holman City was established in 1830 by Tunis V. LeRoy, Sr., a skilled mechanic of great inventive genius. In the early days, to drill a hole of any considerable size into iron was a slow and laborious process, to accomplish which, the blacksmith would adjust a strong wooden lever over the article to be drilled, so arranged as to bear down upon the "bit-stock," one man managing the great lever, while another laboriously struggled to turn the bit-stock in which the hardened steel drill was affixed. Mr. LeRoy conceived the idea of improving upon this tedious process, and perfected an invention which he patented, consisting of a solid bedplate of cast iron, at one

end of which rose two perpendicular standards in line, through which a large hollow screw with a hand-wheel to turn it, was arranged to travel on a line with the bedplate, a strong spindle passing through the hollow screw, in one end of which the drill was adjusted, and at the other end was affixed a crank to turn it. A movable rest was arranged on the bedplate in front of the drill to firmly hold the article to be bored, and when the drill was revolved, the screw being moved by the hand-wheel, the drill was forced into the solid iron, and reversing the motion, withdrawn when the hole was drilled. This machine was one of the most important inventions of the age, and afterwards when made of large size, placed in an upright position and driven by steam or water-power, was the indispensable power drill which rendered possible the construction of locomotives; the plating with iron of the leviathan ocean steamships; the construction of the massive plates for the iron clad war ships with their impenetrable armor; and a thousand other machines of iron which have been called into existence by the necessities of the busy generation. Mr. LeRoy began the manufacture of his since so celebrated drill, in the year 1839, in the shop below the Holman grist mill on the "city brook," where he carried on the business for many years, and about the year 1858 removed to Wyoming county, Pa. He was of French descent, and born in Massachusetts in 1796. His wife is of German parentage, and they came to Central New York at an early day, and first settled at Middleville and afterwards removed to Utica, where he was forger at the machine shop of Pond & Higham, (now Philo S. Curtis,) from whence he removed to Holman City. They had ten children; six boys and four girls: William H., Sarah, Simon, Melvina, Jackson, Levo, Eseneath, Tunis V., Jr., Delavan and Helen, all of whom survive except Sarah and Helen. After the burning of the Briggs distillery he erected a shop on that site, (where he manufactured machinists' wrenches, etc.) which was afterwards converted into a foundry, and is now carried on by Armon King. In the year 1878, at Wyoming county, Pa., the inventor of the power drill, Tunis V. LeRoy, Sr., after a long, busy life, at the age of 82, rested from his labors. His wife survives, and in excellent health paid a visit to her son,

T. V. LeRoy, of Utica, in November, 1879, and celebrated her 80th birthday at his house, traveling back and forth from Pennsylvania without discomfort.

Tunis V. LeRoy, Jr., (of LeRoy, Shattuck & Head,) of Utica, inherits in a marked degree the inventive genius of the father. Schooled at an early age in the old shop on the "city brook" to the use of tools and the handling of the machinery, he acquired great skill, and for many years he was employed in the celebrated Remington Works at Ilion, where he perfected and patented many improvements in mowing machines, hay-tedders, wagon-axle and box, etc., and a few years since removed to Utica and established the foundry and works of LeRoy, Shattuck & Head. In the United States there are more than 80,000 miles of railroads in active operation, requiring untold thousands of cars and millions of car axles and wheels in constant motion, from Maine to Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, bearing and distributing the grain to feed a world, merchandize to supply a continent, and transporting travelers each day that would populate an empire. To perform this stupendous business with rapidity and safety is a problem that has exercised the brains and stimulated the intellect of the greatest expert mechanics of the civilized world. Chief among the fruitful dangers and difficulties to overcome is the constant tendency of the rapidly revolving car axles (subjected to such great weight and pressure,) to heat in the "bearings" by friction, and thus destroy themselves in a short time, causing damaging delays or wrecking the trains. This difficulty has created more delay, damage and loss of life than any one thing in the history of railroading, and to construct a bearing in which the car axle cannot become heated, has baffled the skill of the master mechanics for a quarter of a century. Mr. LeRoy is the fortunate mechanic to perfect and patent an invention, which at last is a practical solution of the vexed problem. A brass "journal box" with deep channels a quarter of an inch wide traversing the inside spirally from end to end like threads of a screw—at a "sharp pitch"—and these channels filled with lead, accomplishes the purpose, as has been thoroughly and practically tested. As the revolution of the axle wears away the brass, it also carries small particles of the lead (which is a

lubricator) upon and over the wearing brass surfaces, and renders it impossible to become heated. This novel improvement is attracting wide attention among the railroad magnates, and the adoption of this "Anti-friction Journal Box for Railroad Cars," by the railroad companies throughout the world is doubtless only a question of time.

THE GREAT SNOW STORM OF 1835, AND THE "GREAT FIRE" IN
NEW YORK CITY.—THE THRILLING TRAGEDY NEAR
BABCOCK HILL.

The deep snow of the winter of 1835-6 will long be remembered by the inhabitants of the Valley. It fell to a depth of six feet and remained during the whole season. Two events serve to fix the period in the memory of all—the great fire in New York city, and the horrible murder of Mr. Babcock and Mrs. Varndell, and the suicide of Mr. Varndell, in the south-east part of our own town, it being the only murder ever committed in the town of Paris up to that time.

The great fire in New York commenced in the store of Comstock & Adams, No. 25 Merchant and 131 Pearl street, at 9 o'clock Wednesday evening, December 16, 1835, and raged with unabated fury till Thursday noon, a period of fifteen hours, in spite of the most frantic efforts of the firemen with the old hand engines, aided by the exertions of the citizens. The military, in the meantime, went in advance of the course of the conflagration blowing up buildings to stay its progress, while a fearful snow storm and intense cold added horror to the scene, and retarded the efforts of all. More than 700 buildings in the heart of the business portion of the city were destroyed, entailing a loss of about twenty million dollars.

On Sunday, December 27, 1835, Amasa S. Newbury, of Sangerfield, one of the coroners of Oneida county, was called to view the bodies of Augustus A. Babcock, Edward Varndell and Sally Varndell, wife of the latter, who were found dead on the morning of that day, in the house owned by Mr. Babcock and occupied by Varndell, near where Mr. Chapman

now resides, on the "Stone road" about one mile south of Holman City. (The old house was afterwards moved and converted into a dairy house.) After a full and accurate investigation of the facts connected with this tragical catastrophe, the jurors impaneled, returned a verdict in substance, that Mrs. Varndell and Mr. Babcock were willfully murdered by Edward Varndell, who subsequently committed suicide by cutting his own throat with a razor. When found, Mr. B. was dead in his bed, the right side of his head having been beaten in by several blows from the head of an axe, and his brains scattered about the bed and room. Mrs. Varndell was found lying on the floor in another room, her head and face shockingly mangled by the same weapon. She was still alive, but soon after expired. The body of Varndell was in the same room with his wife. The razor with which he had destroyed himself, was found hanging across his hat near his body. From the evidence it is probable the act was committed near morning, the bodies being still warm when the murder was discovered at 7 o'clock A. M. What is singular, a young woman about 17 years old, slept in the same room with Varndell and his wife, and was not awakened or disturbed by the transaction. She afterwards awoke and saw Varndell and his wife on the floor; after going to Babcock's room for assistance, and finding that he also was dead, she gave the alarm to the neighbors.

From evidence adduced on the inquest, there can remain little doubt that the cause of this horrid act on the part of Varndell was a causeless jealousy entertained by him against his wife. Several conversations were testified to by witnesses, in which an unjust suspicion was distinctly announced, but from all the testimony no impropriety could be discovered in the conduct of Mrs. Varndell. Persons who were at the house the preceding evening did not notice anything singular in Varndell's conduct, but it appeared that before this he had had several trifling disputes with Babcock, and that on one occasion he had declared his belief that an illicit intercourse existed between his wife and Mr. B., as well as with other persons in the neighborhood.

Varndell was an Englishman, aged about 30 years, his wife about 25, and Mr. Babcock about 23 years.

It is probable that he had planned to make his escape by flight, after the double murder, as a horse was found in the barn ready saddled and bridled. "Man proposes, but God disposes." Divine providence interposed an impassable barrier to his meditated escape. The silent but rapidly falling flakes of the "great snow storm" had meantime descended, and when, after the perpetration of this horrid work, he looked out over the face of the country, in the dull, gray breaking of that so desecrated Sabbath morn—horror of horrors! there was no escape; the roads were blocked in all directions; the hand of God had surrounded him with inevitable doom. The "beautiful snow" piled high above the fences, a vast, white sheet of death, against which the fleetest steed was powerless. So he promptly ended the tragic drama, and joined in death his still quivering victims. His fleshless bones—denied a burial—artistically wired together, afterward graced the closet of one of our distinguished physicians, and his grinning skeleton furnished the necessary study of anatomy for future students of the healing art.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CLAYVILLE—(PARIS FURNACE.)

Clayville is located on the Sauquoit creek, two miles south of Sauquoit, in a narrow gorge between the high pinnacles through which the creek there finds its way. It is one thousand feet above the level of the sea, and five hundred and eighty feet above the Mohawk, at Utica. It was first named Paris Furnace, and Colonel Gardner Avery appointed the first postmaster; then afterwards, Deacon Joseph Howard. An attempt was made to change the name of the village in the year 1844, during the campaign to elect Henry Clay to

the Presidency, but James K. Polk being elected, the change was not effected, and 'Squire William H. Barnett was continued as postmaster of Paris Furnace. At the next campaign, in 1848, the Whigs carried the day, and elected General Zachary Taylor, and in the spring of 1849, when the Administration changed, Mr. Barnett, the last postmaster of Paris Furnace, was removed, and the name changed to Clayville, in honor of Henry Clay, and Eason Allen appointed the first postmaster of Clayville. It was the fourth settlement in the town of Paris. "Judge" Eliphalet Sweeting being the pioneer of the village, in the year 1800, commenced the erection of the Paris furnace on the site of the present lower Millard works, or hoe shop, on the east side of the road, opposite the residence of Mrs. D. J. Millard. Colonel Gardner Avery came in the year 1801, and took charge of the completion of the furnace, and assumed the management of the business. A Mr. Hill erected the first log house, for a boarding house. Thomas Spofford built the next log house, in 1802, opposite the present residence of Hon. Eli Avery, and built a sawmill a little below, on the creek. The only other house within three-fourths of a mile of the furnace, was the log house of Theodore Gilbert, near the Burning Spring. Colonel Avery erected his residence in 1810, and about the same time Judge Sweeting erected his house, on the bank, a few rods south of where the upper factory of the Empire Woollen Company now stands, and on the site of this factory he erected a sawmill. Previous to this, Deacon Joseph Howard erected a brewery and a grocery store adjoining, (being the first store there,) across the old road at the foot of the little hill north of the furnace. About the same time, or a little later, Mr. Scollard erected the tavern opposite, and to the west of the furnace. The "raising" of this tavern was an event at that early day, the settlers from far and near being invited to the "bee." The building was a large one, and the "bents" of massive timbers were heavy and unwieldy to handle. After the frame was raised, came the customary old-fashioned jollification, which on this occasion assumed somewhat the character of a dedication, as it was presided over by Rev. Mr. Southworth, the venerable Presbyterian clergyman of Bridgewater, who said: "He trusted that the building so proudly reared before them,

might long stand to furnish entertainment for man and beast; that here, the wearied traveler might find rest and refreshment, and the thirsty wayfarer, the revivifying beverage to restore his wasted and flagging energies; that the public meetings that may from time to time be held within these walls, might be conducted with dignity and decorum and eventuate in the good of community, and that the parties and social gatherings might result in the happiness of the participants, and that they might enjoy and not by over indulgence abuse the blessings that a kind Providence has placed within our reach, to gladden the heart on festive occasions. A sample of the good things in store for us, he perceived before him, furnished by their generous host, from the enjoyment of which he would not by extended remarks longer detain his audience." His happy effort was greeted with rounds of applause, and then they all "fell to" and enjoyed the substantial lunch and made merry over the New England rum and various other choice liquors, of which all were invited to partake. Horace Luce afterwards and for many years was the popular landlord of this hotel, and after it was altered over into a residence by David J. Millard, it was rendered historical, in that America's great orator and statesman, Henry Clay, was entertained beneath its hospitable roof.

Colonel Avery, about 1810, erected a sawmill opposite his residence (and some fifteen rods above the site of the Spofford sawmill,) which in a few years burned down, ("Uncle" Thompson, who slept in the mill, perishing in the flames,) after which he erected another sawmill on the same site, which stood until a few years since. In 1822 he erected a carding and fulling mill a few rods above, over the site of which now passes the railroad as it crosses the creek and enters Clayville. 'Squire Albert Barnett aided in its erection, and carried it on afterwards; coming to Clayville about that time, where he has ever since resided,—now in his 89th year,—being prominently identified with the growth and prosperity of the town. He came to Paris with his father, James Barnett, a revolutionary soldier who served in the commissary department through the war, and who came from Connecticut to Dutchess county, N. Y., and from thence to Paris, near the line of Bridgewater, in 1794. A brother—William Barnett—served

in the war of 1812 as his (Albert's) substitute. He has ever since resided in the town, with the exception of four years residence in Delaware county, during which he was made a Mason there, (in 1816,) and is now an honorary member of Sauquoit Lodge, No. 150, F. & A. M. He has filled many offices of trust in the town, and during the greater part of his active life, has filled the office of Justice of the Peace. He preserves his age remarkably by active exercise as a "sportsman," being an accomplished trout fisherman and skillful fox hunter, notwithstanding his advanced age, and in trolling for pickerel, none of the "boys" can excel him—rowing his own boat. Among other property which he acquired, was the Sweeting sawmill, which he sold to Bacon & Collis, who were the second merchants at Clayville, and who commenced the erection thereon of a woolen factory, but before its completion sold it to Frederick Hollister, in 1842, who completed the erection of the present factory thereon. His son, Mills Barnett, was an active business man in town for many years, and afterwards removed to Phelps, Ontario county, N. Y., and is but recently deceased. His surviving son, William H. Barnett, has always resided at Clayville, an active business man, postmaster for many years, and also Justice of the Peace. Above the old Paris furnace, about fifty rods, Davis & Bowles in 1818 erected a forge with "tilt hammers," for the manufacture of scythes and other implements, and were afterwards succeeded by Mr. Beach, in the same line of manufacture. This site, and the site of the furnace below, afterwards, under the management of David J. Millard, grew to be one of the most important manufacturing industries on the continent.

COL. GARDNER AVERY—A PIONEER OF THE SAUQUOIT VALLEY
AT CLAYVILLE.

Col. Gardner Avery was born in Munson, Mass., in 1774. At the age of eight years he was "bound out" until he should arrive at the age of 18, to a Mr. Munn, at the expiration of which he went to Otsego county, N. Y., near Richfield Springs, and hired out to a Mr. Chamberlain. During his service there the small pox broke out in the neighborhood and raged with great violence, whereupon he went back to

his old home in Massachusetts, where it was his intention to go to a pest-house and be inoculated for that dread disease, and thus have it in a mild form as a preventive for future attacks, which was the custom in those old times, and before vaccination or the kinexox was discovered. His father opposed his plan and positively forbade him. But upon arriving at his majority, on his twenty-first birthday he marched to the pest-house, distant some fourteen miles, and went through the course of treatment, at the expiration of which he received a certificate from the surgeon in charge, and returned home. But in such fear was the contagion held, at that early day, that his father refused him admission at first, and until he had exhibited his certificate. Soon afterward he removed to Albany, N. Y., engaging as steward in the old "Stone Hotel," the leading house there at that time, and the popular resort of the Assemblymen and other magnates of the Capitol. While here, he married Huldah, a daughter of John Russell, a prominent business man of that city. His wife ere long died, leaving him one child, a daughter, who in time married George Merrifield, of Sand Lake. At the hotel he developed great energy and business ability, and thereby attracted the attention of Judge Sanger, of New Hartford, the great land agent, who was a frequent guest of the hotel, but more particularly by his courage and skill in the following adventure:

During the winter, when the river was frozen over, a passage was readily affected on the ice; but in the spring, when the ice was softened by the thaws, it would become unsafe and impossible to cross until the final "breaking up," when boats could be used. This unsafe period sometimes lasted several days. During such a period in the spring of 1801, a prominent banker there found it important to send a package of money across the river to Greenbush, but could find no one who would brave the perilous undertaking, although he freely offered one hundred dollars for its accomplishment. The generous offer coming to the ears of young Gardner, he promptly tendered his services, which were accepted. Procuring some long, lithe, strong "hoop-poles," he strapped them to his body under each arm, the ends projecting fore and aft, and taking a strong pike-pole in his hands, with which to

leap over air-holes or weak places in the ice, or pull himself out, if he should break through, the hoop-poles projecting out to catch on the ice and prevent his sinking in such an event, and securing the package on his head, he was ready for the perilous passage. An immense crowd gathered to witness the exploit, to which he boldly advanced and which he successfully performed, the vast gathering of citizens greeting the safe return with rounds of cheers for the hero of the hour.

Judge Sanger, who witnessed the exploit, was at that time in need of a man to take charge of the Paris Furnace, then in course of erection at what is now Clayville, and with his keen insight into character, at once selected young Gardner for the responsible position, who, with his characteristic promptitude, accepted the offer. Reaching New Hartford, he mounted a horse, and at once proceeded up the valley to the furnace. Beyond Sauquoit the road led along the high ground through the Bently neighborhood, thence turning abruptly to the east down into the valley, where the furnace was located. During the last part of his route he was forced to dismount and jump his horse over the fallen trees. Reaching the site at last, the massive frame of the huge building burst upon his view like a gaunt spectre, it having been raised and thus far completed under the supervision of "Judge" Eliphalet Sweeting, who at once resigned command to the new comer. They pushed forward the work with great energy, completing it before fall, both sleeping on a horse-blanket during the summer, and when "she went into blast," "Judge" Sweeting took the position of founder, in which he was greatly skilled, and was considered the best judge of iron ores in the country, hence his sobriquet of "Judge." Colonel Gardner Avery assumed the general financial management and direction of affairs, and the furnace grew to be one of the most important enterprises in the interior of the State.

In 1817 he founded the Lenox Furnace, which added greatly to his duties, driving back and forth, superintending both. In addition to both these extensive furnaces he was the superintendent of the old Seneca Turnpike from Utica to Canandaigua, which compelled him to go over the road once each month to settle up with the gate-keepers. With a spirited span of horses bought for him in Delaware county by

'Squire Barnett, attached to a light wagon for those days, made by the old wagon-maker, Brainard, he would make the trip and return in five days, bringing with him the silver in large saddle-bags. These he faithfully guarded with a brace of pistols, queer old flint lock weapons, now in possession of his grandson, E. B. Avery, as treasured relics, while made from some of the silver his son James has a large spoon much prized by him.

While on one of these trips two important events took place at home. Among the many men in his employ was one named Smith, a stranger, who, although he did his work well, seemed ignorant and stupid. It was afterward, however, ascertained from his fellow workmen, that he was a keen, well educated man, and the stupidity was assumed for some purpose. Taking advantage of the absence of the Colonel, he stole one of his best horses and fled, and no trace of him was ever found. The same night of his flight, the sawmill opposite the Avery residence was burned, old Uncle Thompson, the sawyer, who slept in the mill, perishing in the flames. It was generally accepted that the old man, who sometimes "took a little too much," had blunderingly set the mill on fire, but looking back through the vista of years, circumstances favor the probability that the "stupid" Smith gained his confidence, and ascertaining that he had some funds hoarded up, robbed and murdered him, and, firing the sawmill to cover up his crime, mounted the stolen horse and made his escape.

After the Colonel had got well established at Paris Furnace he purchased a farm—where Crook now resides, near the cemetery—brought forward his father and family from their eastern home and placed them on the farm, where they resided many years until advanced in age. Then he built them a house in the yard near his own residence, the better to look after them, where they passed their declining years in comfort and happiness. United in life they were not separated a day in death, dying within sixteen hours of each other. December 27, 1831, he, aged 81 years, and his wife—Amy Newell—aged 76, having lived together 59 years. The old gentleman was a soldier of the Revolution and served through the whole war.

In the building of the Presbyterian Church in the spring

of 1811, Colonel Avery and other influential members desired it to be erected at West Sauquoit, but they were outvoted, and a site selected just east of the residence of the late Wm. Knight, where the foundation was laid, on which the sills were placed and the framing well under way, when, presto! in the dull, gray breaking of a spring day morning, the road opposite the site suddenly swarmed with teams and men. The Furnace Company teams, some dozen or more, Theodore and Alyn Gilbert, the dam builders, about as many more, Captain Bacon, John Butler, and others, who favored a change of base, swelled the wagon-train, all under the direction of the energetic colonel, who was a born leader, and in a twinkling, and before the opposition could be rallied against them, the timbers and foundation stones were loaded up and carted over to West Sauquoit, and ere night the "bee" had relaid the foundation and placed the sills thereon, and the building went up on the new site. He and John Butler—the oldest pioneer of the western hillside—ever afterward were the leading influential members of the society, and accorded the post of honor by the congregation, (the large square pews right and left of the pulpit,) which they have ever since occupied with their families or descendants. Soon after coming to Paris Furnace, he married Betsey Sage, of New Hartford, and in 1810 built his residence, now occupied by his son, Hon. Eli Avery.

In the year 1822 he erected a carding and fulling mill on the east side of the road opposite and a little below the present site of the Empire Woolen Factory. When the railroad was constructed the old building was removed to make room for the trestle work (since filled up) where the railroad crosses the creek to enter the village, which passes over the site of the old carding mill.

The Paris Furnace was the pioneer manufacturing enterprise of the valley, and attained a volume of business of great magnitude, its potash kettles and hollow ware and other products being sent to all parts of the State then being settled. Their main market, however, was at Albany, to which, with their wares, their teams were regularly sent, it being before the days of canals or railroads. In the winter of 1824, he sent his son Eli, a mere lad, with a span of horses attached to

a sleigh loaded with potash kettles, to Montrose, Penn., where they were disposed of, and he brought back a load of anthracite coal, the first ever brought into the town of Paris. It was used in a small cupola, called the "pot furnace," to remelt the "sprues," &c., to be cast into plow points, thus making them harder than could be produced from the great charcoal stack.

"Judge" Eliphalet Sweeting, the pioneer of Clayville and the foreman of the furnace, was a man of fine qualities of heart, and held in high esteem by all. He married the widow Luce, with seven children, whom he brought up and ever made as welcome to his home as were his own four children which the widow bore him. Horace Luce, one of the boys, afterward and for many years kept the tavern, built by Mr. Scollard, opposite the furnace, which was the popular resort not only of the little village, but many a party from Utica used to drive up there with their sweethearts and music to enjoy the genial hospitality of "Hod." Luce. In the last days of the old furnace, he in company with a Mr. Webb, put her in blast for a few years. The old hotel was afterward the residence of David J. Millard, his widow now residing there. "Judge" Sweeting and many of the furnace hands boarded at the Luce tavern, and one evening when all were as usual assembled in the bar-room, a farmer present was bragging about the wonderful drawing qualities of his span of horses; when the old "Judge" wagered him that he had four men that could wheel on a barrow from the furnace up the little hill—where George Holman now resides—to the head of the "stack," more pig iron than his team could haul there. The wager being accepted, he selected the four Green brothers: Napoleon B., Joseph, Nathan, and Hiram, all large, powerful men, in the prime of life. They each loaded a barrow, wheeled it up the hill and back, and then placed the contents on the farmer's wagon, (the lightest barrow load of the four, weighed 1,480 pounds.) The team could scarcely move the load on level ground, and it was impossible for them to draw it up the hill. Two of the brothers survive, Nathan C., who lives west of Clayville, and Hiram Green, of New Hartford. The four brothers came from Otego, Otsego county, at an early day, and were employed in the furnace for many years. The

Company owned a large tract of land where Wakeman Rider now resides, and also near Tassel Hill. After burning the timber into charcoal, and clearing up the land they sowed it to wheat, and one year they had 1,000 acres to harvest, and all of it was reaped by sickles, requiring the aid of all the furnace employés and many others. It required the constant labor of Hiram Green to supply them with drinking water. At the Lenox Furnace they had several thousand acres extending from the river up Coal Hill; all of this land was finally sold off to settlers after the timber was converted into charcoal.

Judge Sweeting was a prominent Freemason, initiated in old Amicable Lodge, No. 25, of New Hartford, in 1804. The Luce branch of the family are all dead. Horace died in Kentucky, February 19, 1874, aged 72, surviving his brothers Zabine, of East Sauquoit, and Willard of West Sauquoit, who both died two or three years previously; their sister, widow Sylvester Butler, being the last to go, dying at the residence of her son-in-law, Alderman Price, of Utica, in 1878. Of his own children there survive one son and two daughters; Henry, of Monroe county, widow George M. Brownell, of Sauquoit, and Mrs. Lovina Burnett, who makes her home with Mr. Tucker, of the *Troy Times*. The deceased son, Rufus, met with a tragic end a few years since, capsizing in a yacht on a pleasure trip on Lake Ontario. Father Sweeting went to rest March 18, 1828, at the ripe age of 72 years, his widow, Lovina, surviving him many years, passing away May 31, 1851, aged 78 years.

Colonel Gardner Avery was the first postmaster of Paris Furnace, and Member of Assembly in 1827; also a distinguished Freemason, initiated in old Amicable Lodge in 1803, and after a long, eventful, useful life, of strictest integrity, and the most energetic business man ever developed in the Valley, while on a visit to Saratoga Springs, entered into rest August 18th, 1849. A sister in Ohio, and one brother in this State survive him—the venerable and distinguished Prof. Charles Avery, of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y. His children were, Jared, Eliza, Mary, Eli, Louisa, Harris, James and Lyman. James resides in Utica, and Lyman in Wampsville, N. Y. Eli resides on the old homestead, and for

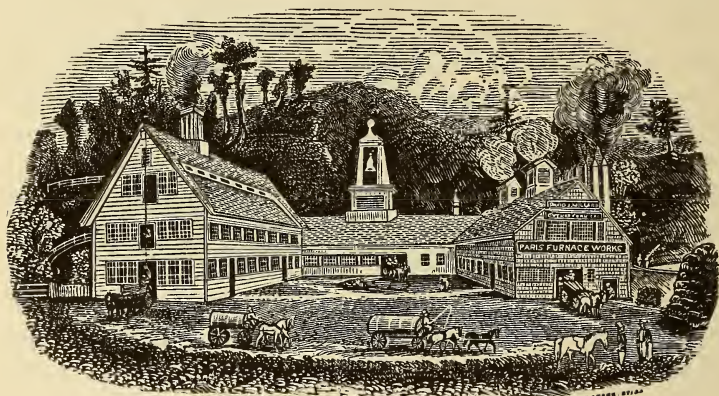
many years has been prominently identified with the growth and prosperity of the Valley. In early life he was for some years engaged in the forwarding business at Utica, but withdrew and was an active partner in the firm of S. A. Millard & Co. for many years, in the extensive manufacture of agricultural implements at Clayville, retiring, however, from active business a few years since. He was Supervisor in 1854-55 and 1866, and Member of Assembly in 1862 and 1869. His children are, Walter, Eliza A., Edward B., Gardner and Cornelia E., all of whom survive except Gardner, who died suddenly of typhoid fever, a few years since, in High Blue, Missouri, his remains being brought home and interred in the Valley Cemetery.

DAVID J. MILLARD, THE CELEBRATED MANUFACTURER OF
SCYTHES AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

David J. Millard was born in 1804, and came to the Sauquoit Valley early in the century with his father, Charles Millard, from Delaware county, N. Y. On the site of the old Quaker factory at Sauquoit, in the machine shop building connected therewith, Charles Millard and his brother Amasa put in trip hammers, and manufactured scythes, &c., in a primitive manner. They also at one time had a similar shop (successors to Abner Bartlett, in the same line,) on the site of the furnace at Willowvale. They were both very worthy men, and were officers of the old Paris Masonic Lodge, of which another brother, Nathaniel, was a member. In early life David J. learned the trade of wool sorter, in the wool house of the old Quaker Company at Sauquoit, during which, at evenings and odd times he diligently studied, and acquired an education which qualified him to teach district school, and he was one of the early and most successful teachers—his writing being a model of penmanship at that early day. He married Clarissa, daughter of Abel Mosher, and about the same time accepted the position of agent for the Furnace factory at South Sauquoit, where he resided for many years, filling the arduous position with ability and fidelity, and meantime caring for his aged parents. About the year 1840 he removed to Clayville, and with his brother—Sterling A.*—engaged in the manufacture

* Sterling A. Millard was Supervisor in 1852-53.

of scythes, hay forks, &c., on the site of the Cobb & Robinson shovel factory, erected in 1814, and converted into a scythe shop by Davis & Bowles in 1818, whereon he erected extensive buildings for the purpose, as also below on the stream, on the site of the old Paris furnace, with ample storehouses and



numerous dwelling houses for his workmen, and purchased the old Scollard hotel for a residence, altering it over and beautifying the grounds with great taste. His brother, Sterling A., soon after withdrew from the firm, and erected his scythe works further up the stream, on the new valley road leading to Cassville, which was constructed up the creek beyond the Davis & Bowles shops, about the year 1827, the old road having led from that point up the "crooked hill" to the west, and thence along the high ground to Cassville. The road up the Valley from this point was constructed with great difficulty, owing to the swampy nature of the soil. Hemlock brush was at first laid on in a thick layer, on which gravel was piled from time to time until a foundation was obtained. The first to venture over the new road were David J. Millard and Jared Avery—oldest son of Colonel Avery—who on horseback made the first passage, but were compelled to dismount several times, and lead their horses over the worst places.

At that early day the Western States were being rapidly settled in by industrious farmers, and the superior tools made by David J. Millard followed in the wake of this tide of emigration, and by his numerous agents were introduced into every growing village throughout the great west. He was a man of great energy and push, thoroughly posted on the growing wants of his customers and the details of his manufactory, and being an accomplished accountant, he kept the details of his vast industry well in hand. His superintendent in the shops was Cornelius J. Knickerbocker, a skilled practical manufacturer, now retired from business, and residing on Howard avenue, Utica, N. Y. In the purchase of "stock" required for his business, and his dealings with jobbers and the European manufacturers of the steel and iron which he needed, he evinced rare tact and skill, and his ability as a commercial correspondent was unequalled, his business letters being models of conciseness and beautiful diction, clearly written. He was a positive man in his opinions, and prominent in the affairs of the town, holding many offices of trust and responsibility, and was Supervisor in 1845, '46, '47, '48 and '49, and again in 1865, when, his health failing, he was compelled to resign, and Harvey Head was appointed to fill the vacancy. Harvey Head had previously been elected Supervisor in 1860, '61 and '62, and was afterward elected in 1868, 69 and '70, and in 1873, '74 and '75, and still again in 1878. Ten years in all, and more than any other man in town to be honored by that position. During his term of service he has repeatedly filled the responsible position of chairman of the Board of Supervisors with credit. David J. Millard, during his lifetime, contributed largely to the growth and permanent prosperity of Clayville, although in the later years of his life his magnificent business which he had builded up, deteriorated materially, owing mainly to the invention and introduction of mowers and reapers, which rapidly displaced the hand tools which he had introduced in the great west.

A self-made man, a gentleman of the old school, of polished manners, of rare executive ability and push, after an active and useful life, he went to his rest—after a short illness—February 11, 1875, aged 71. His wife survives him, residing in the old homestead with a married daughter, another mar-

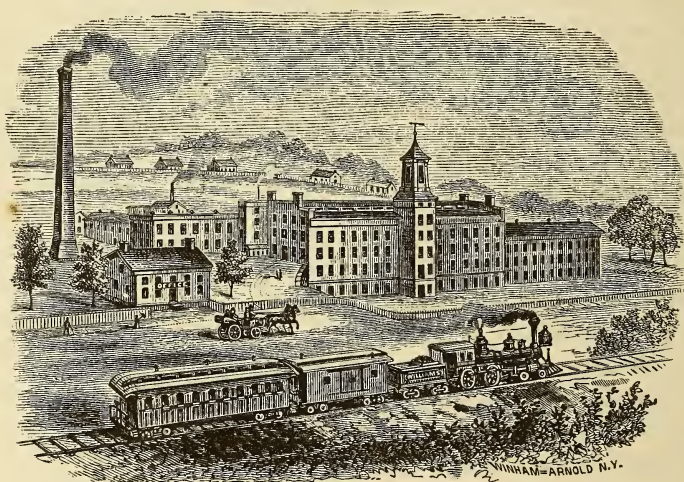
ried daughter residing in Albany, while the eldest daughter, Sarah Jane, wife of Samuel J. Look, Esq., resides in Louisville, Ky. The extensive shops and manufacturing property erected by D. J. Millard, are now the property of Benjamin F. Avery, of Louisville, Ky.

About the year 1842, Frederick Hollister, of Utica, came to Clayville and purchased the partly constructed woolen factory of Baker & Collis, on the site of the old Sweeting sawmill, and now known as the upper mills, which he completed and put in operation. He purchased the land on the west side of the road from this point down along the creek to the old Avery carding mill, where the creek crosses the road north of the present Empire Mill; (his purchase extending west across the creek and partly up the hillside,) which gave him a good water-power below, and the west side of the highway for building lots, and he also opened a road across the creek at the upper mill, thence along north, skirting the foot of the western hillside and intersecting the main road at the old carding mill below, on which new street, (called "Canada,") he erected seventeen double tenement houses, and about the same number on the west side of the old main road, also erecting the block of stores near the upper mill, the upper story of which (at the south end) he occupied as an office. In the year 1843 he commenced the erection of the stone factory, (Empire Mill,) 157 feet in length, and four stories and an attic in height. This was completed and ready to place the machinery therein, in September, 1844, and being the year of the Henry Clay campaign, a "house warming," in the shape of a rousing Whig mass meeting, was held in the upper story before the machinery was put in. It has erroneously gone into history that Henry Clay was present and addressed the meeting; *which is a grave mistake of the informant* who gave it to Mr. Durant, the historian of Oneida county. The meeting was addressed by a Mr. Hurlburt, briefly, who introduced the speaker of the evening—the "Buckeye Orator of Ohio"—a Mr. Kellogg. Precisely five years thereafter, and in September, 1849, Henry Clay, the life-long advocate of "a protective tariff," made his first and only visit to Paris Furnace, which had been changed to Clayville, in his

honor, a few months before, (spring of 1849.) Mr. Hollister also erected the large wooden block for hotel and stores, (Hollister House,) with a public hall in the upper story, of a seating capacity of three hundred, now known as the Murray House, and kept by Emory Adkins, and also erected a gas house for lighting the mills, &c.; extensive storehouses; and also was mainly instrumental in erecting the first house of public worship there—the beautiful brick Episcopal church, (St. John's,) and also a fire-engine house, for the hand engine, near the upper block of stores. About the same time, or a little later, David J. Millard opened up a street from near the upper factory, south, and across the flats, to a point near his residence, with numerous tenement houses thereon; and the Presbyterian church—built mainly through his efforts. These two financial giants—D. J. Millard and Frederick Hollister—built up the place from a little hamlet of two sawmills, a carding-mill, and a country store, to the largest village in the town of Paris, and one of the most important manufacturing centres, at that time, in the State. Chauncey L. Mosher was the superintendent of the woolen mills, Harris G. Rogers, book-keeper and paymaster, and James H. Jennings, foreman in the mills. As the village grew, others came in; a machine shop (Miller's) and foundry (A. E. Pettee's) stood on Millard's new road, where is now the coal sheds of A. J. Rhodes; a large hotel opposite the upper block of stores, kept latterly by James Avery, the genial landlord, now residing in Utica, was erected, and another hotel near the site of the "old carding-mill," (Lasher's,) which did a thriving business until destroyed by fire, a few years since. The Hollister House was kept first by John J. Wicks, a prominent farmer from the west hill, assisted by his son, James Wicks; and numerous stores, shops, &c., sprung up in the fast growing village. The crash, however, came in 1850, when Hollister failed; and for many years after, that part of the village became as "dead as a door nail." "Millardville," above, however, still pushed ahead prosperously to later on, within a few years, when it, too, shared the same fate. The woolen factories, after the "smash-up," started up spasmodically during the '50s by Hon. O. B. Matteson and Burton Hurlburt, and afterwards by Holmes & Hallowell.

THE PRESENT EMPIRE WOOLEN COMPANY.

January 3, 1861, A. J. Williams, of Utica, James J. Murray, of Pittsfield, Mass., Hon. George Innis, of Poughkeepsie, Robert L. Murray and A. J. Cameron, purchased the entire property for some \$40,000 or \$50,000, and organized the "Empire Woolen Company," J. J. Murray, President, Hon.



George Innis, Vice President, and A. J. Williams, Treasurer. Mr. A. J. Williams soon after purchased the interests of Robt. L. Murray and A. J. Cameron. This property, originally costing in its construction about half a million dollars, had sadly deteriorated in value, requiring at once a vast outlay for repairs, and the replacing with new and improved machinery the old style machinery, which was obsolete and practically worthless, except for the "scrap heap." Soon after the mills were put in shape and in full successful operation, Mr. James J. Murray died, and Mr. A. J. Williams purchased his interest in the mills of the estate, and also purchased the entire interest of Hon. George Innis, and the property then being owned and controlled by himself and his four sons, they

reorganized the Company, as follows: A. J. Williams, President and Treasurer; Hon. A. G. Williams, Vice President; Trustees: A. J. Williams, Hon. A. G. Williams, I. A. Williams, James H. Williams, and N. A. Williams; with a capital stock of \$250,000. [Since writing the above, N. A. Williams and Hon. A. G. Williams have both deceased.—ED.] Under the new organization a brick addition was erected to the north of the Empire Mill, 86 feet in length and three stories high, and other extensive additions to the west, in the rear, so that the capacity of the mill has been doubled, and is now a “fifteen set mill,” which, with the upper mill, in which six sets of new and improved machinery have recently been put in operation, making twenty-one sets in the two mills, yield a total production of about five hundred thousand yards of 6-4 fancy cassimeres annually, and furnish employment for about three hundred operatives. A new substantial brick office has also been erected near the Empire Mill, a large steam engine and boilers, (with a tall brick stack costing several thousand dollars,) have been put in,—rendered necessary to meet their increased business,—and as an auxiliary to the failing power of the creek, the volume of the flow of water diminishing steadily from year to year, as the forests are being cut off at its source. The Empire Mills are the largest and most important industry in the town of Paris, enlarged to this commanding position and state of excellence by that veteran woolen manufacturer, A. J. Williams, whose skill has produced goods, the admiration of our “merchant princes,” and to-day in market take first rank as against the best English and French importations. This magnificent industry is deservedly the pride of the Valley.

HENRY CLAY, AMERICA'S GREAT ORATOR AND STATESMAN,
VISITS CLAYVILLE, SEPTEMBER 10, 1849.

Hon. Henry Clay, *en route* to Syracuse to attend the State Fair, arrived at Utica, Saturday evening, September 8, 1849, and stopped over as the guest of Frederick Hollister. On Sunday morning he attended church at Trinity, and in the evening at the Reformed Dutch Church. Monday morning he breakfasted with his Honor, Mayor Thomas R. Walker. At 10 o'clock A. M., in carriage with the Mayor, Frederick Hollister and W. B. Wells, accompanied by the Common Council and a large concourse of citizens in carriages, took their way over the new plank-road over "cemetery hill" to Checkerville. The Washington Mills—the woolen factory of Mr. Hollister at this place, bore the legend in mammoth evergreen letters "Welcome, Henry Clay," and the factory girls in line, arrayed in white, saluted the statesman. At this place a large delegation from Waterville joined with the people of Checkerville and all moved on up the valley, the bells at the Willowvale Works ringing as the procession passed. Arriving at Sauquoit, they were met by a large delegation from Clayville with two banners, and headed by the Utica Brass Band, with Dr. Jeremiah Knight as marshal, and amid the ringing of bells and the shouts of the people the procession moved on to Clayville, where they arrived at 12 o'clock M. a cannon on the highest peak of the pinnacle announcing the important arrival. Reaching the beautiful Episcopal Church there, just recently erected, the procession halted, and Mr. Clay and many of the distinguished citizens entered the church, while the organist—Harris G. Rogers—performed national airs on the new organ. After listening to the music and viewing the interior of the church, they passed out to the carriage. Enthusiastic admirers of the great statesman had meantime detached the horses and procured the drag-rope of the fire engine, which they had attached to the carriage, and with the wildest enthusiasm and prolonged cheers, drew the honored guest by hand triumphantly through the village named in his honor—Clayville, and to the Paris Furnace Company's scythe shops, and thence to the residence of David J. Millard, as his guest for dinner. The immense concourse

of people assembled in the spacious grounds of Mr. Millard, and Henry Clay, from the elevated piazza of the residence, was formally introduced to the assembled multitude by Frederick Hollister. When the echo of the "three times three" hearty greeting cheers had died away, the venerable orator said "A lady had requested of him that he would make a speech. He had replied, that if it were to be made *tete-à-tete* with her, nothing would be more pleasant for him, and he might perhaps say that which would not meet her disappointment. But to the crowd there assembled, what could he say? Yet; if he could find an occasion for departing from the rule he had been compelled to adopt on this journey, it would be at this place, which had been named after him, and for the purpose of expressing his cordial thanks for that honor. His political life was drawing to a close. He looked back sometimes with feelings of regret at parts of it, but there was no portion which he regarded with so much satisfaction, as that policy to which he had devoted half his life: that policy which had made us independent of foreign nations, and occasioned such results as we see around us. He trusted that this prosperous village would continue to expand till it covered the summit of those hills, and that every happiness would be the portion of its inhabitants." After dinner he appeared a second time on the piazza and "regretted that he was unable to say more." At 2 o'clock P. M., he took carriage, and arriving at Checkerville, turned off from the plank road to New Hartford, where he was received by a large assemblage, the ringing of church bells, and welcomed by young ladies with bouquets. Here he took carriage for New York Mills with W. D. Walcott and Hon. Samuel Campbell, preceded by the band. At Yorkville the fire company paraded. He reached Utica at 4½ P. M., in time for the train to Syracuse, but was induced to remain over night in Utica, and finally took his departure for Syracuse, Tuesday forenoon September 11, 1849.

The trip up the beautiful valley of the Sauquoit was a magnificent ovation, and an event long to be remembered, it being the only visit of the great statesman to Central New York. The thirty years that have rolled away since that eventful, bright September day in 1849, have wrought great

changes, and many, very many of those voices that cheered to the echo, the distinguished orator, are hushed in death. The principal actors of that day have all passed away. Hon. Henry Clay, Frederick Hollister, W. B. Wells, Dr. Jeremiah Knight, David J. Millard, and at this writing, the mortal remains of the late Hon. Thomas R. Walker, ex-Mayor of Utica, who died in Dresden, Europe, have just arrived at New York, on the steamer *Frisia*, one of the Hamburg American packets.

THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES OF CLAYVILLE.—ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

[From Durant's History of Oneida County.]

Through the efforts of Frederick Hollister, of early manufacturing fame in this village, the services of Rev. William Baker were secured, and he preached here in the spring of 1847. The present fine brick church was built in 1848-49, at a cost of \$17,000 to \$20,000. The first meeting of the society was held April 25, 1847, in the old school house. Mr. Baker, at that time rector of St. Paul's Church, at Paris Hill, preached here one Sunday in each month. Rev. William H. Paddock, principal of a family school at New Hartford, aided in forming the society here, and meetings were held every other Sunday. The corner-stone of the church was laid June 21, 1848, by Bishop DeLancy, and the society was incorporated July 9, 1849, with twenty-one members. John Wicks and Ezra Brown were the first church wardens, and the vestrymen were James H. Jennings, R. Wells Dickenson, Riley W. Miller, Sterling A. Millard, Aaron B. Bligh, Frederick Hollister, George Lord, Parmenas Mott. The site for the church was deeded by the "Empire Mills Company," and the building was consecrated by Bishop DeLancey, December 23, 1849. Rev. P. A. Proal, D. D., of Trinity Church, Utica, was the first rector of St. John's. (He was succeeded by Rev. Spencer M. Rice in 1850-51, and Harris G. Rogers was the first organist.) The present rector is Rev. J. B. Wicks, of Paris Hill, and the communicants number about twenty-five.

THE CLAYVILLE PRESBYTERIAN SOCIETY.

This society was inaugurated October 5, 1856, by Lloyd Johnson and wife, (Lloyd Johnson is one of the six survivors of the 178 first members of the M. E. Church at East Sauquoit in 1815,) Elder Warren Bragg, Mrs. Almira Bragg, J. J. Millard, Mrs. D. J. Millard, Sarah Jane Millard, Mrs. Sally Goff, Mrs. Catharine Garlock and Mrs. Elizabeth Barrows, who were dismissed from the Presbyterian Church at Sauquoit for that purpose. In November of the same year, the church was organized by the Presbytery of Utica. The meetings were first held in the chamber of the store of David J. Millard, which he fitted up for that purpose. Rev. Alexander McLane was the first "stated supply," and March 1, 1857, was succeeded by Rev. D. A. Hebard, who continued till February, 1858, when he was succeeded by Rev. Moses Earl Dunham, a member of the Sauquoit Presbyterian Church, and who resigned as principal of the Sauquoit Academy to enter the ministry. In September, 1858, a committee of ladies started a subscription paper for funds to build a church. David J. Millard aided largely in the work, and the present frame church edifice was built soon after. The deacons of the society, (who were also elders,) at the time, were Lloyd Johnson and Warren Bragg, and Mr. Johnson still holds the position. Mr. Bragg was killed in a railway accident at Gouldsborough, Pa., in 1876, while *en route* to the Centennial Exposition. Rev. M. E. Dunham is now at Whitestown, N. Y. He was succeeded by Rev. A. C. Shaw, D. D., in 1864, now of Fulton, N. Y., who was succeeded in May, 1870, by Rev. C. H. Beebe, the present pastor. The officers of the society are: Church Clerk and Elder, Levi Mason; Elders, Ezekiel Pierce, John B. Tompkins, N. M. Worden. The membership is about 90. A Sabbath School is sustained with over 200 members, and an average attendance of 150; the teachers number 20. Dr. H. W. Tompkins is Superintendent and Chorister, and Mrs. Tompkins Assistant Superintendent. The value of the church property, including the parsonage, is about \$8,000. The town meetings are held annually in the basement of this church.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The first Catholic clergyman who visited this place was Rev. Patrick Carraher, of St. Patrick's Church, West Utica, some thirty years ago or more. He celebrated mass in the school house. The church was organized by Rev. Father Coughlin, of Clinton, who was succeeded by Rev. Father O'Reilly, now of Clinton, under whose supervision the present frame church was built about 1864, and dedicated in 1865. In 1868, (previous to which time Father O'Reilly had attended at this place, Waterville and West Winfield,) another clergyman—Rev. Philip Smith, was appointed at Waterville, and also had charge at Clayville. The present pastor, Rev. E. F. O'Connor, was appointed in 1874, and holds services also at West Winfield, where a church was dedicated Sept. 30, 1877. St. Patrick's parish includes about 140 families, or some 700 individuals. Two Sunday Schools are sustained: one at Clayville, with an attendance of about 75, superintended by Michael Dempsey; and another in the school house at Chadwicks. The society has a beautiful cemetery on the road leading from Clayville to East Sauquoit, near the Sauquoit Valley Cemetery.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

This society was organized sometime during the Rebellion, about 1863-4. The church edifice, which is a small frame building, is situated on the hill above St. Patrick's Catholic Church, on the road leading from Clayville to the cemeteries. Its pulpit is at present supplied by Rev. E. J. Clemens. This hill on which these two churches are built, is rendered historical by a tragic event that transpired there many years ago. It was formerly quite steep, and (before it had been graded down,) one Sunday afternoon, August 31, 1823, Mary Ann, wife of Anson Avery, with a lady friend, were returning from the Methodist Church at East Sauquoit, where they had attended Divine service, when, upon reaching the brow of this hill, and had commenced the steep descent, some portion of the harness gave away, and the frightened horse dashed headlong down the declivity beyond the control of the two affrighted females. Near the foot of the hill Mrs. Avery

leaped from the wagon and was instantly killed; her companion who remained in the vehicle escaped unhurt, the horse being checked in his headlong career some distance further on. A stone was erected at the spot where she met her untimely end, which recounted by suitable inscription her sad fate, which stood there for many years, but finally in the grading of the hill it was displaced and now does duty as a stepping stone to the piazza of 'Squire William H. Barnett's residence.

SAUQUOIT LODGE, NO. 320, (NOW 108,) I. O. O. F.

This lodge was instituted September 18, 1847, by Past Grand Isaac Tapping, Special Deputy Grand Master, assisted by P. G. Bennett as Deputy Grand Marshal, P. G. Curtiss as Deputy Grand Warden, P. G. Thomas as Deputy Grand Secretary, P. G. Baldwin as Deputy Grand Treasurer, and the following officers duly installed: N. W. Moore, N. G.; M. C. F. Barber, V. G.; I. D. Davenport, Recording Secretary; W. H. Barnett, Permanent Secretary; F. S. Savage, Treasurer.

Charter Members other than above Officers.—F. M. Knight, H. W. Wilcox, G. H. Ferris, Lyman Avery, I. H. Gillett, Henry Dunning, George Lord, H. M. Carter, Benjamin Moore, J. M. Owen, J. F. Hopkins, Hiram Rogers, M. M. Neal and S. Segar.

The lodge first held its meetings at East Sauquoit, in the hall over the store of Erastus Everett, just then erected, (now Miller & Nichols' store, and the hall is the printing rooms of the *Sauquoit Valley Register*,) and until January, 1850, when they removed to Union Hall (now Masonic Hall) at West Sauquoit. The lodge at its organization took the number "320," but upon the union of the two Grand Lodges in the State, in October, 1867, it was ranked No. 108, its present number. It held its meetings in Union Hall, Sauquoit, for a period of twenty-eight years, when in January, 1878, it removed to Clayville. The lodge, besides suffering a loss of nearly two thousand dollars by the failure of the Ontario Branch Bank many years ago, has disbursed a large sum in its charities. 'Squire W. H. Barnett, the permanent secretary at its organization, estimates: "we have paid for the relief of

members of the lodge, between twelve thousand and fifteen thousand dollars, besides several thousand dollars for other charitable purposes," which is a magnificent record, of which any society may well be proud.

OTHER SECRET SOCIETIES.

Lodges of Rechabites and Sons of Temperance have existed here in bye-gone days, and there is a flourishing Lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars here, well officered and with a large membership, instituted soon after the Lodge of Sauquoit.

PETTEE POST, NO. 89, G. A. R.

This organization, which formerly existed here, has been disbanded. It was named in honor of Sergeant William Pettee, of the 146th Infantry, who was missing and supposed to have been killed at the Battle of the Wilderness, Va., May 5. 1864, as he was never heard of afterwards. He was a son of Aaron E. Pettee, an early settler, many years deacon of the Presbyterian Church at Sauquoit, a prominent business man at Clayville, in the foundry business—"Pettee's Plough" being a household word among the old time farmers. He was afterward town clerk and postmaster at Clayville for a long time, and died a few years since, respected by all. Another of his sons—Robert—fell at the battle of Fredericksburgh, under General Burnside, mortally wounded, in laying the pontoon bridges across the Rappahannock River, December, 1862.

THE UNION SCHOOL.

This school occupies a large two-story brick building erected in 1876, at a cost (including the furnace for heating the building,) of \$6,000. The school has three departments—primary, intermediate and advanced—with an average attendance of about 175. It is conducted by three teachers—a principal and two assistant teachers. The officers of the school board are: President, William H. Barnett; Clerk, A. J. Rhodes.

The office of the town clerk has been located at Clayville

for many years. The present town clerk is Richard S. Giles, and the present postmaster is 'Squire Ezekiel Pierce. On the hill west of Clayville, the settlement was commenced earlier than at Paris Furnace. Among these settlers were Colonel Bentley, Deacon Charles Allen and David Budlong, living on the road leading from the Burning Spring to Cassville, which was the only road for many years in that direction, no road being built up the valley along the creek until later on. This road crossed the Dexter gulf about twenty rods west of the present crossing, on logs piled up "cob house fashion," forming a bridge. A few years later, after saw mills were in operation, a frame bridge spanned the gulf about ten rods west of the present road, which was used until 1816, when Allyn Gilbert contracted with the road commissioners and constructed the "fill," with earth, where the road now crosses at Dexter's pond, rendered historical by the suicide by drowning of Mrs. N. Randall, September 12, 1879. Colonel Bentley was born in Stonington, R. I., in 1766, and was married to Nancy Allen. He settled here in 1799, where he ever afterward resided, much respected, and died September, 1850, aged 84. His children were Hannah, Benjamin and Joseph A., the well known "trooper," who joined the cavalry in 1828, and trooped four days each year until about the year 1843, when they disbanded. Another surviving veteran of the troop, who lived in the neighborhood at an early day, was Frederick G. Robbins, who removed to Bridgewater many years ago, where he has ever since resided, a prominent man in that town. Joseph A. Bentley was born in Stonington, R. I., in 1796, and came with his parents on to the farm where he now lives, when a child three years old, married Judith Williams in the year 1818, and now in the evening of life—84 years of age—with his son, Col. Bentley, on the old homestead, he enjoys good health and vigor. Josiah Booth was an early prominent settler west of the Bentley farm. In the year 1841, he started on a journey to the West to visit his son, Lemuel Booth, of Salem, Kenosha county, Wis. Reaching Buffalo, N. Y., he took passage, Monday, August 9, 1841, on the ill-fated steamboat *Erie*. The boat was crowded with passengers and emigrants going west, among whom were some painters *en route* to Dunkirk to do a job of work, with

their paint pots and cans of turpentine, which they placed on the deck, as it chanced, directly over the boilers. Some of the deck hands removed the inflammable materials to a safer position. The painters, by and by, missing their cans, &c., made search, and when found, replaced them in the dangerous place over the boilers, where by this time—they having been several hours on the course—the deck at this point had become greatly heated, and soon after, the cans of turpentine exploded with a loud report, scattering the burning turpentine in all directions, and instantly the steamboat was in flames. Frantic efforts were made by the crew, assisted by the passengers, to extinguish the fire, but in vain, as it spread rapidly, and many of the frightened passengers leaped overboard. Meantime, the captain gave orders to the pilot to head her for the shore, a few miles distant, and “beach her,” that the passengers then might possibly reach the land. The brave pilot obeyed the order, and with all steam on, the burning boat forged ahead at full speed towards the shore, the flames rapidly gaining headway and enveloping the upper works, and very soon reached the pilot house above, where stood the brave pilot at the wheel, heading the boat to the shore. The flames leaped madly towards him, from which shrinking, he, at arms’ length, still grasped the wheel and guided her shoreward. Could he hold out a few minutes longer and keep her on her course hundreds of lives might be saved. Already his brawny arm, on which so many precious lives depended, was scorched, blackened and blistered by the fast advancing, relentless flames, but he stood to his post. The captain through his trumpet shouted to learn “if he could hold her to her course a minute longer.” “Aye, aye, sir, I’ll try,” came the brave response from the pilot house, even then surrounded by smoke and flames. They were the last words of that gallant hero, who so bravely performed his duty to the last, and died at his post. No hero on any battle field ever more nobly went to his death. A complete list of the passengers was never obtained. Two or three hundred reached the shore in safety or were picked up by the boats that went to their assistance. It was supposed that not less than 300 perished. The coroner reported 170 bodies recovered and buried, but many doubtless floated away. The

body of Josiah Booth floated, and nearly a month after—September 2,—was taken from the water and buried by strangers at Evans, Erie Co., September 3. Schuyler Hubbard, of Paris Hill, the skillful detective, visited the scene of the disaster for the purpose of recovering his remains, in which he succeeded, September 13. The money belt which he wore about him, containing several hundred dollars, designed for his son Lemuel, in Wisconsin, whom he was on his way to visit, was found intact, and the money undisturbed. His remains were brought home and interred in the old burying ground at West Sauquoit, September 19, 1841, and a headstone erected, recounting the tragic manner of his untimely end. His remains have since been removed, and he now reposes in the Valley Cemetery. He was born in 1777, and was 64 years of age when he died. His descendants still occupy the old homestead farm, two of whom—Ricks and Albert—have met with tragic deaths by their own hands. Another tragic death occurred in the neighborhood a few years since, on the farm adjoining the Bentley farm on the north. Charles L. Matteson was fatally shot by a pistol in the hands of his insane and demented brother, Perrine D. Matteson. They were sons of Jared D. Matteson, (recently deceased,) a prominent farmer and cattle dealer, for many years residing near Tassel Hill, but who succeeded some years since to the James Rhodes farm, on which the tragedy occurred.

Rev. Samuel F. Dexter formerly lived at Dexter Pond. He was a clergyman of the sect known as Christians, and also at an early period a skillful dentist. Dr. A. N. Priest, of Utica, and Dr. William Perkins, of Baldwinsville, N. Y., studied the profession with him, as well as his son, Henry Dexter, the dentist, of Sauquoit. Some years ago he purchased the old machine shop building of the old Farmers' Factory at South Sauquoit, which he took down and removed "piece meal" to the Dexter pond, where he re-erected the building, utilizing the power of the spring brook that forms the pond there, thence flowing down through the deep ravine to the east and past the residence of Hon. Eli Avery and into the Sauquoit creek. The building was used for a variety of purposes; a cider mill, a run of stone put in for grinding feed, and also for the Paris Chair Factory. Rev. S. F. Dexter was a vet-

eran Free Mason, made in Sauquoit Lodge in 1852, and is now an honorary member of that Lodge. He removed to a distant part of the State a few years since, and at present writing, Dr. H. W. Tompkins is the only resident dentist at Clayville.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CASSVILLE—(PARIS HOLLOW.)

Cassville was the fifth and last settlement in the town of Paris, and is situated on the Sauquoit creek, two miles south of Clayville, near the south line of the town, where the creek, flowing from the west, forms a horse-shoe bend and takes its course north through the Valley and to the Mohawk river. It is 1,200 feet above the level of the sea, and 775 feet above the Mohawk. It was settled in 1803, and the pioneers were Amasa Burchard, Elias and Mark Hopkins, and Eleazer Kellogg, and by the early settlers it was called "Toad Holler," by which name it was known for many years. About the year 1830, a postoffice was established here under the name of Paris Hollow, with Dr. Aaron B. Bligh as the first postmaster. In the year 1835, the name was changed to Cassville, in honor of General Lewis Cass, and Dr. A. B. Bligh re-appointed—the first postmaster of Cassville. Amasa Burchard built the first house in the "Hollow" and Elias Hopkins built a saw mill on the site of the present grist mill there, which was the first mill of any kind on the creek above Paris Furnace except the grist mill (above Clayville) built by John Budlong the previous year. Amasa Burchard soon after built the present grist mill on the site of the Hopkins saw mill, and a few rods below, in 1804, erected a carding and fulling mill on the site, afterwards, by Caleb Hoag (now of Preble, N. Y.) converted into a tub factory, and later on, by Robert W. Session into a cheese factory, and further down the creek, oppo-

site the present residence of Milton Waldron, the gunsmith, he erected a saw mill,—the remains of the old dam are still to be seen there. The village, first settled in the Hollow, gradually extended up the bluff to the south, a distillery being erected on each side of the road leading from the grist mill up the bluff, one erected by Thompson Snell and the other by Marsh & Stanley. There were built in succession a tavern, store, dwelling houses and church on the bluff, or plateau—the dividing ridge between the Sauquoit and the Unadilla,—the waters on this plateau flowing south—the great water-shed of the Susquehanna. The tavern was erected at an early day by Michael Foster, who was succeeded by Mr. Tripp and others, the last tavern-keepers being the Briggs Brothers, grandsons of Lieut. Spencer Briggs, and a few years since it was torn down and removed, Norman Merrill, the merchant, erecting a fine residence on the site. The present hotel is a new frame building on the west side of the road leading up the bluff, (and on the south side of the railroad,) owned and kept by the popular and obliging landlord, David Morris, who also has a coal yard near by, and in the beautiful glen some thirty rods west, on the south branch of the Sauquoit, has erected extensive trout ponds, stocked with speckled trout, and in the grove on the bluff at that point, ample “pic nic” grounds, all laid out with picturesque taste, and is a favorite summer resort. Down the railroad east of the village is situated the depot, at Richfield Junction, where the railroad branches off south (through a deep cut through the bluff,) for Richfield Springs. Across the railroad track east of the depot is a popular hotel kept by Mr. R. Henry. Parmeas Mott was an early merchant in the old store, afterwards Calvin A. Budlong, and then Norman Merrill. Mr. C. A. Budlong afterwards erected a new store on the opposite corner where the plank road entered the village; removing to Aurora, Ill., a few years since, he was succeeded by Thomas H. Hughes, and the store is now carried on by Mr. Seaman. Newell A. Johnson had a store here for many years in the south part of the village on the road leading to Bridgewater; he has lately retired, carrying on his farm there. He carried on the Millard store near the site of the old Paris furnace for some years. He is a grandson of the pioneer, Sampson John-

son. Nathan Randall, a soldier of the Revolutionary war, came to Paris from Connecticut, in 1799, and settled north of the village, to which he removed in 1807. His two sons, Abel and Bishop T., were veterans of the war of 1812, both now deceased, Bishop T. Randall residing on the old homestead during his life time, dying a few months since from injuries received from a vicious heifer. He was a much respected and influential citizen. Sion Rhodes was born in Warwick, R. I., September 30, 1789, and came to Cassville at an early day, where he resided through his long and useful life, going to his rest August 7, 1864, aged 74. The Monroe family were early prominent settlers on the "south branch." Jonas Monroe died February 28, 1836, aged 66; Hiram Monroe died June 12, 1872, aged 60; a sister (Harriet) surviving, and living on the old homestead farm with Charles Hotchkiss, who succeeded to the farm. The Brownell family were early settlers on the "Monroe road," Ezekiel P. Brownell now residing on the old homestead. Near the Monroe farm on the south branch George Smith (now of Smithport, Pa.) in company with R. A Webb, erected a tannery and carding mill in the year 1826, and carried them on for several years. Nothing now remains on the site, except the ruins of their dam. Further down on the stream near the road leading to Paris Hill, which the branch crosses, are the ruins of a dam where stood a saw mill at an early day. Below the road on this stream, Grove W. Bagg had works where he manufactured hay-forks, hoes and agricultural implements about the year 1850. The only power now occupied on the south branch is the carding mill, saw mill and cider mill of Alonzo Burdick, a short distance above the trout ponds of David Morris. John, Joseph and David Budlong were pioneers north of the village on the old original main road leading along the high ground from the Burning spring at Sauquoit to Cassville, settling there in 1799; two other brothers, Benjamin and Aaron, came about the same time and settled in Litchfield, all coming from Norwich Landing, R. I. Benjamin and David were both Baptist ministers and prominently connected with the establishment of, and the early history of the Baptist church at Cassville. Deacon Charles Allen settled on the "old main road" in 1799, and was the first deacon of the old Baptist church erected in

that neighborhood, the society afterwards erecting a church at the village. His son, Charles Allen, Jr., was also a deacon in the church, holding the position nearly fifty years. Elder James Rhodes also settled in about the same time, and later on Caleb Green, a veteran of the war of 1812, also John M. Hammet and Deacon John Lohnas, all prominent early settlers, good men, of strict morals, and among the founders of the Baptist church there.

At that early day no road led up the Valley above the Paris furnace along the creek to Cassville, and in order to reach the creek, John Budlong opened a road from the "old main road" down to the creek, where he erected a grist-mill, three-fourths of a mile above Clayville, about the year 1802; his brother, Rev. David Budlong, (who in early life was a ship carpenter, and a skilled mechanic,) aiding him in its erection. Years afterward, this grist-mill was carried on by Amos Wilcox; then for many years by Zebina Johnson and his son, Morris M. Johnson, (now a merchant at Sauquoit—Savage & Johnson;) J. M. Jennings, the present occupant, finally succeeding to the old pioneer Budlong mill. The Budlong family and their many descendants, have contributed largely to the growth and prosperity of Cassville and its surroundings, prominent among whom was Dr. Barzilla Budlong, the accomplished life-long resident physician there, who also during his brief life held many offices of trust and responsibility, and was elected Supervisor in 1860, '61 and '62, and died May 3, 1868, aged 62. Dr. Albert D. Barnum, who studied with Dr. Budlong, has since been the resident physician and surgeon there. His brother, Herbert H. Barnum, postmaster, and partner of Norman Merrill in the store, has recently moved away. Abel, 'Squire David and Ezra Budlong were also influential citizens there.

The Sweet family were early prominent settlers, a daughter still residing there, (wife of Abel Budlong.) Reuben, after residing many years there, removed to Clinton, where he now resides; Martin L. and James reside at Grand Rapids, Mich., and Thomas Sweet resides at Flint, Mich. 'Squire William Gallup is an early settler, residing on the "old main road" north of the village. He was born March 18, 1796, in Voluntown, Windham county, Ct., and came to Paris in February,

1815, first settling on the east side of the creek, and afterwards removing to his present residence. He was elected Justice of the Peace in 1839, which office he held until 1852, with the exception of one year; was elected Supervisor in 1856, and Justice of the Peace again in 1859-60. He is one of the veteran members of the Baptist church, and for many years clerk of the society, and, full of honors, at the advanced age of 84, with his aged wife, (a daughter of Rev. David Budlong, the pioneer,) both in good health, spend the evening of life with their son, David B. Gallup, at the old homestead, adjoining the farm of H. W. Anderson, a prominent man in town affairs.

Hon. Justus Childs was born in Connecticut, September 21, 1809, and came to Paris about the year 1831. He resided east of Cassville on the stone road, and was an extensive farmer—his farm being one of the “model farms” in town. He was a popular man in town, and filled many offices of trust and responsibility. He was elected Supervisor in 1857, and was Member of Assembly in 1843-44. He was a prominent Freemason, “made” in Sauquoit Lodge, No. 150, F. and A. M., in 1855. He was one of the prime movers in building the stone road which extended from Winfield north, over Babcock Hill and along down past his residence into the Valley, uniting with the plank road near the old Budlong grist-mill, above Clayville. The plank road was built in 1847-48, extending south from Utica over Cemetery Hill and to Washington Mills, and up the Sauquoit Valley through Cassville, and thence to Bridgewater. The stone road was made with two parallel strips of flagging stone about sixteen inches wide, laid down at a distance from each other that would enable the wheels of a wagon to travel thereon, the intervening space whereon the horse traveled being “macadamized.” The Stone Road Company was organized June 23, 1849, at the house of James Johnson, in Bridgewater, with the following Board of Directors: Newton Wilcox, Hon. Peleg B. Babcock, Frederick S. Savage, Hon. Justus Childs and Zebina Johnson. The toll-gates were removed a few years since, and the road thrown open to the public. He died May 24, 1868, at the age of 59. His obituary, in the *Utica Observer*, says: “He was gifted with superior intelligence and an excellent

constitution; and was characterized by active habits and large business capacity, with marked public spirit. Always one of the most prominent citizens of his town, he was repeatedly its Supervisor, and also represented his district in the State Assembly. In all the relations of life, as well as in an official capacity, his conduct was distinguished by integrity, conscientiousness and good judgment, and his death will be lamented by all who knew him. He leaves a large family, among whom are Messrs. J. M. and W. B. Childs, of Utica, and a large circle of friends, to mourn his loss." Hon. James Corbett, for many years commercial traveler for David J. Millard, and who was Member of Assembly in 1877, purchased the valuable Childs farm on the stone road. George W. Chapinan, son of the pioneer, Stephen Chapman, and L. C. Randall, are both prominent farmers in that vicinity. Further to the north in that vicinity are the families of Pierces, Risings, Swans, Waldrons, Hopkins, C. H. Johnson, and Riders—all large landholders and prominent farmers, Wakeman Rider being the largest landholder residing in town, although much of his land lies in the adjoining town of Litchfield.

On the road west of Cassville, leading to Paris Hill, are located many prominent influential farmers, among whom are Stephen Thomas and Miles Cossiitt, son of Roswell Cossitt, the pioneer distiller at the little settlement there, called "Tophet," and who settled there in 1801, and built a distillery, Asa Stanton, an early settler, resides near there on the old Stanton homestead, and further along Joshua P. Tompkins resides on the old Tompkins farm, a prominent, influential man there, where his father, Deacon Nathaniel Tompkins, one of the pioneers, settled early in the century and erected a distillery, which he carried on for many years. A Welsh Church formerly existed at "Tophet," erected as a union church by several Welsh societies, but was finally absorbed by the church at Waterville and the society here disbanded. Val Pierce, a veteran of the war of 1812, and Isaac Welton, both wealthy and influential farmers, were early settlers further along the Paris Hill road.

Josiah W. Bagg was born in Pittsfield, Mass., in June, 1787, was married to Sarah R. Burt, daughter of Deacon Burt, of Pittsfield, and about the year 1810 removed with his wife and family to New Hartford, and afterwards removed to Cassville. He was in the war of 1812, and served under General White, at Sacketts Harbor, in 1814. They had seven children, four daughters and three sons: Phebe F., now Mrs. Geo. Barnard, of Westmoreland, Sarah A., now Mrs. V. R. Patterson, Cold Water, Mich., May Elizabeth and Harriet Emily—the two latter deceased. The sons: Thomas A., J. Martin, and Grove W., are living. Josiah W. Bagg, veteran of 1812, died September, 1870, at the advanced age of 83. Grove W. Bagg, the youngest son, was the first and only resident lawyer in the town of Paris. Educated at DeLancey Institute, in the village of Hampton, and after receiving a classical course he, in 1845, commenced the study of the law in the office of William and Charles Tracy, in the city of Utica. He was admitted to the bar at Troy, N. Y., in 1848,—his diploma bearing the signatures of those eminent jurists, Judge Amasa J. Parker, Ira Harris and Malborn Watson. Early in the year 1849, he took up his residence in Cassville, having married N. Jane Budlong, eldest daughter of 'Squire David Budlong of that place, in June, 1848. He held the office of school commissioner from 1856–60, and continued his practice of law at Cassville until 1870, (a period of 21 years in the town,) when he removed to Utica, where he now resides, still practicing his profession; his law partner being Hon. George W. Smith, of Herkimer, and assisted in the office by his son, Charles M. Bagg.

George Smith, an early manufacturer on the Sauquoit, was born in Templeton, Mass., December 30, 1791, soon after which his parents removed to New Hampshire, and at the age of 13 he was apprenticed to a Mr. Bonny at the tanners trade, serving seven years. He came to Paris, April 1, 1815, and commenced work at carding and cloth dressing with Geo. Wheeler, at the carding mill on the site of Savage & Moore's old paper mill, torn down some years since, where he worked five years: four years for Wheeler and the last year running the mill for himself. January 2, 1818, he married Fanny Gilbert, oldest daughter of Theodore Gilbert, the valley pioneer.

In the year 1820-21, he worked a farm on the hill-road between the Burning Spring and Bentley's, (the Deacon Curtiss farm.) He then moved to the "head" of the Sauquoit creek, above Cassville—then called "Toad Holler"—and run the Seabury Scovil sawmill three years, and then went to the town of Columbus and worked one year at the carding and cloth business. In 1826, in company with R. A. Webb, he built a tannery and carding mill on the south branch of the Sauquoit, one-half mile above Cassville, carrying on both trades seven years. He next went to the Avery place, just below Paris Furnace, (Clayville,) and run a carding mill two years. He next went to Cassville, and run the Burchard carding mill, two years, and then to the Abner Bacon carding mill at Sauquoit, below the Mould Bro.'s grist mill, where he remained one year. In 1837 he went to Smithport, Pa., and went into the carding business, and in 1838 removed his family there, where, at the advanced age of 89 years, he resides with his son, Squire G. Martin Smith, enjoying good health, although he has been blind since 1872. His wife, Fanny Gilbert, born in the old pioneer log house, at the Burning Spring, died July 17, 1862, aged 61. Besima, his oldest daughter, makes her home with his son Martin. Harriet, the other of his three children, wife of Alonzo Green, formerly of Paris, resides in Eaton county, Mich. Of the different carding mills, tanneries and sawmills in which he worked, not one of them is in existence to-day. The Wheeler mill at the bottom of the lane, leading down from near the Burning Spring to the creek, (the paper mill afterward,) went to ruin some years ago, and a remnant of the foundation stones and trace of the old dam is all that remains to mark the spot. No vestige of the tannery and carding mill above Cassville remains except a trace of the dam, and on the site of the Burchard mill at Cassville, is a cheese factory. The railroad, as it enters Clayville, passes over the site of the scene of his labor there; the heavy embankment obliterating all traces of the old carding mill, and the Seabury Scovil sawmill, near the head of the creek, shared a similar fate; the railroad passing directly through the dam, the mill being torn down. The old Abner Bacon carding mill, at Sauquoit—dismantled and idle—was burned about 1863, and the Mould Bros. in lowering their race for their grist mill

wiped out all traces of that also. Thus one by one the old landmarks of the pioneer manufacturers pass away.

HISTORY OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT CASSVILLE, BY REV. LANSING BAILEY, A FORMER PASTOR OF THAT CHURCH.

At the close of the last century, the region of country in which the village of Cassville is located, was comparatively a wilderness; extensive forests for the most part covering the fields which are now so well cultivated, and present to the eye much landscape beauty and much evidence of thrift. But a goodly number of sturdy Baptists, who loved the word of God and desired to maintain its doctrines, had already planted themselves in the vicinity, with the view of reducing the forest, and obtaining a livelihood as cultivators of the soil. They were not as yet organized as a religious body, but desired the enjoyment of the more public means of grace. About the year 1799, two Christian ladies, one the wife of David Budlong, and the other of Charles Allen, Sr., ostensibly for a family visit, mounted their horses and rode through the forest to the residence of Mr. Benjamin Budlong, nine miles distant; in what is now the town of Frankfort. During their stay, they took occasion to lay before Mr. Budlong the religious condition of their neighborhood, and as he was well known as an exemplary Christian, and gifted in prayer and exhortation, they invited him to visit them with the view to holding religious service. He accepted their invitation, and an appointment was made for him. Finding encouragement, he made other appointments, and so continued from Sabbath to Sabbath. This was the beginning on his part of labors which were continued over thirty years, and were richly blessed of Heaven.

It was not long after the commencement of these labors that a startling event occurred. One morning a Mr. Charles Davis left his home for the residence of a neighbor who had requested his assistance in some work he desired to have done, but on reaching the threshold of the neighbor's house, he fell and immediately expired. This produced a profound sensation among the people, which, however, was turned to good account by the Spirit in the more thorough awakening.

of believers, the return of backsliders, and the conversion of sinners.

Encouraged and strengthened, the company of disciples now began to contemplate organization. On the 22d of May 1802, a meeting was held at the residence of David Budlong, to confer upon the subject. They then determined upon the the mode of procedure ; and adjourned, for more definite action, to the 15th of the following month. At the second meeting, after relating to each other their Christian experience and views of gospel order, they adopted what was called a "covenant," by which they agreed "as a body of Christians to worship together, to use their best powers and faculties to promote the good cause of the Redeemer, and to seek each other's welfare in a Christian travel." To this about fifteen names were at once appended. Others were very soon added. Not long after a Confession of Faith was adopted, to which, aside from its too limited range of subjects, very little exception could be taken ; and also articles of discipline, and order for the regulation of church action. At a subsequent period, but precisely when we are not informed, another and a more comprehensive set was adopted.

On the 16th of December, of the same year, in compliance with a call previously made, a council convened at the residence of Mr. Joseph Budlong, with a view to their recognition and fellowship as a regular Baptist Church. It consisted of delegates from the First Baptist Church in Paris, located in what is now the town of Marshall, the church in Brookfield, and the First and Second in Litchfield. After the usual examination, the Council unanimously agreed to give them "fellowship as a Church of Christ in gospel order." The right hand of fellowship was accordingly extended by Elder Vining, the Moderator. The name assumed was "The Second Baptist Church of Paris."

The first case of discipline occurred in May, 1803, and the second in June. In the latter case, absence from the covenant meeting for nearly three months, was one of the charges preferred. We are not certain that a return to such an order of things would not be advisable. Mr. Benjamin Budlong continued his visits weekly, faithfully endeavoring to instruct and encourage the little band, coming from his distant home

and returning, often on foot, with very little compensation. The question now gained some currency among the brethren, whether the man who was serving them so faithfully and almost gratuitously, should not receive ordination as a minister of the gospel. It first found public expression at a church meeting held in June, 1803, but no definite action was taken until nearly a year later, when it was determined to call a council for his ordination. The council met June 14, 1804, and consisted of delegates from the First and Second Brookfield, the Third Burlington, and the Second Litchfield churches. The candidate sustained the examination, and, in connection with services usual upon such occasions, was duly ordained. Charles Allen, Sr., seems to have been the first deacon of the church, and was appointed about this time.

Years passed on, and so far as the record shows, very little of special interest transpired. Elder Budlong continued to render weekly service to the church until about the year 1813. At that time a few Baptists residing in a part of the town of Litchfield more nearly adjacent to his residence, associated together for religious worship, and applied to the Second Church in Paris to be received as members, and recognized as a *branch*. They were so received and recognized. And ~~1817~~, as they desired to share in the services of the pastor, at his request, he was so far released from his obligations to the parent church as to be able to give to the branch one-fourth of his time. His interest in the latter increasing, he soon so far withdrew from the older body as to divide his time equally between the two; an arrangement that continued for fifteen years.

It was in the year 1813 that Deacon Charles Allen resigned his office, and James Rhodes was selected to fill the place. During all this time the church had no house of worship, but services were held from house to house among the members. A more commodious place, however, was needed, and in 1815 one was erected upon what is called "the upper road," leading to Clayville, about a mile from Cassville. The first public service held in it was in November of that year. The Lord accepted the offering, and soon sent them a refreshing from His presence, which gave them over forty additional members. The early part of 1816 marks the date of a revival, all the

fruits of which have not even yet passed away. Numbers of the converts became steadfast workers, bearing the burden and the heat for many a year. Among them we should not forbear to mention Deacon Charles Allen, Jr., who was spared to the church, after his conversion, nearly fifty years. That he was an excellent officer, and a man of strong faith and heavenly spirit, many will bear willing testimony, while his prayers and faithful services for the cause of his Master will long be held in remembrance. Few men of his station in life, have been such a power for good as he.

It is worthy of record, that of the converts of the revival mentioned, ten lived and held to the profession of their faith in Christ over half a century. Of these, seven continued for that period members of this church, and three, William Gallup, Abel Budlong and John M. Hammatt, even yet remain. Of those who have passed away, special mention should be made of Caleb Green, as he was a man of stern integrity, unflagging zeal for the service of his Lord, and one who, in an eminent sense, knew how to pray.

The names of James Rhodes and David Budlong occur frequently in the early history of this body, as they were active in its organization, and among its most efficient supporters afterward. These brethren faithfully improved their gifts, publicly exhorting and testifying concerning the faith in Christ, until the people were generally impressed with the belief that they had been called of God to the ministry, though one of them had already seen his forty-second, and the other his sixtieth birthday. Their labors were not confined to the neighborhood in which they resided, but they endeavored to render themselves useful in regions beyond.

Mr. Rhodes performed some service in Litchfield, and so acceptable was it that a request came from that locality that he be set apart by ordination. This met with a favorable response, and measures were taken for calling a council.

In a few days it was determined to present Brother Budlong as an additional candidate. The council met May 29, 1823, representing the Schuyler, the First and Second Winfield the Edmeston and the Warren churches. The examination of the candidates proved satisfactory, and they received ordination as Evangelists.

Some further reference should be made to Elder Benjamin Budlong. As we have said, he continued for fifteen years to preach for the church on alternate Sabbaths; that is, until 1829, when, on account of his advancing years, he reduced his service to one-third of the time, an arrangement which continued until the autumn of 1831, when his labors closed altogether. On the intermediate Sabbaths the pulpit was occupied by one or the other of the brethren whose ordination has just been noticed.

For a considerable period the three served jointly, alternating with more or less of regularity with each other, and all depending for material support upon the farms they tilled. They were all good men, having the good of the cause at heart; yet their position, it would seem, was not adapted to the utmost harmony among the people, as divisions arose similar to what Paul describes as having taken place at Corinth, when some said they were for Paul, and some for Apollos, and others for Cephas.

Father Budlong is represented as having been a man of clear and vigorous intellect, of devoted and steadfast piety; sound in the faith, and an earnest promoter of Christian missions. He was highly esteemed by his brethren in the ministry, and was generally much beloved. He finally rested from his labors, and went to his heavenly reward in September, 1833, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and the thirty-first of his ministerial life, leaving a name fragrant with precious memories. His brother David does not seem to have been wanting in religious ardor, for we learn of his holding meetings at one time in a neighborhood upon the east side of Sauquoit creek, which resulted in the addition of ten or a dozen hopeful converts to the church; and Elder Rhodes was a man of like spirit, for we hear of him preaching the Gospel to an infant church organized on Babcock Hill, which church, however, does not appear to have outlived its infancy.

In the autumn of 1831, on the withdrawal of the elder Budlong, a new order of things was inaugurated. For sometime the question had been agitated of having a pastor who should give his whole time to the service of the church. Those who favored this plan succeeded in accomplishing their purpose, and at the time above mentioned, Rev. J. J. Wolsey

was engaged to serve them. At first it was for one-half of his time only, but in the following spring he was employed for the whole. It was difficult to secure harmonious action, as there was considerable opposition to a "hireling ministry," but in other respects he commenced his labors under favorable auspices, as there was at the time an encouraging state of religious interest. This culminated in a precious work of grace, resulting in numerous conversions and additions to the church. Nor did the revival spirit soon subside. The preaching of the Word was effective, and the baptismal waters were frequently visited throughout Mr. Wolsey's pastorate.

But a new element of discord arose. The question of abandoning the old locality and of erecting a new house of worship in the village of Cassville was discussed, and that with considerable warmth. It was decided affirmatively however, and at Cassville the new edifice was erected; but some of the older members were long in becoming reconciled. It was completed in 1832, and appropriately dedicated; Dr. Nathaniel Kendrick, of Hamilton, preaching the sermon.

Mr. Wolsey's stay was brief. In the spring of 1833, he resigned, and was followed by Rev. Zelora Eaton. The church continued prosperous under the labors of this brother, and as jarring elements arising from change of locality and other causes naturally subsided, a more quiet state of things prevailed.

During the winter following his settlement, the church was favored with a spiritual harvest. He was assisted in a series of meetings by Rev. P. P. Brown, which resulted in numerous conversions and an addition of considerable numerical strength. Indeed, baptisms were quite frequent during the whole of his term of service as pastor. Among those to whom he administered the rite were Bela Palmer and Thomas P. Childs, both of whom devoted themselves to the Christian ministry, and acquired a good reputation in their profession. Mr. Eaton remained about four years, closing in the spring of 1837, when he removed to Ohio, whence, after many years of successful labor, he was finally called to his reward.

We have said that the name originally assumed by this church was "The Second Baptist Church of Paris." At that time the town embraced, in addition to its present limits,

what are now the towns of Marshall and Kirkland. The First Baptist Church was located in what was set off as Marshall. Accordingly, in the year 1833, at the suggestion of Mr. William Gallup, who was then and for many years the clerk of the church, the word "Second" was omitted by general consent. Some years later, a post-office having been established under the name of "Cassville," the name was changed to "Cassville Baptist Church."

Rev. William McCarthy was the successor of Mr. Eaton. He is said to have been a good preacher and a very worthy man, though the number of additions to the church under his ministry was not so great as under the labors of his predecessors. In 1840 he resigned, and a call was extended to Rev. Frederick Page. During the settlement of the latter, special meetings were held, when thirty-four were received by baptism and ten by letter, so that at the next annual meeting of the Oneida Baptist Association, with which this church was connected, the membership was reported at 173. Nevertheless, the settlement of Mr. Page proved an unhappy one. He seems to have been the occasion of no little dissension and grief among the members. In 1843 he closed his labors, leaving an unfavorable impression as to his moral worth. He subsequently abandoned the Baptist denomination and united with the Universalists.

Rev. Sylvester Davis was the next pastor, and remained four years. He is said to have been sound in doctrine, clear in his expositions of Gospel truth, and otherwise a devout and faithful worker in his Master's service. He had in an eminent degree the confidence and esteem of his brethren. Yet it was his lot to sow and leave to others to reap. As there were numerous dismissals during his pastorate, and few additions, there was a decline in the number of members to 130. Yet it was believed that the good seed of the kingdom scattered by his hand, was ultimately productive of precious fruits.

In the autumn of 1847, Rev. Isaac Lawton became the pastor, but remained only about eighteen months. During his term of service, the house of worship was enlarged and extensively repaired. Mr. Lawton was deeply interested in this work, and gave it his earnest and untiring attention until it was com-

pleted. When finished and furnished, the edifice was rededicated with appropriate services. Elder Alfred Bennett, a man well known and greatly beloved throughout the State, preached the dedicatory sermon. Religiously, the church at this time did not seem to prosper. Perhaps so much attention was given to the work of repairs that personal piety was neglected. At all events, for some time prayer meetings were entirely discontinued. At length, however, the brethren residing upon the upper road to Clayville, opened the school house for such meetings. The interest steadily increasing, the influence was widely felt, and it was manifest the Lord was among them.

Such was the condition of things when, Mr. Lawton's health failing, he resigned, and Rev. Charles Graves was called to succeed him. The field was ripe for the harvest, and the new pastor, well adapted to the work before him, saw the ripening grain and thrust in his sickle to reap. He labored zealously, and the church with him, and their united efforts were attended with gratifying success.

In the autumn of his first year, 1848, at the anniversary of the Association, twenty-eight were reported as added by baptism, and thirteen by letter from other churches. The next year, as the religious interest continued, forty-two baptisms were reported, and twelve added by letter. In the following year the report mentioned twenty-four by baptism; and in year after that, (1852,) the fourth of Mr. Graves' pastorate, seventeen, swelling the number of members to two hundred and forty-four; the largest number the church ever contained at one time. During his six years service with the Cassville church, Mr. Graves administered the rite of baptism to one hundred and twenty persons. After his resignation, he continued his work with other churches until May, 1877, when he was called to his heavenly home.

Rev. Wheeler I. Crane became the pastor in 1855, and served the church about four years. He was an instructive preacher, and a successful pastor. During his administration there were thirty-three additions to the church membership, though this gain was more than overbalanced by the loss sustained by dismissals, exclusions and deaths, reducing the number of members to two hundred and one. Of those Mr.

Crane baptized during this period, was his son, now Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D., pastor of one of the most important churches in the city of Boston. Mr. Crane, the father, still lives, (December, 1879,) and resides, with his wife, an estimable and intelligent lady, at Bergen, Genesee county, N. Y., retired from the ministry on account of age and its accompanying infirmities.

A worthy successor of Mr. Crane was Rev. E. D. Reed, who commenced his labors in February, 1859, and continued until April, 1866. His pastorate extended through all the years of the war of the rebellion, and therefore had to encounter the difficulties and discouragements incident to those exciting times. There were, however, occasional additions to the membership both by baptism and by letter. During his last year a series of meetings of great interest was held, in which he was associated with Rev. H. G. DeWitt, an evangelist from Canandaigua. The church was revived and enlarged by the addition of over fifty converts. But we should not omit to say that a serious loss was sustained in the death, about this time, of Charles Allen, a son and worthy successor in the same office, of the first Deacon Allen. His departure seemed a great calamity.

The writer of the present sketch entered upon his duties as pastor of the Cassville church just three months after Mr. Reed closed his labors with it, and served nearly eight years. Of his work he prefers that others shall speak.

A notable event was the complete destruction by fire of the house of worship, Dec. 1, 1867. But another and a better one was erected in its place, and completed in about eighteen months. Two sermons of marked ability and power were preached at the dedication, one by Rev. Dr. D. G. Corey, of Utica, and the other by Rev. J. M. Harris, then of Rome. It is unnecessary to bring this sketch down to a later date. Of the officers of the church, special mention should be made of Stephen Chapman, who for many years was one of its deacons, and was efficient in every position assigned him. John Lohnas was for some time an associate deacon. Both have passed away in death. The Sabbath school was organized about the year 1827, with Daniel Budlong as its first superintendent. An interesting and prominent feature was the Bible

class of William Gallup. It dates from 1845, and was kept up for thirty years or more under his leadership.

To Mr. Gallup the writer acknowledges his indebtedness for not a few of the facts contained in this brief history, not derived from the records themselves. He will only add in closing, that it is his prayer that, more abundantly in the future than in the past, the Cassville Baptist Church may be enriched with the blessings of Heaven, and prospered in its appropriate work.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SAUQUOIT CREEK—RECAPITULATION OF ITS INDUSTRIES— SKETCHES OF THE PIONEER MANUFACTURERS.

Tassel Hill in the southern part of the town of Paris—the highest point of land in Oneida county—rears its mighty head 2,100 feet above the level of the sea, and 1,675 feet above the Mohawk at Utica. From the base of this hill, at the south east, a stream takes its rise, flowing on down through the village of Bridgewater into the Unadilla, thence into the Susquehanna, and on to the Atlantic ocean at Chesapeake Bay; from its base to the south west a stream flows down through the Sangerfield “long swamp” (ska-na-wis) thence down through Sherburne and the beautiful Chenango valley to Binghamton, there uniting with the noble Susquehanna, and is the Chenango river; to the west from its base another stream flows through Waterville and into the Oriskany to the Mohawk; from its base at the north and north east three streams flow, uniting near the railroad crossing at the road leading from Cassville to Paris Hill, thence east to Cassville, there turning abruptly to the north and down the valley to the Mohawk at Whitesboro, and on to the sea at New York bay, and is the famous Sauquoit creek, one of the great

water powers of the State, its entire length being 17 miles and falling in the distance 1,014 feet, being an average of 60 feet to the mile. This stream, rising on the north of Tassel hill, is only a few rods distant from the head-water stream of the Oriskany creek, both flowing from the plateau, (the "summit" of the railroad near Paris station,) in opposite directions. From the three head springs to Cassville, a distance of three miles, the Sauquoit creek falls 246 feet, an average of 82 feet to the mile; from Cassville to Clayville, a distance of two miles, it falls 194 feet, an average of 97 feet to the mile; from Clayville to Sauquoit, a distance of two miles, it falls 180 feet, an average of 90 feet to the mile; and from Sauquoit to the Mohawk river, a distance of 10 miles, it falls a distance of 390 feet, an average of 39 feet to the mile, and all along its course, spring brooks pour in from either hill side, swelling the volume of its flow. The Oneida Indians who fished up the "creek" from where it debouched into the Mohawk, observed the peculiarity that its bed,—so unlike the Mohawk,—was a mass of smooth round stones, pebbles and gravel, worn so from the action of the water, and they called the creek Sagh-da-que-da, signifying "smooth round pebbles." The Brotherton and Stockbridge Indians who fished the head waters of the Oriskany, and crossing the summit plateau near Tassel hill, fished down this creek to the "great Indian trail" (that crossed it where now is the village of Sauquoit) by which they returned to their villages over Paris Hill, noticed the characteristic of its great fall—620 feet in seven miles to that point, nearly 90 feet to the mile—and they called it Sauquoit, signifying "short and rapid," which latter name was adopted after a few years by the pioneers and early settlers, in preference to Sagh-da-que-da, which name appeared in the first maps and deeds of their land. Three-fourths of a mile below the Cassville and Paris Hill road, "Dry brook" enters the creek. This brook, which is about two miles in length, rises near Paris Hill, flows south across the road near the Bishop farm, and crosses the next road near Charles Seymour's, and the next road near Ransom Lake's farm and into the creek a little above "Green's saw mill." In the summer this brook in places disappears, probably finding an underground outlet, but in the spring it is often a roaring torrent. In going down

the creek the first water power occupied is the "Green saw mill," on the road leading from "Tophet" across the creek to Daniel Green's. The saw mill above the road was built by Elam Tuttle at an early day, and afterwards for about 50 years owned by Seabury Scovil, of Paris Hill. The mill below the road was built by a Mr. Austin, and afterwards owned by Isaac Welton. Isaac Welton was born in Watertown, Conn., in the year 1801. He married Julia L. Allyn, January 1, 1821, (who was born in the same town in 1804.) They came to Paris in the spring of 1828, and settled in "Tophet." Later on he removed to the old brick tavern on the Cassville and Paris Hill road, kept at an early day by Isaac Saxton, which he altered over into a residence, and there he lived for about thirty years, an active business man and capitalist, prominently identified with the interests of that part of the town. With advancing years he retired from active business, and in 1856 removed to New Hartford, where March 12, 1877, at the ripe age of 76, he passed away. His wife survives him, residing there with her daughter, Clarinda. Their children were Helen E., wife of Mr. Milton H. Thomson, of Utica, Cornelia M. Stillwell, (who died August 25, 1879,) and Clarinda J. Havens.

About the year 1832, after the Paris furnace went out of blast, Hiram and Nathan C. Green (two of four brothers who worked in the old furnace,) purchased a farm jointly in this neighborhood, which N. C. Green now owns and occupies. Sometime afterward, Hiram purchased the lower mill of Mr. Welton, and run it as a custom saw mill, but a few years later (1842) Mr. Hollister commenced building up Clayville, creating a great demand for lumber, when Hiram Green leased the Seabury Scovil mill above, and run both saw mills to their full capacity for 21 years, during the time supplying most of the lumber of which Clayville is built, and they came to be known as "Green's saw mills." May 22, 1836, a fearful cyclone swept over the vicinity, accompanied with rain and hail, unroofing buildings, demolishing window lights, and creating great destruction. The forest below the saw mills in the ravine, for nearly half a mile along the creek was totally prostrated,—not a single tree left standing,—the trees being piled in an immense windrow in inextricable confusion, the

locality being known for years thereafter as the "Windfall." The cyclone from this point seemed to rise, and bounding across the country to the east, next struck the Dry lots hill, there demolishing a barn for Captain Townsend, in which was a span of horses, but the timbers were fortunately piled in such a manner that the horses were taken from the ruins uninjured. The "water-spout," which seemed to burst here, deluged the hill and raised the Tannery brook (which runs down to the west through Sauquoit) to a mighty torrent. Montgomery, a son of Deacon Hubbard, who with another little lad were at play on the bank of the brook east of the wagon shop, was caught in the flood and swept down the swollen stream, under the shop, through the Tannery pond, over the dam and under the Tannery building, and on down stream. The other lad (who escaped) gave the alarm, and the neighbors hurried to the rescue. His clothing caught on a nail in the fence near the mill pond some 100 rods below, where he was rescued by "Uncle" Jemmy Seaton, insensible and apparently dead, but by prompt treatment was resuscitated, not much injured. A contusion over the eye left its mark in future years in a thick, drooping eyelid, which gave him a "queer expression," not more so, perhaps, than his father, the worthy deacon, who (by a queer freak of nature) had one dark eye, while the other was light blue.

Some years later, Hiram Green removed to and purchased, with his son, A. J. Green, the old pioneer Benjamin Merrill farm, north of Sauquoit, where he resided many years, but now lives in New Hartford, and his son, Andrew J., resides in Utica. James Green now owns the lower sawmill, and the Scovill sawmill, above, was demolished to make room for the railroad, which passes through the property. Nathan C. Green still resides on the old farm in that vicinity, a veteran Freemason of Sauquoit Lodge, and still an active member of the Utica Commandery of Knights Templar. His surviving son, Eli C. Green, is a Past Master of Sauquoit Lodge, and a few years since an active young business man at Clayville, at which time (1867) he was elected Supervisor. Before the expiration of his term he resigned, to engage in business at Cleveland, Ohio, where he still resides, and Samuel B. Rhodes was elected Supervisor at a special meeting, to fill the vacancy.

On the north side of the creek, below the "Windfall," two spring brooks pour in, on one of which Mr. Ray had a mill for sawing wood. In this vicinity resides Captain Asahel Dexter, a veteran of the war of 1812, hale and hearty, and the oldest man in town, being in his 94th year. In the open lot, before reaching Cassville, a considerable brook flows in from the south, and as the village is reached, the "south branch" pours in, on which was formerly a tannery and carding-mill, a sawmill, and a fork and hoe factory. Alonzo Burdick's carding-mill, sawmill and cider-mill, is the only machinery in operation there at present, but at the mouth of the glen, before the beautiful little stream crosses under the embankment of the railroad, it supplies the water for the extensive trout-ponds of David Morris.

The open lots above Cassville spread out into a large natural basin, bounded by high bluffs which suddenly contract immediately above the village, approaching within a few rods of each other, through which the creek flows—the head of the "narrow gorge" which extends from this point down through Clayville, where it broadens out below the Avery homestead, into the Sauquoit Valley. The primitive forests and swamps on the great water-shed above, that in former times held back the waters in their damp shades and springs, to finally percolate into the creek and supply its constant flow throughout the season, have been cut off, exposing the land to rapid evaporation, and the winter's snow, melted in the spring, and the great rain-falls, now quickly flow off in great freshets, thus wasting the great volume of water, as a durable water-power throughout the season, and as a consequence, the great manufacturing establishments below, have been compelled to put in steam engines to take the place of this wasted power. For this purpose the Empire Woolen Company use annually two thousand tons of coal; Chadwick's and the "Capron" about six hundred tons each, and New York Mills about six thousand tons of coal, an aggregate each year of nine thousand tons, costing at an average, year by year, four dollars per ton, or a yearly expense of thirty-six thousand dollars. For less than this sum, a substantial dam at the head of the "gorge" above Cassville could be built from

bluff to bluff, and the great natural basin purchased for an immense reservoir to hold the wasted waters, to be gated down as required, from day to day, and thus restore the creek to its old-time water-power, thus doing away with the engines and their yearly outlay of thirty-six thousand dollars for coal; all of which could be accomplished at a cost less than the thirty-six thousand dollars now paid out each and every year. This plan was found necessary, and was many years ago adopted in the manufacturing districts of the New England States.

At Cassville, first was erected a sawmill by Elias Hopkins; then on the same site, the present grist-mill, built by Amasa Burchard, in 1803; next below he built a carding and fulling mill, (afterwards a tub factory and now a cheese factory,) and below the road in the open lots, are the ruins of the dam where he erected a sawmill. Near where the plank road crosses the creek, a spring brook pours in from the south, and a few rods further down, the famous large brook, taking its rise in the gravel bank of the railroad cut, adds its volume to the creek. From this point down to the next road-crossing, numerous large springs burst from the hillside and pour into the creek, and two brooks at the road-crossing below, pour in their waters from the east. Below this crossing is the sawmill erected by Orange Barber, an old-time resident there and prominent man in town, who removed to Forestport many years ago, where he still resides. It is now carried on by E. Jones, who has also a cider mill connected therewith. Further down the stream is the machine shop erected by Edwin A. Palmer, inventor of the "patent whiffle-tree hooks" and other things, which he manufactured there. He was an ingenious mechanic and held many offices of trust in town, and is but recently deceased, his machine shop being converted into a cheese factory. We next come to the old pioneer grist-mill, erected by John Budlong in the year 1802, and now owned by J. M. Jennings, and on the west bank, opposite, at an early day stood a sawmill. Next below is James Newton's cheese-box factory; a brook from the west hill enters the creek here. Next below is the scythe works erected by S. A. Millard & Co., about 1847-48. A few rods below, a brook flows into the creek from the west, down through the

"crooked hill" glen. Near the mouth of the glen, in old times, stood a sawmill; and where the brook joins the creek, Cobb & Robinson, in 1814, erected a shovel factory, which was afterwards, in 1818, the scythe shop of Davis & Bowles, and later on run by Mr. Beach, and about 1840, rebuilt and enlarged, was the establishment known as David J. Millard's scythe works of world-wide fame, and whose agricultural implements were a household word in every village and hamlet in the United States.

Next below is the site of the old Paris furnace—the pioneer manufacturing enterprise of the valley—erected in 1801 by Judge Sanger, Col. Avery and "Judge" Sweeting. On this site is the extensive hoe shop, erected by David J. Millard. Next below is the site of Judge Sweeting's sawmill, afterwards carried on by 'Squire Albert Barnett, and sold to Bacon & Collis, and in 1842 to Frederick Hollister, who erected thereon the woolen factory, now the Upper Mills of the "Empire Woolen Company." A brook at this point tumbles in from the steep western hillside near the old "pot ashery." Next below is the celebrated Empire mill, first built by Frederick Hollister in 1843-44, and since enlarged to its present ample dimensions by the "Empire Woolen Company,"—A. J. Williams, President. On the east side of the highway, a few rods below, where the railroad crosses the creek with high embankment, was the site of the carding mill built by Col. Avery, in 1822, and carried on by 'Squire Albert Barnett. Next below is the site of the sawmill built by Col. Avery about 1810, burned down and rebuilt again, and some years since was converted into a flax mill by Henry A. Butler, (eldest son of Alanson A. Butler,) who was perhaps the most energetic young business man in the valley. He fell a victim of consumption and died a few years since in the early years of manhood, and the flax mill was converted back to a sawmill by the Empire Woolen Company, and has since been torn down, the dam only remaining to mark the spot. At this place the Dexter brook flows in from the west, to which, at the Dexter pond at the head of the glen, on the "old main road," the old Farmers' Factory machine shop building was removed and converted into a cheese factory, etc. A few rods below the Avery sawmill, where the creek passes the abrupt

bluff, can be seen the ruins of the dam of the original saw-mill erected by Spofford—the pioneer sawmill there. Next below, as the valley broadens out, is the dam built by David J. Millard, with a manufacturing street laid out with rows of shade trees; but no works have as yet been erected on the site. It is now owned by Hon. Eli Avery. A little below, a spring brook flows from the western hillside down past Deacon Bragg's place and into the creek. Next below, on the creek, is the site of the pioneer grist mill, erected by Titus Gilbert in 1797, and carried on by himself and a Mr. Norton, a practical miller. Asa Shepard, the pioneer, succeeded to it, as well as the sawmill then also there, when he erected a distillery on the spring brook that there flows in from the western hillside. The mill was carried on afterwards by Nathaniel Barrett, and in 1837 was run by a Mr. Haywood, and in the summer of that year it caught fire and burned down. Old Fulton Fire Company was promptly on hand, and to fill the little old engine, they drew it into the water of the pond and sunk it deep enough for the water to flow into the filling troughs at the side, and the "boys" worked the brakes, standing waist deep in the pond. They played on the fire at the place where the valuable "burr stones" were located and saved them uninjured, although the building was entirely consumed. When the fire broke out, Mr. Haywood managed to hoist the gates and flooding the water-wheel, thus keeping it in motion, that, too, was saved. A new mill was erected and put in operation in sixty days, which was run many years by William L. Mould, the veteran miller—father of ex-Supervisor William F. Mould. At the building of the paper mill on the Farmers' Factory site, in 1853, the grist mill dam was raised to a level of the old Farmers' Factory dam, thus making a large reservoir for the paper mill, and the grist mill was discontinued and has since fallen into decay. Hobart Graves succeeded to the distillery, which he carried on for many years, and also had a pot ashery there, which he carried on, assisted by his son-in-law, William Royce. To the east from here is where the city brook (the most important tributary of the Sauquoit) flows into the creek, near the mouth of which stood Ephraim Davis' forge, and afterwards, a little below, was erected a machine shop of the Farmers' Factory.

The various industries on the "city brook" are detailed in the Holman City chapter. A brook rising near the "dry lots," on the Daniel Willard farm, (now Daniel Walton's,) flows down through the Obed Waldron farm, (now S. Smith's,) where it is joined by a brook from the south, and together flow into the creek near the site of the old Davis forge. On this brook, at the "four corners," Davis erected a "thread factory" about 1815, and on the site of which Amos Wilcox and A. L. Kilborn erected a grist mill about the year 1844, which, after the death of Mr. Wilcox,—October 3, 1855, aged 52—was carried on by Kilborn & Waldron, and was destroyed by fire about 9 o'clock in the evening of November 12, 1866. "Lem" Kilborn, who learned his trade of James Bacon, and was a great favorite in the community, went West, where he still resides. The mill was rebuilt and carried on by Hammit Waldron, when at 2 o'clock A. M., Thursday, August 2, 1877, it was again destroyed by fire. At the erection of their grist mill, Messrs. Wilcox & Kilborn turned the waters of the "city brook" across the meadows and into the head of their dam thus adding the volume of its flow to the Willard brook.

FARMERS' FACTORY—THE PIONEER COTTON MILL OF THE
SAUQUOIT VALLEY.

Ephraim Davis was born January 21, 1769, and when he reached the age of 21 invested his frugal savings in "Yankee notions" and "nick-nacks," filling two tin trunks, with which, suspended on a strap across his shoulders, he left the "land of steady habits," and on foot turned his face westward and peddled his way across the New England States and up through the settlements of the Mohawk valley, reaching the town of Paris and the valley of the Sauquoit in the fall of 1791. He "settled in" at the four corners just south of what is now Graham's upper paper mill, and erected a "forge," with trip hammer, &c., on the Holman City brook, near where Mr. Teachout now resides. Procuring the services of Enos Knight, the old blacksmith and father of the late William Knight, he manufactured the wrought-iron steel-laid plow-points, then used on the old wooden mouldboard plows, the wrought fire slices for the old brick ovens, the cranes and hooks for the fire

places, and all the various rude iron implements in demand in those primitive days. He carried on the business successfully for many years, and until the Paris Furnace Company superseded, with their cast-iron plow points, the steel-laid wrought ones.

In returning one day from the Paris furnace with a large potash-kettle, when near Theodore Gilbert's house, (now the cemetery,) his wagon capsized, and in some manner the immense kettle was thrown on to his legs, holding him firmly and crushing one of them so badly as to require amputation. Mr. Gilbert soon reached him, and getting assistance carried him home. He ever afterward went with a crutch. In 1812, he founded the Farmers' (cotton) Factory, so called because it was built by an association of farmers who united with him in the enterprise. Theodore and Allyn Gilbert built the dam and canal to bring the water of the Sauquoit from a point nearly opposite Col. Avery's, along the east bank to their reservoir, into which the Holman brook also poured its waters. Sheldon Marsh, with his apprentice, Hiram D. Gilbert, David Loring and Seth Burdick, constructed the immense water-wheel, and with machinery brought on from the East, this pioneer cotton factory of the valley in due time went into operation under the superintendence of Calvin Avery. Although the cotton-gin was invented in 1793, it had not been universally introduced in the South, and much of the cotton they received was unginned and full of seeds, and was put out among the farmers in the neighborhood, who, placing it in large bins, belabored it with birch sprouts until it was divested of the seeds and ready for the "picker." Under the first management the factory did not prove a success, and failing, the property went into the hands of Judge Bacon's father, General Kirkland, Judge Sanger and Col. Avery, who placed it under the superintendence of John Avery, as agent. He was afterward succeeded by D. J. Millard, who acted as agent for many years. The property passed through several hands and was finally, in 1849, run by William Harrison Royce and Hon. M. L. Hungerford, both now of Utica. When the cotton factory passed out of Davis' management, he erected a thread factory on the little brook on the site, afterward the Kilborn & Wilcox grist mill, which he carried on for many

years. After a long and active life, Ephraim Davis, the first iron forger and cotton manufacturer of the valley, went to his rest, April 30, 1834, aged 65.

Thursday morning, January 27, 1831, at one o'clock, fire broke out in the harness shop attached to the stables of Jason Parker & Co., on Water street, in the village of Utica, which, with a dwelling house, carriage house, and granary 110x25 feet, containing about 1,500 bushels of oats, together with stabling for ninety-six horses, hay, &c., were entirely destroyed. The fire was supposed to have originated through some defect in the chimney of the harness shop. Loss estimated at about \$4,000, of which \$2,500 was insured. The press stated that the fire department was very inefficient and comparatively useless for lack of organization and practice, and pointed out the necessity of being better prepared in the future. The subject was urged from time to time, and an interest awakened, as an outgrowth of which a number of village boys assembled nearly fifty years ago, one evening in June, (1831) in the old wooden hotel, corner of John and Main streets, opposite Bagg's Hotel, to form a fire company. Having no experience in the manner of organizing and properly conducting the meeting, 'Squire Ezra S. Cozier kindly consented to act as chairman, and "show them how to do it." * At that meeting was born Fulton Fire Company, No. 3, composed of sturdy, energetic lads in their teens. With some generous assistance they procured the little old hand engine, with troughs on each side to receive the water from buckets, being the manner in which it had to be filled, henceforth known as Fulton, No. 3, and went into vigorous practice. Their first "baptism of fire" was at the burning of John Butterfield's livery stable, on the site of Comstock Bros.' storehouse, in the rear of their store—on the canal. Having no hose, the little engine was placed in the alley close³ to the burning stable, a bucket brigade line formed to the canal to pass the water to fill her. Assistant

* 'Squire Cozier was the twenty-second victim of cholera, which broke out August 13, 1832, Philo Rockwell being the first. On the morning of the 18th the 'Squire appeared on the streets apparently as well as usual, but remarked to friends "that he knew he should have the disease." His premonition proved true. He was a corpse before night.

Foreman Seth Slosson on top of the high pedestal of the engine, with pipe in hand attached to the "goose neck" to direct the stream, while the boys manned the brakes with a will, responding with vigor and rapidity to the cheery "Down, down, down with her, boys!" from Foreman Swift through his trumpet. They fought the fire like men, and only retreated from their perilous position in the alley when driven out by the intense heat, and when they dragged out their "machine," Slosson's clothes were on fire. In 1835 they sold the little old engine to the citizens of Sauquoit, and purchased a new and improved Waterford engine, of Platt's manufacture.

Of those brave boys who took hold and brought the fire department of Utica up to a standard that was the pride of her citizens, there survive to-day John Carton, Thomas M. Owens, Henry T. Miller, W. Harrison Scranton, Isaac Estes, John Dobie, John Stevens, R. U. Owens, Charles Reed, Edward Reed, Charles Downer; Samuel Comstock, Samuel Barnum, Chicago; Robert Chapman, Waterloo, Iowa; Stephen O. Barnum, Buffalo, N. Y.; Volney Sayles, Oswego, N. Y.

Capt. William Knight, who was in the Legislature in 1835-36, procured the passage of an Act passed May 11, 1836, "to incorporate the Sauquoit Fulton Fire Company," which named as Trustees: Stephen Savage, David Loring, Abner Brownell, Henry Crane and William J. Eager. He was also instrumental in procuring the Act passed May 14, 1836, to incorporate the Oneida Bank, Utica, chartered for thirty years, he having been elected on the issue of bank or no bank, much opposition to chartered banks prevailing at that time. An engine house was built at Sauquoit, near the creek in the southwest corner of the Abner Bacon lot, adjoining Widow Corbett's, the old-time milliner, and a company organized with the then popular landlord of the old Savage stand, Ed. Eames, as foreman. The quaint little old engine performed good service at many a hard-fought fire, and after the burning of the Eagle factory, June 25, 1844, it was decided to have her thoroughly overhauled and repaired. She was accordingly sent to Utica, pistons restored, new valves put in, painted up in good style, and she came out of the shop as good as new. At her trial trip—the company then with full ranks, Dean Brownell, assistant foreman, and Halsey Hakes, foreman—she

was hauled up to East Sauquoit, filled at the tavern pump (in front of where Mr. Stelle now resides,) and taken over in front of the new Methodist church. To the astonishment of the large crowd of assembled villagers, under the practical vigor of the well-trained company, she sent a stream above the spire and over the weather-vane above, the height being considerably more than 100 feet perpendicular. One after another of the company removed, and they finally dwindled away and disbanded in 1848. Early in the evening of September 2, 1850, the villagers of Sauquoit were startled with the cry of "fire!" and almost instantly the old church bell pealed forth the wild alarm of the fire-bell. It was soon known that the old Farmers' factory was in flames. The writer, then a clerk in the store of the late James L. Davis, at that time a merchant there, was in the act of "lighting up." Of course the country store was instantly cleared of idlers and customers. "Larry" took passage for the conflagration with the late George Cobb, who was present with horse and buggy, shouting back an order to have his own horse and buggy hitched up and taken with all speed to the engine house, to draw old Fulton, No. 3, to the fire. Five minutes later the engine was run out, attached to the buggy and dragged up the hill to West Sauquoit, where the plank road was reached, then new and as smooth as a house-floor, and the noble horse at full run soon placed the engine at the top of the hill leading down to the burning factory, where it was hastily detached and run down the hill by hand, and soon had a stream on the building. The Clayville engine, of improved pattern, with suction hose and a full organized company, arrived about the same time, and got the first stream on the fire, but long before the close of the conflagration their beautiful "machine" became disabled from sucking up mud and gravel from the bottom of the pond, and they towed her home; little Fulton, No. 3, manned by volunteers, fighting it out and saving the wing of the factory, with its valuable machinery, while the main building was entirely destroyed. The fire caught in the attic, near the chimney at the north end, ran along through the attic, and burnt up through the bell-tower at the south end, and as a consequence the building was longer in being consumed than if it had caught in

the lower story. The combustible nature of the wooden building, with floors saturated with oil, cotton everywhere, in all states of manufacture, rendered it impossible to stay the flames, the saving of the wing adjoining being a wonderful achievement, under the circumstances. The night was pitch dark, and the lurid brilliancy of the flames, lighting up the Valley, hillside and sky, presented a scene of wonderful grandeur and weird beauty, especially to the south, in the lights and shadows of the deep gorges of Clayville and Holman City, hemmed in with their towering pinnacles, brought out in bold relief, with the inky black sky in the background. With the machinery and building saved, the loss of Messrs. Hungerford & Royce was still about \$8,000. This was the last great fire in which the quaint old Fulton, No. 3, played an important part. The engine house is torn down, and the veteran machine that has saved so many thousand dollars of property, and around which cluster fond recollections of her old-time firemen, ignobly reposes in a shed near the silk mill, at Sauquoit.

A spirited correspondence between "Truth" of Clayville, and "Equality" of Sauquoit, was published in the Utica papers in regard to the merits of the two engines, size of nozzles, &c., at the fire, and the following Saturday the Clayville Company, having in the meantime repaired their engine, went down to Sauquoit to settle the matter, by demonstrating what they could do. The account of their exploit is preserved to us in the following extract from a correspondent in the *Utica Herald*, then edited by Hon. R. U. Sherman :

SAUQUOIT, Sept. 10, 1850.

FRIEND SHERMAN: Again we crave your indulgence, to state through your columns a few facts in relation to the fire at the Farmers' factory. * * * * So much for the fire. Well, on Saturday last our usually quiet village was all agog with the announcement that the Clayville fire company were going to pay us a visit, and scarcely had the intelligence reached us, when they were descried on the march with their redoubtable machine in train; and what with the company, engine and crowd following, one could hardly reconcile himself to the belief that he was in staid old Sauquoit. They proceeded to the factory of Messrs. A. Brownell & Co., and began playing upon it with their whole strength, (numbering

forty in the company, I believe,) and played a short time, when their machine g-i-n-o-u-t again, when they started for home, but not in time to escape the chagrin of seeing "the noble little engine from Sauquoit," manned by about a dozen boys, throw a stream *equal*, if not *superior*, in height to that of the Clayville monster. Three hearty cheers were given them by the little fellows with a will, "for better luck next time." As a $\frac{5}{8}$ inch nozzle is to an $1\frac{1}{8} \times \frac{7}{8}$ inch nozzle, so is Sauquoit to Clayville. That's all we ask. Is "Truth" satisfied? *Nous verrons.* "EQUALITY."

In the spring of 1853, Naaman W. Moore, Frederick S. Savage, Morris S. Savage, Hiram Gray and Ira H. Gillett purchased the site of the old Farmers' Factory, and commenced the erection of the present substantial stone paper mill there. It was completed and put in operation the following winter, and run by them until 1861, when for a time it was idle. It was finally sold to E. B. Graham & Co., of Utica, the present owners, who carried it on several years, to finally "shut down," and it is now again standing idle.

John Holmes was an early settler here and married Letty McMaster, of the town of Sherburne. Their children were Sylvanus, Lewis, Edward, Hudson, Juliette, wife of Willard Luce, Persis, wife of R. T. Buss, of Bridgeport, Conn.; and Ann, wife of David Washburn, of Muscatine, Iowa. Persis and Ann alone survive. John Holmes removed to Cleveland, Ohio, many years ago to engage in the shipping business, and afterwards removed to Muscatine, where he and his wife both died a few years since. Sylvanus Holmes was an energetic young business man, of affable manners and was clerk in a store in Utica previous to 1825. He married Elizabeth Hoyt, of Utica, daughter of John C. Hoyt, (sister of Mrs. E. M. Gilbert,) and for many years was a prominent merchant in Utica, (his brother-in-law, Willard Luce, of Sauquoit, was his partner.) He was Alderman in 1835, and afterward removed to New York city, engaging in the wholesale hardware trade, and later on was a "commercial traveler" for many years, until failing health compelled him to seek repose. His wife having deceased, he came to his old boyhood home (Sauquoit,) where after a few months he passed away, at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Willard Luce. His children, Charles A., Lewis, Rev. Theo-

odore, Frank, John, Sarah, and Julia, wife of Rev. George M. Boynton, all reside in New York city.

Next below the Farmers' factory, was the oil mill of Ark Jenks, erected by him on the east bank, in the year 1803. In 1808, Major William Gere was associated with him and they carried on an extensive business in the manufacture of linseed oil, made from crushing flax-seed with large circular stones (similar to mill stones) which were propelled around in a circular trough, cart-wheel fashion, crushing the flax-seed placed in the trough, from which the oil was expressed by a press, the "oil cake" being disposed of to the farmers for "feed" for their stock. At that early day the pioneers raised flax in large quantities, which after being "rotted" was broken by hand in the "flax brake," and the "sheaves" separated from the fibre by the "hetchell" and "swingle," and the women folks spun, and then wove it by the hand looms into fabrics for summer wear, and for sheets and pillow-cases. A few years later, they were relieved from this laborious process by the establishment of cotton factories, whose production took the place of the tow and linen fabrics, and they abandoned the raising of flax, and there was no more flax-seed to supply the oil mill, which then ceased operations. The old oil mill stood for many years, and was later on used by D. J. Millard, then agent for the Farmers' Factory, as a carriage house. About the year 1840 it was burned down, Mr. Millard's carriage being destroyed in the flames. All that remains to mark the spot is the ruins of the old dam, and two of the great "crushing stones" that lie on the ground at the site of the old mill. Ark Jenks was much esteemed in the community, and with his wife Persis, and three daughters, Sally, Amiada, and Syntha Jenks, were among the original members of the M. E. Church, in the "south class." A cousin, Job Jenks, lived on the lane leading down from the main road to the creek south of the residence of N. W. Moore, and his son Chester learned the trade of carding and cloth dressing in the old mill at the "foot of the lane" (afterwards the old paper mill.) Chester Jenks now lives at Deausville, the father of Ira C. Jenks, the well-known hop buyer there.

Genealogy of the Jenks Family.—I. —Jenks, the founder of the family in this country, came from England previous to

1735, and settled in Rhode Island, and was a miller by trade. He had two sons; John, who was the father of Ark Jenks, and William, the father of Job Jenks; William and his son Job, were both also millers.

II. William Jenks was born in Rhode Island, July 26, (O. S.), 1775, and married Huldah —. Their children: Obadiah, Maribe, Waitestill, Job, William Jr., Elizabeth and Nathan.

III. Job; born at Salisbury, Mass., June 14, (O. S.) 1764 married Ruhamer —. Their children: John, Huldah, Nancy, Dorothy, Olive, Ira, Chester (survives,) Louisa (survives,) and Erastus.

IV. Chester: born at Paris Hill, N. Y., May 14, 1802; married Emily Cowing. Their children: Ira C., Edwin, Lucy, Adelaide, Martin, and Mary (deceased.)

Among the early settlers of the town of Paris, were Ark and Job Jenks. The Jenks family in this country sprung from a common ancestor who came from England early in the 18th century and settled in Rhode Island. The earliest record we have is that of William Jenks, who was born in the State of Rhode Island, July 26th, old style A. D. 1735, and had an older brother John Jenks, who was the father of Ark, above referred to. In the year 1757, William Jenks was married, and five years after removed from the State of Rhode Island to Salisbury, in the State of Massachusetts. Job Jenks, son of William, was born at Salisbury, Mass., June 14, old style 1764, and resided there until about the year 1790, when he removed to what was afterward known as Morris' flats, then a wilderness.

One Thomas Morris had purchased a large tract of land where the present village of Morrisville now stands, and he at once set about getting settlers to come from New England into what was then the far West, and clear up and make homes upon his land. Job, with his wife and two children came up the Mohawk valley to Fort Schuyler, (now Rome,) from thence he went along an Indian trail to Morris' flats. After reaching Morris' flats, he put up a log house and cleared a small plot of ground and fitted it to plant with corn. But here came another trouble. There was no seed corn to be had nearer than Fort Schuyler. Consequently he went on horseback to Fort Schuyler and brought home a bundle of

seed corn, occupying two days in making the trip. After the land was partially cleared, people began to fear that the low lands in the valleys might be unhealthy, and Job, sharing the alarm, in March, 1797, removed to the Burritt house on Paris Hill. In May, 1802, he moved into the Cole house, and on the 14th day of the same month Chester Jenks was born. Job lived in the town and much of the time in the village of Sauquoit, until April 25th, 1821, when he removed to Brothertown, where he died. Chester Jenks was an apprentice, and worked a while in the old fulling mill in Sauquoit, but abandoned it, when he went to Brothertown and became a farmer. He is still living near where he settled in 1821. The name was spelled Jencks until about 1820. The *c* is still retained by the members of the family in Rhode Island.

Below the oil mill, at the "foot of the lane," leading from the main road, on the west branch of the creek, Isaac Spofford built a grist mill in 1803, which some years later John Curtiss altered over into a carding and fulling mill, and still later converted into a woolen factory. A small brook comes in here from the west. A mortgage given to Benjamin Merrill—the pioneer—remained unpaid, and the title of the property finally was vested in Mr. Merrill. Naaman W. Moore, (son of Almeron Moore, who married a daughter of Benjamin Merrill,) was a favorite grandson of the old pioneer, and after N. W. Moore had learned the trade of paper making, of Samuel Lyon, of New Hartford, he gave the old paper mill property to him to start him in business. Stephen Savage, the old merchant at West Sauquoit, became a partner, putting in money for "working capital," and the firm of Savage & Moore commenced operations by altering over the old mill at "the foot of the lane" into a paper mill, in the year 1826, and as soon as completed they began the manufacture of paper by the "hand made" process; air drying the paper, hung on sticks in the upper story of the building, which they continued for some years. Further down the creek a spring brook pours in, which takes its rise on the western hillside, and crosses the main road a little north of N. W. Moore's old residence. On this brook, near the west bank of the creek, John Curtiss had a clover mill. In 1835, Savage & Moore purchased the

property and commenced the erection of the stone paper mill (near Sauquoit,) bringing the water of the creek from the race of the old wooden mill above, in a canal which they built for the purpose along the west bank; the stone paper mill being built for making "machine made paper;" the paper being dried and finished by being passed through heated rollers. The old clover mill was converted into a storehouse—now standing near the railroad, a few rods south of the paper mill—and the spring brook utilized for "wash water" in preparing the rags for "pulp." After the death of Stephen Savage, his son, Frederick S. Savage succeeded to the firm, which still retained the name of Savage & Moore, Mr. Moore still retaining the active management of the business, which grew to great magnitude, their teams for the collection of rags regularly visiting distant parts of the State, over established routes, traversed for many years. The old "hand paper mill" above, was abandoned and fell to decay, the foundation walls of the old "wheel-pit" and traces of the old dam alone marking the spot. After the burning of the Farmers' Factory, they,—in 1853—(in conjunction with others) erected the large stone paper mill there, running both mills for many years under the old firm name. The entire paper mill property was later on sold to E. B. Graham & Co., of Utica, who carried on both mills for a number of years; during the time, building an addition on the west end of the lower mill, and putting in new machinery. A few years since they "shut down" both mills, which have ever since stood idle. N. W. Moore was an excellent business man and greatly respected in town; for many years he was also prominently connected with the Oneida Bank, of Utica, as a director and vice president. He was an active Freemason, made in old Amicable Lodge of New Hartford, and was installed the first Master of Sauquoit Lodge, No. 150, at its organization in 1849. He was identified with the improvements and growth of the village, and active in procuring the building of the railroad through the Valley, being one of the first board of directors. He was elected Supervisor in 1839-40-41-42 and '43. A very successful business man, and greatly respected, he went to his rest March 16, 1874, aged 73. His estimable wife (they had no children) died a few years previously.

Frederick S. Savage, his old time partner, (and eldest son of Stephen Savage,) was identified during his whole lifetime with the growth and prosperity of Sauquoit. At an early day he was the popular landlord of the old "Savage Stand," merchant for some years and postmaster in 1832, and years later treasurer of Odd Fellows Lodge and of Union Hall Association from its organization, and treasurer of the Academy for a quarter of a century, and also holding many other offices of trust and responsibility in town and society, which he filled with ability and faithfulness. He was elected supervisor during the war of the Rebellion—1863-64—discharging the onerous and responsible duties at that critical period, (growing out of the procuring of and payment of "bounties" to the soldiers to fill the quota of the town under the draft,) with skill and to the satisfaction of all. His genial manners and eminent social qualities won the friendship of all, and he died a few years since, lamented by the whole community. His wife, Louisa, youngest daughter of Colonel Gardner Avery, survived him but a year or two. Their children : Louisa, (wife of George Mould,) Stephen G., and Willis, survive.

Next below, on the creek, is the site where Captain Abner Bacon built his fourth sawmill, early in the century—1807. October 26, 1813, the sawmill and site was sold to "The Friendly Woolen and Cotton Manufacturing Company ;" Joseph Frost, President ; Abram Bradbury, Treasurer and Secretary. Directors : Joseph Frost, Abram Bradbury, Stephen Smith, New York city ; Thomas Dean, Deansville ; Colonel Gardner Avery, John Butler, Captain Abner Bacon, of Paris, who invested \$4,000 each in the enterprise.

Messrs. Smith, Frost and Bradbury, of New York, were Quakers, and as the corporate name of the company was rather lengthy, the old settlers, "for short," called it the "Quaker Factory," by which it was afterwards known. The sawmill was moved off from the site and a few rods to the south, and made into a wool-house ; (it has since been moved several times and used for various purposes, and is now the saloon east side of the railroad, opposite the Sauquoit depot.) The company then erected a substantial stone factory on the site,

35x50 feet, and at the extreme south end of the roof, a bell-tower, in which swung the bell, about the size of the ordinary locomotive bells, but such was the remarkable purity and beauty of its tone, that it could be heard on the distant hills full as distinctly as the large church bell which afterwards, 1816, pealed forth from the newly erected bell-tower added to the M. E. church. Machinery was put in the factory, a machine shop for repairs erected near the mill, and they commenced operations. The looms in their "weave-shop" (the lower room) were hand-looms, it being before the day of power-looms. and the surplus yarn beyond the capacity to weave there, was put out in the neighborhood to be woven by the hand-looms then to be found in every farm-house. Amasa and Charles Millard, (father of David J. and S. A. Millard,) had a trip-hammer in the machine shop, where they made scythes. In 1816, Oliver G. Rogers and Allen Sweet carried on the machine shop. The "Quaker Company" was short-lived and soon failed, and the property was sold on executions at sheriff's sale, and purchased by James Dean for himself, John Butler, Colonel Avery and Captain Bacon, who leased it to Soddy, Foster & Co.,—Captain Soddy and James Sears Foster, (the father of the late Dr. Gilbert A. Foster, of Utica.)—late in the year 1814. It was afterward run for a number of years by Isaac Smith. At the expiration of the Soddy, Foster & Co. lease, Captain Soddy removed, and also Abram Grimshaw, who constituted the "Co." Mr. Grimshaw, who was a noted satinnet manufacturer, removed to Trenton.

James Sears Foster was born in Ridgefield, Conn., Aug. 17, 1774, and married Betsey Miles, who was born in Wallingford, Conn., March 3, 1774. They removed to Catskill, N. Y., in 1797, and afterwards (1802) to Litchfield, N. Y., where he kept store between "Jericho" and "Jerusalem," and from there to the Sauquoit Valley in 1812, and two years later engaged in making satinets, etc., at the old Quaker factory, and later on, removed to New Hartford and was connected with the "dumb factory," and afterwards at Utica, where he engaged in the lumber business, under the firm of Foster, Walker & Culver, (John Culver.) After an active business life he went to his rest, honored and respected by all, Nov. 1, 1858, at the

advanced age of 84. The aged companion of his youth preceded him two years, dying July 12, 1856, aged 82. Their children were eleven: Salina, Olive, Desire, Gilbert A., Eliza, James S., Catharine L., Sanford M., Willis N., Harriet, Choplin B.; of whom five survive: Olive, Eliza, James S., Sanford M., and Harriet. Dr. Gilbert A. Foster was born in Litchfield, Herkimer county, June 3, 1803. He early evinced a taste for mechanics, and after finishing his studies in the primitive schools then established, he apprenticed himself at the pioneer machine shop of Oliver G. Rogers at Willowvale, where he acquired great skill as a machinist. He subsequently went to Auburn, to superintend the building of the machinery for the State prison, and was engaged there for several years. May 3, 1827, he was married to Orpha E. Bogue, daughter of Rev. Publius V. Bogue, the pioneer pastor of the Presbyterian church at Sauquoit, and about this time took up his residence on the "Foster farm" at New Hartford. Here he took up the profession of dentistry—from the "hub," inventing, and with his own hands making the various delicate and curious tools of the art, by converting an old-fashioned spinning-weel into a lathe, his brother Sanford turning the wheel, while he with masterly skill, with "hand tools" turned the delicate implements which his ingenuity devised, and which he afterwards tempered and polished.

In the year 1832 he removed to Utica and entered upon the practice of dentistry, of which he may well be called the founder. He was one of the original members of the American Society of Dental Surgeons, organized at Baltimore in 1842. He was the first president of the Fifth District Dental Society, and was one of the American Commissioners to adjudicate upon dentistry at the World's Fair in New York, in 1853. At the age of twenty-one, he was made a Mason in old Amicable Lodge, No. 25, (1824,) and soon after elected its secretary, and was also an officer and member of Horeb Chapter—two of the oldest Masonic bodies in the county, both destroyed by fire about the year 1830, the Bible and a few implements alone being saved. These he carefully preserved for more than forty years, and after the organization of the new Amicable Lodge at Washington Mills, presented them to the lodge in a speech of deepest emotion. On that interesting

occasion there were present two other members of "old" Amicable—Ezra Stiles and Solomon Rogers. Mr. Stiles soon after removed to the west, where, a year or two since, he passed away, and the veteran Mason, Solomon Rogers, is now the sole survivor of the old pioneer Amicable Lodge, founded by Judge Sanger in 1792.

Dr. Foster was the last surviving officer of old Amicable Lodge. He was a genial Christian gentleman, kind and charitable, and ever and always made his home the happiest place of all. From early boyhood he had a keen enjoyment of all out-door sports. A visit to the North Woods, a day's fishing, an excursion to the forests or fields, filled him with a boy's enthusiasm. Of his death, which took place Dec. 7, 1877, the "Observer" says: "The hand of death never stilled the beating of a kindlier heart. He had passed five years beyond man's allotted span. But the evening of his days was as the morning—light and warm and full of sunshine."

The following tribute to his memory, from the graceful pen of his life long friend, Hon. R. U. Sherman, from the "Observer" of December 12, 1877, will be read with interest:

"Seldom, within a similar space of time, in the local history of Utica, has the heavy hand of death fallen on so many shining victims as within the year last past. The landmarks by which the old remained connected with the new, have one by one passed away, and soon all those who were at the laying of the foundations will be known only in memory. The turf has not yet taken root over the graves of Dauby and Sayre and Hurlburt and Hubbell and others, the honored dead of a generation rapidly passing away, when we are called upon to open a new grave to receive the remains of one, perhaps the best loved of all—Gilbert A. Foster. Scarcely any of our older citizens were better known than he; certainly none were held in higher esteem, none regarded with more lively affection. Singularly gentle in character, ardent in his affections and pure in heart as a little child, none could share his society without feeling its wholesome influence. The history in detail of his life need not be stated here, where it is so well known. His success in the field of action chosen by him, his excellence as a citizen, his fidelity as a friend, his endearing character as the head of a numerous and happy family, all this is as well known as if it had been long inscribed on imperishable tablets. For nearly three-quarters of a century he

fulfilled all the duties of useful citizenship, and at every stage of his life he exhibited the same beautiful exemplification of a well-rounded Christian character. Daily, until stricken with the fatal malady that ended his useful career, he has been seen among us, and his benignant look, his ever cheery voice, and his kindly greeting have been a constant benediction to all. Loving nature as only a doting child can love a fond mother, he was always true to its lessons of beauty and good, and to the last enjoyed a life that, despite its share of trial and affliction, had yet a controlling measure of happiness and joy. He had a heart to feel and a tear to shed for the sorrows of others, and the sincerity of his sympathy was manifested by his daily acts of beneficence. To the city in which his long life had been so honorably spent, his death is a public loss, and to his many friends a personal bereavement. In his home circle, of which he was the light and joy, his death has left a void that cannot be filled; a wound of heart that time may assuage but can never heal."

The estimation in which he was held by the Brothers of the Mystic Tie, is, perhaps, best set forth in the resolutions of Oneida Royal Arch Chapter, as follows:

To the M. E. H. P., Officers and Companions of Oneida Chapter, No. 57.

The undersigned, your committee selected to put in permanent form some sentiments and reflections called forth by the death of our late Companion, Gilbert A. Foster, would respectfully report:

When we read in the daily papers "Entered into rest Dec. 7th, 1877, Dr. Gilbert A. Foster, in the seventy-fifth year of his age," we were not taken by surprise, but in common with this entire community we felt the pall of sorrow and sadness in its thickest folds resting upon us. A good man had left us, had again been exalted.

Age slowly, steadily, but very plainly had been laying upon our companion those burdens and infirmities so useful in teaching us that we are mortal; sometimes so necessary in weaning us from a world of pain and sorrow, but these burdens and infirmities left no shadows upon his kind, genial nature. His departure was a beautiful sun setting.

Dr. Foster was born in Herkimer county, June 3d, 1803, of most respectable New England parentage. After improving the advantages which this section then afforded, by acquiring a fair education, he adopted the profession of a machinist—for there can be no reason why that should not be designated a profession which has by its skill and genius set

in motion so much that is wonderful, beautiful and useful. By a change in direction he came to exhibit his talents as a dentist.

Our deceased companion was best known by the qualities of his heart, by his affection, his overflowing benevolence, his cultivated tastes, his love for the antique, the unique, the beautiful. In the presence of a fine painting, a gem of art, a relic of the olden times, he was an enthusiast, he would mingle smiles and tears while drinking in an apparent inspiration from some such object of interest. At such moments he wished every one present to feel the same interest, to be equally happy. Some of us may remember his delights in exhibiting to our citizens the first daguerreotype ever seen in this section. He was a lover of nature. In the fields, the old forests, by the babbling brooks, in following the rivulets through their gorges, he seemed to be communing with the God of Nature.

The qualities of his heart tempered and beautified by the graces of religion made him as he appeared to the public, the highest type of man, the Christian gentleman. Gentle, kind, affectionate, charitable without ostentation, pious without cant, intelligent without conceit, firm in his beliefs without dogmatism. All these qualities of heart and intellect made him a good Mason. At twenty-one he became a Mason in Amicable Lodge, of New Hartford. Soon after he was exalted in Horeb Chapter, No. 7, of New Hartford, a Chapter then older than the Grand Chapter of R. A. Masons of this State, and consequently at his decease Companion Foster had been a Royal Arch Mason over fifty years.

If these expressions as to our deceased companion shall meet your views, we request that they be entered upon the records of the Chapter, and that an engrossed copy, subscribed by the M. E. H. P. and S., under the seal of the Chapter, be delivered to the family of the deceased.

Utica, January 5th, 1878.

[L. S.]

M. A. LEWIS, H. P.,	E. S. BARNUM,	} Committee.
DANIEL PERRY, Sec.	ALFRED WALKER,	
	M. M. JONES,	

His wife, Orpha E. Bogue, was born May 12, 1807, and survived him barely two years, and entered into rest October 31, 1879. Their children were Dr. Charles B., Gilbert Dwight, Sophia B., Catharine E., all of whom survive except Gilbert Dwight.

Genealogy of the Bogue family—I. John Bogue, born in Glasgow, Scotland, and came to East Haddam, Conn.

II. Richard, born March 31, 1678.

III. Rev. Ebenezer, born May 9, 1716; graduated at Yale College September 14, 1748. December 19, 1750, he married Damaris Cook, daughter of Captain Samuel Cook, of Wallingford, Conn., by whom they had seven children; five sons and two daughters. He was ordained in the ministry November 27, 1751. He also taught young men in Latin and Greek, and prepared them for college.

IV. Publius Virgilius Bogue was born at Farmington, Conn., March 30, 1764; graduated at Yale College in 1787; studied theology with his brother, Rev. Aaron Jordan Bogue, of Granville, Mass.; called to preach at Winchester, Conn., November 30, 1790; ordained January 26, 1791; married Catharine Robinson, daughter of Col. Timothy Robinson, of Granville, Mass., a distinguished and gallant officer of the Revolutionary army. After preaching a few years at Winchester, Conn., Rev. P. V. Bogue removed to Hanover Green—then in the town of Paris—where he remained a short time and then removed to Vernon Centre. Here his health gave way and he removed to Vermont for change of climate, where he remained twelve or fourteen years, when his health being restored he was again attracted to Central New York, and settled at Sauquoit towards the close of the year, 1814, and commenced his labor as pastor of the Presbyterian Church there, and on March 15, 1815, he was installed by an Ecclesiastical Council as *the first pastor* of that church. Here he labored faithfully in the vineyard for many years and until 1825, during his pastorate adding one hundred and twenty-eight persons to the primitive congregation. From there he removed to Clinton, where he passed away in the fullness of years, August 26, 1836, aged 72. His wife, Catharine, preceded him a few months, having died March 30, 1836. Their children were Decius R., Huldah M., Timothy L., Rev. Horace P., Sophia E., Catharine R., Virgil A., Laura G., Orpha E., (wife of Dr. Gilbert A. Foster,) Emily C., and Adaline C.

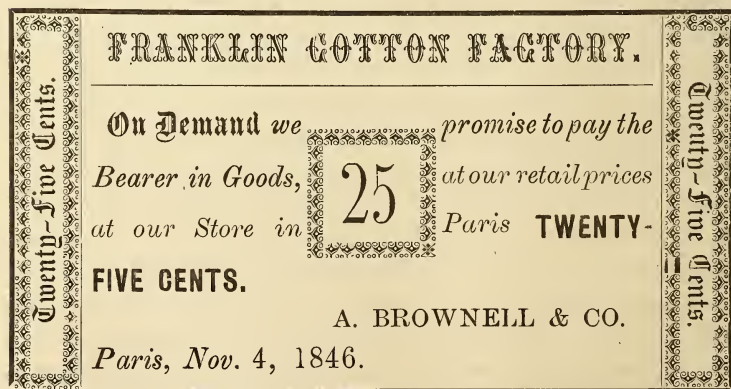
May 7, 1825, the "Quaker Factory" property was sold by Judge Dean to Kellogg Hurlburt and Abner Brownell, (Hurlburt & Brownell,) who converted it into a cotton factory, and changed the name to "Franklin Factory." This firm added on fifty feet to the south of the factory, doubling the length

(the bell tower remaining and was in the middle of the building as enlarged,) making 35x100 feet in size. In 1827, Mr. Brownell purchased the interest of Mr. Hurlburt, and later on, admitted his eldest son, George M. Brownell, to the firm, under the style of "A. Brownell & Co." George M. assumed the financial management of the business, and under his able administration the business prospered, and the Franklin factory took rank with the great manufactories of the valley. In 1846, a second addition was erected to the south end, of sixty-five feet, making the size of the factory 35x165 feet; a wheel pit was constructed on the south end, in which, some years later, a turbine water-wheel was placed, doing the work of the old overshot water-wheel. The following year—1847—they erected a "sixty-loom" stone factory, with the necessary tenement houses, etc., to the north "down the lane,"—now the silk mill. As an evidence of their success, they were able to run their factories for a period of two years without selling their production, storing their manufactured goods, awaiting a rise in the price of them—which came—they refusing during that period to sell at the low price the goods then ranged in market. In those days very little money was used or circulated in the valley, most all of the business being transacted by "barter" and exchange of products.

With all the great manufacturing interests on that busy stream, no bank was ever established in the valley, and the three factories then in operation: the Farmers', the Franklin, and the Eagle Factory, did not in all those years pay out there, for labor or any other purpose to the surrounding community, *a single dollar of money*. In lieu of money they each issued "shin-plasters"—as the old settlers called them—printed due bills (except the date and signature,) of the denominations of 3 cents, $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents, $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents, 25 cents, 50 cents and one dollar. The small coins in general circulation were the Spanish and Mexican: sixpence, value $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents; shilling, value $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents; two shilling piece, 25 cents; and four shilling piece, 50 cents. The merchants marked their goods in shillings and pence, and in that manner kept their books. A farmer, in giving the price of his products, would say "four shillings," instead of fifty cents or half a dollar,—the equivalent value in United States coin—and "six shillings" instead

of seventy-five cents, &c. Dimes and half-dimes were rarely seen.

The factory "shin-plasters" were taken by the merchants in payment for their goods at seventy-five cents on the dollar, and at that discount by the farmer. As they accumulated in the "till," the merchant would from time to time take them to the factories and purchase a bale of cotton cloth. If one of the "factory-bugs," (as the boys were called that worked in the factories) wanted some actual money to "go to a show," or to Utica, he exchanged his "shin-plasters" with the merchant or a villager, who would generally accommodate him by paying "five shillings" in silver ($62\frac{1}{2}$ cents) for a dollar, but much of it was sold for "four shillings" (50 cents) on the dollar, especially in "tight times." The burning of the Farmers' factory closed "that bank." The Franklin "shut down" during the war of the rebellion, and when they resumed operations they were compelled to pay money, as the Eagle (Chadwick's) in the meantime had set the example of paying money to their operatives, instead of the old "shin-plasters" that for fifty years had flooded the Valley, and was, during that period, the principal circulating medium. The little bills have long since disappeared, only now and then one to be found in the hands of some one who has preserved it as a curious relic of the olden time. From one in the possession of the writer, a fac simile is herewith presented:



George M. Brownell was a very energetic business man, kind hearted and charitable, and a great favorite in community, contributing greatly to the growth and prosperity of Sauquoit; held many offices of trust; was postmaster in 1851; was elected supervisor in 1844, and his sudden death, in August, 1858, cast a deep gloom over the village. His wife was Louisa, daughter of Judge Eliphalet Sweeting, who survived him, residing on the old homestead. Their children: Charles G., Albert E., Elizabeth, wife of H. O'R. Tucker, of the *Troy Times*, and John J. Brownell, survive. Abner Brownell, the founder of the "Franklin Cotton Factory," was born at Portsmouth, R. I., January 30, 1787. In the year 1808 he settled in Toddsville, Otsego county, where he engaged as overseer at the "Union Cotton Factory." He married Susan, daughter of Capt. George Macomber, the "pioneer gardener" of Utica, and sister of the venerable Calvin E. Macomber, of Sauquoit. In the summer of 1813 he came to what is now Chadwick's, in company with Ira Todd and John Chadwick, where they founded the "Eagle Factory." In 1825 he withdrew from the firm and removed to Sauquoit, and with Mr. Hurlburt founded the Franklin factory. He was a practical manufacturer, and spent his whole time in and about his works, and from his decided and authoritative manner in issuing his orders to the operatives, he won the *soubriquet* of "King" Brownell, by which he was generally known during his lifetime. He was a very successful manufacturer, and an active Freemason, made in old Paris Lodge, Sept. 3, 1822, and was a charter member of Sauquoit Lodge. F. & A. M., at its organization in 1849, and its first treasurer. After the death of his son, George M., the mill ceased operations for a number of years; and about that time, he retired from business. The mill was started up again a few years since, and carried on by his sons. H. D. & E. D. Brownell, until its destruction by fire, on the evening of May 4, 1877. His children were: George M., Henry D., Ebenezer Dean; Juliette, wife of Morris S. Savage; Emeline, wife of J. J. Millard, of Norwalk, Ct.; and Fanny; three of whom survive: Henry, Dean, and Mrs. J. J. Millard.

The following obituary appeared in the Utica Morning Herald of December 28, 1874:

News was received Sunday evening of the death of Abner Brownell of Sauquoit, one of the oldest residents of the village, and a pioneer in the manufacturing business of Oneida county. He died of old age at the residence of his son-in-law, M. S. Savage, Sunday afternoon. His age was eighty-eight years, and for more than a year his strength had been so low that when he quietly passed away his death was no sudden bereavement. For twenty years he had lived in retirement from active business, and he was known in all the vicinity for his charities and exemplary life.

Abner Brownell was born January 30, 1787, at Portsmouth, Rhode Island. About the year 1813 he removed to where is now Chadwick's Mills, and began the manufacture of cotton goods in company with John Chadwick, father of Hon. G. W. Chadwick of that place. After several years had elapsed he removed two miles further up the stream (Sauquoit creek,) and founded the cotton mill long known as the Franklin factory, and which has since developed into the present large establishment. From that time he has resided at Sauquoit, and has seen the village grow up about him, lending efficient aid in the building up of its local institutions and its general progress. He never sought nor filled public office, ever preferring to do unostentatious work in private walks. He was loved by the operatives whom he employed. He was methodic and orderly in the performance of his own work, and though he required those who worked for him to do so with order and method, he was a kind master. He was a charter member of the Sauquoit Masonic Lodge. He was in old times a whig in politics, and in later days he was a staunch though quiet republican. He was charitable and honest, diligent in business, a loved and revered citizen, and he died full of years and honors—honors than which none are prouder, those of a well spent life and the respect of one's fellow-men. He leaves two sons, who since his retirement from business twenty years ago, have conducted the affairs of the mills, and a married daughter residing in Connecticut.

In the spring of 1834-35, while the "factory boys" were skating on the pond early in the evening, the ice being weakened by a thaw, gave way, and some five or six of the boys were precipitated into the water, at that time some ten or twelve feet deep, and icy cold. The alarm spread instantly, and David Seaton was the first to reach the spot, and plunged fearlessly in. He soon came up to the surface with a lad in his hands which proved to be his own son. John D. Bacon soon after reached the spot and also plunged in. Another son

of Mr. Seaton's was soon brought to the surface and both were resuscitated, as well as one other lad. Two other of the boys could not readily be found, and when brought out all efforts to bring them to life proved vain. They were cousins, named respectively Smith and Tutton, and both were buried in the same grave, their sad fate casting a deep gloom over the community.

Among the old time operatives who wrought in the mills, were Nathan Hitchcock and his family. Mr. H. was a prominent Freemason and removed to Cazenovia, where he died a few years since. His son, Hon. Norman P. Hitchcock, was the popular landlord of one of the hotels in Utica for a number of years and afterward removed to Pitcher, Chenango county, where he was a prominent man, representing his district in the Assembly, and died a few years since. A daughter of Mr. H. married a Mr. Brown; their son,—Charles M. Brown,—now residing in Binghamton, where for many years he was the popular landlord of the Lewis House, and the American Hotel. Other prominent families, were the Goddards, (a son, Charles Goddard, is a prominent politician in New York city,) Andrus, Neaskarns, Magees, Adams, Penners, Andersons, Crigiers, Waits, Wests, Browers, Teachouts, Timersons and David Seaton, whose descendants have many of them settled in the village or vicinity.

In September, 1821, David Seaton (brother of James Seaton) sailed with his family from Scotland, on the ship *George Buchanan*, for Montreal, Canada, to seek a home in the New World. The ship carried five hundred passengers, and was nine weeks in making the passage. The "home government" had promised the "heads of families" one hundred acres of land each, in Canada, on condition that they should settle thereon. Many availed themselves of the offer and took possession, and cleared up the farms. Many others were "hand weavers," etc., and unused to pioneer out-door labor, and were unfitted for the hard task of clearing off the land, and therefore came over to the settled portion of the State of New York. Among the latter was David Seaton, who found his way to New Hartford, where he gained employment as a "hand weaver," at which he was greatly skilled. A few years later, when the Franklin Factory went into operation, he ac-

cepted the position of overseer of the "weave room" and charge of the looms, which position he held during the prosperous years of the factory, and until 1851, when he took charge of the post office as deputy for George M. Brownell, postmaster. At the end of the year he was appointed postmaster which he held some sixteen years and until his death—November 18, 1866—when his daughter Kate succeeded him. He held the office of town clerk many years during the time; was an active Freemason, made in old Paris lodge, October 1, 1827, was a charter member of Sauquoit Lodge F. & A. M., and its first secretary, and an officer of that lodge during the remainder of his life. He was a prominent member of the M. E. Church and active in church and society. He died suddenly at a ripe old age, full of honors, respected by all his neighbors and townsmen.

The next "power" below the Franklin factory, is the grist mill and sawmill of the Mould Bros. A sawmill was first erected on this site in 1791, by Captain Abner Bacon, which was burned down, and the present mills were erected by Captain Bacon and the Hon. David Ostrom, in 1796-97. Their first miller was William Risley, a Revolutionary soldier, afterwards of "Risley's Mills," Litchfield. The old Ostrom and Bacon's mills have passed through many hands, and have been much enlarged and improved since their first construction. Nathaniel Bacon run the mill at an early day, and was succeeded by Harry W. Adams, who was afterwards a merchant at East Sauquoit and a partner of Solomon Rogers, who bought him out; when Mr. Adams removed to Lenox, and in company with Ira Shepard, a son of Asa Shepard, the pioneer, founded a grist mill there. He still resides there, and Mr. Shepard lives near Oneida, both well advanced in years. Mr. Adams married Patty, daughter of Enos Knight. James Bacon learned the miller's trade of Mr. Adams in the old Bacon & Ostrom mill. Harry W. Adams was made a Mason in old Paris Lodge, September 11, 1824, and was Master of the Lodge in 1832-33. The old mill afterwards became the property of Bacon & Savage, (Captain Bacon and Stephen Savage,) James Bacon running the mill for them. Before long he bought out Mr. Savage, and his father—Captain Bacon—dying in 1832, James Bacon succeeded to the property,

which was very successful until 1836. That year wheat advanced from \$1.25 to \$2.13, and he having bought largely at the latter figures, as a consequence, when wheat and flour soon after rapidly declined, his losses were heavy, from which he did not fully recover, and to "cap the climax," the bankrupt law went into operation in 1840, and considerable "paper" held by him could not be collected, and he was forced to fail. His disaster elicited great sympathy throughout the community, James Bacon being a great favorite. He removed to the West, where he now resides, at Richmond, Ill., at an advanced age. The mill was afterward run by a Mr. Braddock, Sylvester Nichols, S. Emerson Mosher and Henry Gilbert. Sylvester Nichols, eldest son of the pioneer, Howe Nichols, was highly esteemed by the community, and was, during his lifetime, a worthy member of the M. E. Church, and clerk of that society for more than forty years. He died May 4, 1864, in the 70th year of his age. His wife, Hannah, survives him, living with her daughter, Charlotte, wife of Kirtland Griffin, in the West. His son, George Nichols, also survives, residing in New Haven, Conn. Mrs. Hannah Nichols is one of the six sole survivors of the 178 original members of the M. E. Church at East Sauquoit.

January 1, 1852, the veteran miller, William L. Mould, with his three sons, ex-Supervisor William F. Mould, George and Washington, purchased the old pioneer Bacon and Ostrom mills, which they have greatly improved, lowering the race and thus greatly increasing the power, putting in new machinery in the grist mill and a circular saw in the sawmill, erecting a new and substantial storehouse and shed, a spacious barn across the road, north of the mills, on the site of the "old stone distillery," and each of the three sons have erected new and beautiful residences at the "top of the mill hill," their various improvements adding much to the beauty of the village. William L. Mould was born in the county of Norfolk, England, in the year 1793. In his early years he enlisted in the British navy as a sailor, and at one time was stationed at New London during the blockade in 1814. After the surrender of Napoleon, the ship to which he belonged was ordered to Portsmouth to assist in guarding Bonaparte, previous to his banishment to St. Helena.

After peace was declared, he apprenticed himself to learn the trade of miller, serving in that capacity seven years. In the year 1836, having a large family to support, he decided to emigrate to America, and accordingly took passage, and with his family sailed on board the ship *Louisa*, of Baltimore. During the passage, an interesting event took place: The genial and enthusiastic captain of the good ship *Louisa*, ordered the "colors" run up to the mast-head, and out on the broad Atlantic, beneath the folds of the star-spangled banner,—the flag of the free,—proudly floating out on the breeze, a son was born to them. The gallant captain insisted that the new-comer, born under the flag, should be named George Washington; but as an older brother was already christened George, it was agreed on all hands that his name should be Washington. The ship in due time arrived safely in port, in the month of May, 1836, and Mr. Mould first took up his residence in Cortland, N. Y., where he remained about a year, and then removed to New Hartford, and worked for Samuel Lyon. In the year 1838 he removed to South Sauquoit, and took charge of the grist-mill there, near the Farmers' factory, where he remained until the spring of 1842, when he removed to the Risleys' mill, in Litchfield, remaining there, however, but one year, when he returned to the old mill at South Sauquoit, where he remained until the purchase of the old Bacon & Ostrom mill, in January, 1852, when he took up his residence there, where he ever after resided. He was a man greatly esteemed for his pleasant social manner and strict integrity; was a warm-hearted brother of the mystic tie, initiated in Sauquoit Lodge, F. & A. M., under the Mastership of his old-time neighbor and friend, Captain Knight, in the year 1852. November 23, 1864, after his long and eventful life, (aged 71,) he rested from his labors, his three sons—William F., George and Washington—succeeding to the business under the firm of Mould Bros.

At this point, two important brooks find their way into the Sauquoit. The Gage brook, rising to the southeast and flowing down through the pioneer farm of Baxter Gage, and into the creek, above the mill-pond; and the tannery brook, rising out on the dry-lots hill, on the pioneer Wetmore farm, thence down through the deep ravine and across the Campbell road

near East Sauquoit, and down through the village to the mill-pond. Just before it crosses the Campbell road, Doctor Rufus Priest at an early day erected a sawmill, east of the road, which was afterward altered over into a batting factory. In 1850, James L. Davis and F. M. Knight converted it into a paint-mill, putting in mill-stones for grinding the soft red slate (the Clinton group) which abounds in the "gulf" above. Jesse Tyler was the "miller," and it produced a reddish-brown powder, which they "barreled up" and sold under the name of mineral paint. It has since been altered over into a dwelling-house, and is the residence of the venerable foundryman, Daniel Blackman. On the opposite bank of the brook was erected the distillery of Noah Hall, early in the century, who had a run of stones and ground his own grain, and who afterwards removed to Earlville. The distillery was later on converted into a pot-ashery by Solomon Rogers, and finally torn down about the year 1835. Next below, on the main street, Deacon Hubbard put in a wheel, which furnished power for a turning-lathe, &c., and further down, to the west of the street, was the tannery erected by John Curtiss, the power being utilized for grinding the bark, thence the brook flows into the mill-pond.

Two brooks also flow into the creek through West Sauquoit; one taking its rise at the celebrated spring on the pioneer farm of William Babbitt, flows down through the grove on the Gray farm, crossing the main road near the school-house, and down past the old burying-ground and into the factory pond; the other brook flows down the deep ravine on the Babbitt farm north of the "old Moyer road," crossing the main road near the hotel barn, and into the creek at the Abner Bacon place, to the north of the widow Corbett place. Next below the grist-mill, and "down the lane," is the site of the old carding and fulling mill, cider mill and sawmill erected by Captain Bacon and Hon. David Ostrom, and afterward sold to Abner Bacon, Jr., in 1809, who built his house near the carding-mill, and north of his "new house," built in 1829, burned down a few years since, and a house erected on the site by Anson Cloyes. The "old" house was moved up the "mill-hill" towards East Sauquoit, and was the residence of "Uncle" Jemmy Seaton, afterwards altered over into the cot-

tage now occupied by Mr. Parkinson. It was moved in the old-fashioned way, by oxen,—then in general use by the farmers. The building was pried up by long wooden levers, or “pries,” and slim elm trees or sticks of timber placed under each side for “runners,” to which was attached by log chains, two “strings” of yoked oxen, twenty “yokes” in each “string,” all connected by log chains, each yoke with their owners to drive them—which comprised the “moving bee.” At the word of command, ’mid the shouting of the drivers and the slashing of the long “ox-gads,” the cattle all together, with a “long pull and strong pull” moved the building a few rods, when they were halted for a breathing-spell, and the drivers all took a “pull” at the jug. When they were sufficiently refreshed, the oxen were supposed to be, and another rod or two covered, and another halt made,—to rest and refresh the drivers—and so on until the building reached its destination. If the distance was considerable, the “drawing-bee” would sometimes *consume* two or three days, and many gallons of New England rum.

The old carding mill, &c., fell into decay, and in the year 1863 was destroyed by fire, and the Mould Bros., in lowering their race, obliterated all traces of the site. Near here a spring brook comes in from the east from the old Crane farm. Next below on the creek is the silk mill, erected in 1847 by A. Brownell & Co., for a cotton factory, afterwards sold to Hon. S. S. Lowery, of Utica, of whom S. W. Howland & Co. (S. W. H. and James A. Shepardson,) purchased it, who lowered the race and put in a new water-wheel and run it as a cotton factory for a few years, when they failed, and the property went back into the possession of Mr. Lowery, and was then run by his brother James a short time. In the fall of 1873, the cotton machinery was taken out and sold, and the property purchased by Messers. L. R. Stelle & Sons, of Paterson, N. J., and converted into a silk mill. Later on, a company was organized under the name of “Sauquoit Silk Manufacturing Company.” L. R. Stelle, President; Richard Rossmasler, of Philadelphia, Pa., Treasurer; A. D. Stelle, Secretary. From eighty-five to one hundred operatives are employed, and from forty thousand to fifty thousand pounds of silk used annually, costing on an average \$6.00 per pound. The

process of manufacture is technically called "thrown" and the product, "tram" and "organzine," for wearing purposes and fringe for ladies' trimmings. Next below on the stream is the site of the sawmill erected by John D. Bacon, to which a lane run down from the main road from near the Noah Parmelee place. The mill was abandoned about 1852 and fell to decay, the dwelling house north of the silk mill indicating the locality. Near here two brooks pour in from the east, one from Crane's gulf down past the residence of General Gates, and the other down through the Camp Griffin farm; a small brook also flows in from the west from the old Camp Parmelee farm, (now Deacon Hial Fitch's.) A little below, the celebrated Tucker (or Butler) trout brook flows in. This brook takes its rise near Paris Hill, flows across the Moyer road near Beriah Head's residence, (now Fobes Head,) thence down through the Asa Shepard (Macomber) farm and old Butler farm, (now James Eiffe's,) is joined by another spring brook, on which stood the pioneer distillery of John Butler; thence down through the "gulf," crossing the main road near Asa Tucker's residence, and before entering the creek it furnishes the supply for the railroad water tank near Chadwicks. Where it crosses the main road, Asa Tucker, at an early day erected the pioneer batting factory, and also manufactured candle wicking—also used in the primitive oil lamps when whale oil was burned. The batting was made from the "waste" or refuse cotton from the carding rooms of the factories and re-carded here by "batting cards," producing fleecy sheets, which were put up in paper rolls weighing a pound. Ray Nichols was the factotum of this establishment. Mr. Tucker carried on this business successfully for many years, and until the old-fashioned lamp wicking was superseded by the woven flat wicks for the kerosene lamps, and then the factory stood idle for many years, and was finally converted into a cheese factory. After the erection of the cheese factory at East Sauquoit, cheese making here was abandoned.

The old farm houses erected by the pioneers were built with an immense chimney in the centre, on a large stone foundation in the cellar; a huge fire-place was constructed in the "living room," or kitchen, and a smaller fire-place on the opposite side

of the great chimney in the "spare room," or parlor. Side of the large fire-place in the kitchen was built the "brick oven," a capacious affair six or seven feet in depth, four feet wide and about three feet in height—inside measure. A flue led from the oven into the chimney to carry off the smoke, and a trap in the bottom to dump the embers and ashes into the ash-pit—constructed beneath. A solid iron door, about eighteen inches square, fitted in an iron frame laid in the brick work, closed the front closely. To heat the oven, straight grained body maple wood, about four feet in length, was split fine, (about the size of a hoe-handle,) the splitting of "oven-wood" being one of the boy's "chores," and on baking-day the brick oven was filled with this wood put in closely, (criss-cross,) and ignited, and the great oven door closed. When the wood had burned out the oven was sufficiently heated, and then the embers and ashes were deftly raked into the ash-pit below and the loaves of bread, etc., quickly placed in the oven with the "fire slice," (a long handled iron shovel,) the door was closed and the bread baked by the heat retained in the surrounding bricks of the great oven. The cooking, etc., for the family was done in the great fire-place, which was furnished with a crane of iron, which was swung out into the room, the kettles were suspended to it by "pot hooks," and the loaded "crane" then swung back over the fire. At night the live embers and coals were covered up with ashes to "keep the fire," and in the morning raked open, the kindling wood put on and the dull coals blown into a blaze by hand-bellows. The following description of home-life at the early day, clipped from an "exchange," is true of all our old pioneers' homes:

"One hundred years ago not a pound of coal or a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron frame fireplace, which still bears his name. All cooking and warming, in town as well as in the country, was done with the aid of a fire kindled on the brick hearth or in the brick ovens. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking sweep. No form of pump was used in this country, so far as we can learn, until after the commencement of the present century. There were

no friction matches in those early days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled, and if the fire went out upon the hearth over night, and the tinder was damp, so that the spark would not catch, the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so to borrow a brand of a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm, unless some member of the family was ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero many nights in winter. The men and women of a hundred years ago undressed and went to their beds in a temperature colder than that of our barns and woodsheds, and they never complained."

The batting manufactured by Mr. Tucker was used for bed-quilts, petticoats and quilted hoods. A "quilting bee" among the old-time mothers was an event. A set of quilting frames was kept in each neighborhood and went the rounds for these occasions. A fire was lighted in the fire-place of the "spare room," the quilt stretched on the frames in the center of the great room, the frames being supported by a chair placed under each corner, and the matrons who had responded to the invitation that Mrs. *So and So* "had got a quilt on," surrounded the frames and with gleaming needles and busy fingers, vigorously attacked Tucker's batting, and glibly chatted and visited, inspired by the steaming urn of "store tea" and the exciting importance of the occasion,—a "quilting" then being equivalent to the announcement now that "cards are out" for a wedding. The good old mothers of those days have all gone to rest, and the then expectant brides are grandmothers now.

Asa Tucker, the veteran manufacturer, was a man who took a deep interest in the growth and development of the village, the educational enterprises and society; was of modest, unassuming manners, and possessed in a marked degree the rare faculty of minding his own business, and greatly respected, he went to his rest a few years since at a ripe old age. His wife and one son, Francis P. Tucker, A. M., survive him, residing on the old homestead. Next below on the creek was the saw mill erected by 'Squire Kirtland Griffie—the Revolutionary hero and pioneer—in the year 1797-98. It stood on the east bank of the creek, and the large upper reservoir of the Chadwick's factory now flows over the site. Further down a large brook from the eastern hillside flows

into Chadwick's lower pond, and from the western hillside a similar brook flows to the creek, down through the deep glen on the old pioneer farm of Benjamin Merrill, crossing the main road near the residence of M. M. Neal. Near the district school house at Chadwicks, is the site of the saw mill erected by John Greenleaf in 1801, and soon after he also erected a carding and fulling mill on the east branch of the creek near the road bridge below, which, after it was dismantled and stood empty, was known as the "spook house." John Greenleaf was born in Bolton, Mass., March 26, 1760, came to Whitestown in 1800, and soon after to what is now Chadwicks. In 1821 he removed to Volney, Oswego county, where he died in 1827. His son, Abel Greenleaf, married Lucy, a daughter of Horace Nichols—the pioneer—and lived a little north of East Sauquoit. He was an ingenious mechanic and died at an early day, his wife surviving him many years. Their children were Lucy, George, Joseph H., Jane and Mary. Joseph H. Greenleaf, the only survivor of the family, is a distinguished mechanic and inventor. Among his last and most important inventions, is the sets of small looms (six tended by one operative) for the weaving of silk ribbons. He removed to New Haven, Conn., many years ago, where with his family he still resides. In the summer of 1813, John Chadwick, Abner Brownell and Ira Todd came from Toddsville, Otsego county to what is now Chadwicks, and founded the Eagle Cotton Factory. They purchased both of John Greenleaf's "powers," removing the old saw mill to the east, up the road to the upper end of the present village, and converted it into a dwelling house. Up the creek they purchased of Benjamin Merrill and of Mathew Yale sufficient land along the creek to give them the necessary power, erected a frame cotton factory on the site of the present stone factory, and a little further to the east built a machine shop for their repairs. Theodore and Allyn Gilbert built their reservoir, and also the canal leading to the factory, (the reservoir has since been raised, flooding many more acres than then,) and they went into operation, their factory being called the "Eagle Mills." The firm dissolved some years after, Mr. Todd returning to Otsego county, and Mr. Brownell in 1825 removed to Sauquoit and founded the Franklin Factory. Mr.

Chadwick remained at the Eagle, putting in new and improved machinery from time to time, as required, and finally his increasing business demanded a corresponding increase of buildings and facilities. Extensive additions were therefore—in 1843-44—erected and filled with costly and improved machinery. Near the close of one sultry summer's day, (June 25, 1844,) the builders were putting on the finishing touches—the particular length of lightning-rod with the weather-vane thereon—above the dome beneath which the bell swung to and fro that summoned the hands to toil or its cessation, and had erected that part of the rod high in air without, however, attaching the other lengths reaching to the ground connection; when the sharp clang of the bell beneath them announced the day's work done. Slowly descending, they wended their several ways to supper and repose; an hour or two of another day would finish all up.

“Who can tell what a day will bring forth?” The setting sun plunged into a dense black cloud which just then looming up from the western hills, rapidly crowded itself resistless on and up, overspreading the valley with its darkening gloom; soon a few sudden puffs of wind, a few large, scattering drops of rain, forerunner of the impending storm; then from out that inky blackness, with blinding flash and clattering crash, leaped a single vivid gleam, down the rod, through the dome, the bell, thence scattering through the mill, glinting along the polished metal machinery and fleecy cotton. Everything seemed to be instantly ablaze.

The morning sun, bright and clear,—after the shower,—evolving grateful fragrance from field and flower, ushered in another day, disclosing the smoking ruins of those extensive mills; the forked lightning had put on the finishing touches. The careful accumulations of a lifetime lay smoldering in the glare of that morning sun; not one dollar of insurance; only courage and iron will left of all yesterday's prosperity and affluence. A new and substantial mill sprung up from those ashes constructed of stone (and “pluck”) and filled with costly and improved machinery. During the subsequent years they were largely extended and beautified by the present owner and successor, the Hon. George W. Chadwick, who, as the result of his industry and perseverance, can point with pride

to a model cotton mill in all its appointments, and one of the most beautiful and tidy manufacturing villages in the State. Himself a practical manufacturer, his selection of intelligent and skilled operatives in the various departments, insures success. His watchfulness and fostering care, and supervision for years of the common school there has doubtless contributed largely to this result, laying the foundation of an education valuable both to them and the employer; judiciously selecting competent teachers, and evincing a lively interest in the progress of the pupils. The old school house, located at the forks of the main road, was destroyed by fire some thirty years ago, but the school was continued without interruption in one of the cottages during the erection of the present school house, which is located near the depot. The capacity of the mills is about two hundred and eighty looms and twelve thousand spindles, using forty to fifty bales of cotton weekly, producing nearly ninety thousand yards of yard-wide goods per week, (which are disposed of in New York city,) and furnishing employment to about two hundred operatives. Both steam and water-power are used for driving the machinery, the manufacturing being under the superintendence of Benjamin Groff, Jr.

The elegant cottage residence for the proprietor, in process of erection within the shadow of the monarch elms, near the mill, will add much to the beauty of the street and village, already one of the most attractive in the valley. The blackened and ruined walls of the Franklin factory at Sauquoit, destroyed by fire a year or two since, would furnish a field for similar enterprise, in its restoration and reconstruction; its desirable location in the thriving little village of Sauquoit, with its churches, academy and schools; the admirable water-power, one of the best on the stream, would seem a favorable opening for an energetic capitalist to realize handsomely on the investment of money there, especially in view of the prosperity possible, with the reviving industries of the country, in the near future, of which the signs of the times give reasonable promise.

John Chadwick, the founder of the Eagle Mills, (now Chadwick's,) was born at Lancashire, England, January 5, 1783. He came to this country at an early day and settled at Prov-

dence, R. I., where he married Betsey Snow. He soon after removed to Toddsville, Otsego county, and engaged with the "Union Cotton Factory." Here he formed the acquaintance of Abner Brownell and Ira Todd, and in company with them came to the Sauquoit valley to establish the factory, in the year 1813. They were attracted hither by a letter written to Abner Brownell by his brother-in-law, Calvin E. Macomber, calling his attention to the excellent water-power afforded by the Sauquoit creek, and especially the site of the John Greenleaf mills. (The venerable Mr. Macomber, now residing at West Sauquoit, is the only survivor of the whole party.) John Chadwick was a practical manufacturer of great skill, and gave his whole time and attention to the details of the mill. He visited his native land (England) at an early day, chiefly to examine the improvements then being made there in cotton machinery, and brought back with him a quantity of the large wooden engraved blocks for printing calicoes, which he put into use upon his return, and made "prints"—as they were called—for a time. Later on he purchased a farm adjoining the pioneer Coe farm, (afterwards sold to Hugh Garlick,) his wife thinking it would be preferable to bring up the children on a farm; and here his son, Hon. George W. Chadwick, the present proprietor of "the Mills," was born. He was a man of great executive ability, and managed his extensive business with economy and thrift; he was kind-hearted and charitable, and took care of all the English emigrants that came to him, until such time as they could procure work, and aided them in procuring employment. In business matters he was prompt and punctual, and it was a common saying, that "Uncle John Chadwick's word was as good as his note." Their children were: Sally, Betsey, Mary, (who married George Fisk, and some years after his death, married Hon. Eli Avery, and died February 22, 1878,) John, Abigail, Thomas, Jane and George W., of whom three survive: Sally, widow of Alanson A. Butler, and with her son George resides at Willowvale; John, who for many years was a partner in the mills, but retired a few years since, and resides on the old pioneer Charles Cooledge farm, north of West Sauquoit; Abigail, wife of William Harrison Royce, residing on Mary street, Utica; and on George W. Chadwick, (Member of

Assembly in 1871 and 1874,) who has succeeded to the Chadwick's Mills, and resides there. John Chadwick, after his long life in active business, one of the pioneer manufacturers of the Sauquoit valley, greatly respected by all, entered into rest March 12, 1858, aged 75. His wife, Betsey Snow, survived him several years, and passed away April 1, 1867.

Near the forks of the road leading from the main road to Chadwick's, a brook from the western hill crosses and flows into the creek. Next below on the creek, is the sawmill erected early in the century by John Mosher—revolutionary soldier and pioneer—and afterwards run by his son, Abel Mosher, for many years. This locality (in the town of New Hartford) is rendered historical by two tragic events. June 19, 1848, Mason Eastman, while engaged in drawing lumber from this sawmill; his team became frightened and ran, whereupon he sprang before them to seize their bits, but ineffectually, the team dashing over him, inflicting injuries from which he shortly died. Mr. E. lived on the main road south of the Benjamin Merrill farm, was a farmer and noted mover of buildings, and the old-time bugler for the old cavalry regiment, "playing the bugle" with great power and skill, and a great favorite of the "troopers." A few years since Jonathan Tibbitts, who had succeeded to the old sawmill and added a plaster mill and cider mill, "doing off" a room where he slept alone, was one night murdered in his bed, mysteriously, and robbed.

Next below, Levi Beebe, at an early day, erected a calender factory, where the cloth from the factories (then coming from the hand-loom rough and unsightly,) was run through heavy metal rollers and the surface finished smooth, ready for market. This mill was afterward converted into a scythe shop by Abner Bartlett, who was succeeded by Amasa and Charles Millard. It was next—1817—converted into a machine shop by Amos Rogers, Sr., and Oliver G. Rogers; afterwards by Allen Sweet converted into a factory for manufacturing cotton yarn; and in 1835 converted into a foundry by Daniel Blackman, and carried on by him until 1846, then by Huxford & Rogers, and afterwards by Rogers, Spencer & Co.

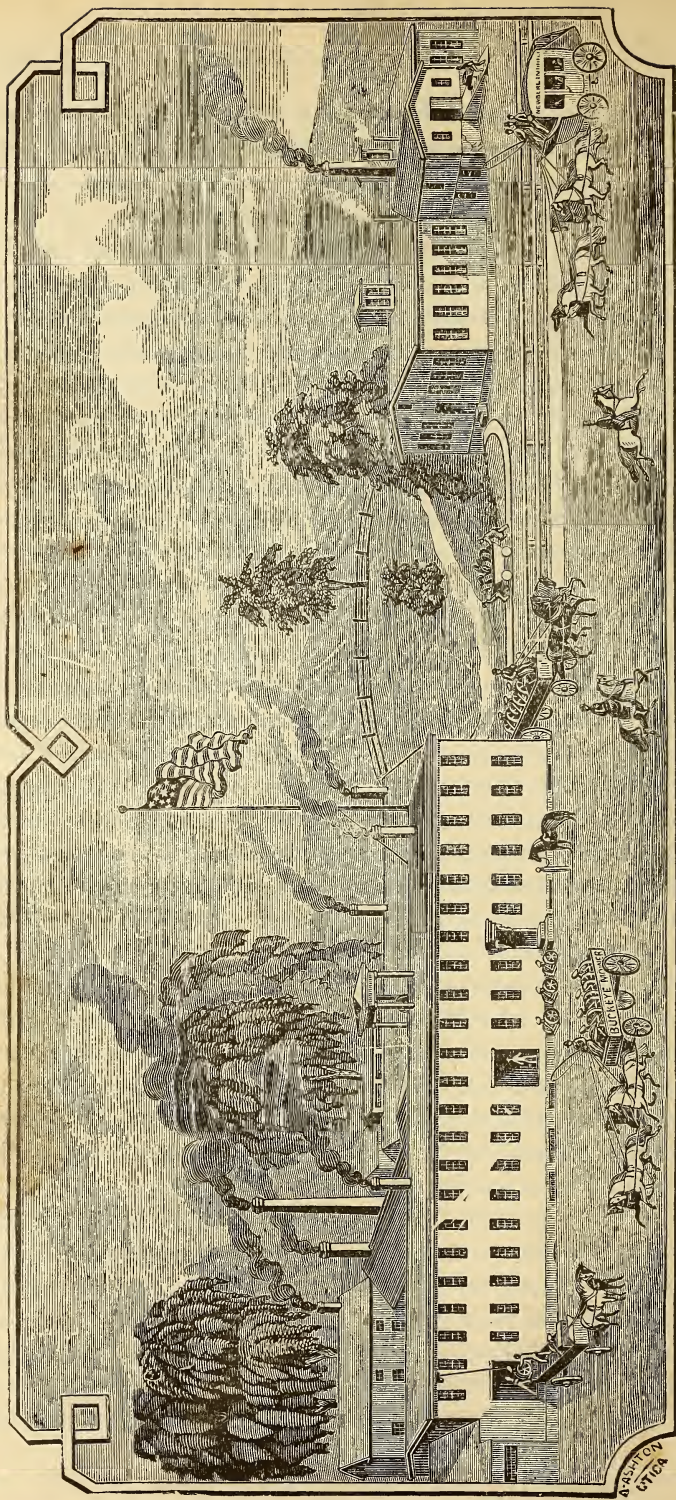
Daniel Blackman, who established the foundry at Willowvale, in 1835, and made the castings (finished up by the

Rogers' Machine Shop,) for the machinery in operation in the valley, was born in New Milford, Ct., in 1801, and came to the Sauquoit valley in 1806. When a young man he worked in the old Paris furnace, and afterwards—1822—run a furnace in Swankum, N. J. Here he commenced an experiment, which proved a success, and the result was he was the first to reduce the iron ores by anthracite coal instead of charcoal, at that day deemed to be impossible. Mixing the Lehigh coal in small quantity with charcoal at first, he gradually increased the proportion of Lehigh, until he finally worked his furnace entirely on the anthracite coal. This was one of the great discoveries of the age. "Anthracite iron" is not, in quality, as good as "charcoal iron," but it will answer the purpose for almost everything required, and the vast demand for iron, called for in the busy generation, in the gigantic enterprises; thousands of miles of railroads, with their locomotives and other requirements; iron plated ships; iron bridges spanning the rivers and streams of the whole continent; great cities with iron fronted buildings; the vast requirements of the war materials; cannon shot and shell, "Dalghrens" and huge "Columbiads," all were rendered possible by his discovery, as charcoal sufficient to produce the vast amount of iron that has been called into requisition could not be furnished from the entire forests of the United States, even if it were possible to transport its entire bulk to the furnaces from the remote wooded sections. He afterward went to West Point, N. Y., and engaged in the Government foundery there. While engaged in this Government foundery he made another important discovery—that cannons, if cast hollow, would be of far greater strength than when cast solid (as they then cast them,) and afterwards bored out. This principle he tried in vain to get adopted, as the pompous officials in charge would not accept any suggestions from a subordinate, and they went on making the cannon in the old way. When he established his foundery in Willowvale in 1835, it was the only foundery in the valley, and he made the castings for the factories far and near. In casting the large shafts required, he attempted to introduce the principle of casting them hollow, but found it difficult to convince his patrons that a shaft, robbed of its centre of solid iron, could be stronger than one entirely of

solid iron, and weighing much more than a hollow shaft of the same diameter. He prevailed, however, and his hollow shafts were adopted and found to be much stronger, and the "gudgeons" for the great water-wheels, and all the other large shafts requiring great strength, were thereafter cast hollow. The general reader will get an idea of the principle, by a brief illustration. The blacksmith that "sets" the tire of a wagon wheel, heats the tire, thus expanding its size, and when heated, places it about the wheel, when it is cooled by water and it shrinks in size, compressing the yielding fellies and spokes into firm position. If the wagon wheel was absolutely unyielding—like solid iron—the heated tire in shrinking would burst asunder, the particles and grain of its composition separating and tearing apart by the great strain. A shaft, say eight inches in diameter, cast solid, the surrounding sand of the mold being removed, is at first red hot. The outside being exposed to the air, cools off first and commences to shrink, the inside still being hot and expanded but absolutely unyielding, even to the immense squeezing of the outside cooling-shell, so to speak, the result is the whole outside of its structure, to a point well toward the centre from all parts of the periphery must give way and is disintegrated, the particles of iron torn asunder, the cohesiveness destroyed and the strength of the shaft impaired. An inch or two of the centre of the shaft is not strained but cools perfectly, but if this casting was designed for a cannon, that perfect part, the centre, would be bored out, leaving the outside shell (that has torn and separated its parts in shrinking) to withstand the explosive power of the powder, with its weakened and impaired structure. That is why cannons made in the old way often burst. The eight-inch shaft, cast with a hole through the centre from end to end, say one and one-half inch diameter, in cooling, has no offered unyielding substance to resist its shrinking, and the particles of the shell go firmly together by cohesion, which can be facilitated by flooding the centre hole with a stream of water from a hose; and the shaft thus cast by Daniel Blackman's method, though weighing much less, is vastly stronger than the solid shaft, weighing more. During the war of the rebellion, nearly twenty years after Mr. Blackman had failed and this old-time foundery had passed

into other hands, a founder at Pittsburgh, Pa., introduced this "hollow casting" principle in the making of the immense cannon, the "Swamp Angel," and other great guns, called Columbiads, and they proved, of course, a great success. It is a coincidence, however, that this manufacturer was originally from New Berlin, N. Y., where Daniel Blackman had years ago introduced his hollow shafts into the manufactories there and at Morris and other factories in that vicinity, and the subject had been ventilated and the principle argued and expounded in all that manufacturing region. The venerable foundryman, Daniel Blackman, who by his skill and knowledge has contributed so largely to the success of the great iron interests of the country, now, childless and alone, finds a home in the old sawmill erected by Doctor Rufus Priest many years ago on tannery brook, at East Sauquoit, altered over by him into a dwelling. His aged wife, daughter of the pioneer Elkanah Hewitt, passed away a year or two ago. Unhonored and unknown, the veteran founder and inventor, verging upon eighty years, earns his daily bread teaming at odd jobs with his yoke of oxen, commanding the respect, however, of his neighbors in the little community by his sturdy, unflinching honesty; a hero, at his great age, in his reduced circumstances struggling to independently earn his bread by the sweat of his brow—a lamentably common fate of inventors and those who have given to the world great and beneficial discoveries and improvements.

Next below on the creek, is the site of the tannery erected by the pioneer, John Mosher at an early day, and carried on by him and his son Abijah. In the year 1818 this was converted into a machine shop by Amos Rogers, Sr., his son Oliver G. Rogers and Allen Sweet. The business after a few years was assumed by Oliver G. Rogers who continued until the year 1837, when his son Amos Rogers succeeded to the Works, and carried them on until they were destroyed by fire in July 1866, the firm being Rogers & Spencer (Julius A. Spencer of Utica), Oliver G. Rogers being the draughtsman. From the west a brook flows into the creek through the celebrated "Rogers' Glen," which was laid out and beautified by Amos Rogers, who in his leisure hours built the walks, quarried the stone, and laid the walls to restrain the brook, and



WILLOWVALE MACHINE SHOP.

BOSTON
UTICA

performed all the labor *with his own hands*. A brook flows in from the east, on which is a small machine shop for the manufacture of sewing machines.

A few years after the war of 1812, in one of the manufacturing towns of England, suddenly appeared a young American. He was apparently half witted, the butt of the superintendent and operatives of the mill, but good-natured and harmless, ready to help at any odd job of lubber-lifting without other reward than the small gratuity tendered him. He gradually won his way into the good graces of the master and into the cotton mill, from which all but trusted operatives were rigidly excluded, for fear that the secret of the manufacture of cotton goods—(then jealously guarded by the English as the Russians do their secret of the manufacture of sheet iron)—should be disclosed to other nations, and their growing monopoly in those fabrics destroyed. Months glided by; the supposed stupid helper was granted the freedom of the mill. In the privacy of his boarding-house room, far into the night, he, with tireless patience, transferred to paper full and accurate drawings of that most intricate and wonderful machinery which he each day furtively studied. His carefully-locked room during the day excited the curiosity of some Paul Pry among the boarders, and through the key-hole he was discovered in his night role of draughtsman. The game was up. He was reported to the superintendent, but before the matter culminated in his arrest, his suspicions, ever on the alert, were aroused, and hastily gathering up his drawings, he fled to the coast and, fortunately securing passage on a small sailing vessel, sailed for America, ere he could be intercepted. There was no telegraph in those days. The hero of that adventure was the late Orville G. Rogers, of Willowvale-on-the-Sauquoit, the celebrated master mechanic and founder of the extensive machine shops so long operated at that place, and the pioneer manufacturer of cotton and woolen machinery in this country.

The late John Chadwick, with Abner Brownell, the pioneer manufacturers of cotton goods, at that period were partners; their primitive mill (The Eagle) was located at Chadwick's, on the site of the present extensive mills. But with their facilities, they could only spin the yarn, which they sent out among the inhabitants of the surrounding country to be woven

into cloth, by the hand-loom, then common in every household. The return of Mr. Rogers from his perilous trip, with his drawings, from which he was enabled to manufacture the desired machinery, revolutionized the cotton business, and gave impetus to the extensive factories in Central New York—the Chadwick's at South Sauquoit, the Farmers' on the site of the paper mill, the Franklin at Sauquoit, and the factories at New Berlin, Morris, Cooperstown, Clinton, Manchester, New Hartford, Burrstone and New York Mills, as well as the woolen mills at Washington Mills and Clayville, erected by the late Frederick Hollister—the construction of all of which was only, at that time, rendered possible by his skill and ingenuity. The machine shop founded by him, located opposite the entrance to Rogers' Glen, with its curious and complicated machinery and tools, the result of half a century of skill and industry, and giving employment to hundreds of trained workmen, fell before the incendiary torch; grass grows on the site, and his sons, among the most skillful mechanics and inventors of the age, turned their attention to other lines of manufacture, and sought homes in a distant State. One member of the family gave to the world the locomotive head-light; another—a grandson—in a South American State, (Ecuador,) is in the employ and confidence of the government as chief engineer in the construction of railroads, bridges, and other improvements. A number of the factories erected at that time have been destroyed by fire, and as a rule have not been rebuilt; the Eagle factory (Chadwick's) alone furnishing the exception.

Oliver G. Rogers was born in Hopkington, Rhode Island, in 1790. At an early day he removed to Laurens, Otsego county, and from thence to Sauquoit in 1816, where in company with Allen Sweet he run the machine shop of the old Quaker factory, (afterwards Franklin factory.) The following year (1817) he removed to Willowvale, and converted the scythe shop (afterwards D. Blackman's foundery) into a machine shop, and the next year (1818) converted the John Mosher tannery—on the site below—into a machine shop, which in after years became a business of great magnitude. His children were six sons: Amos, Hiram, Lewis, Charles D., Henry S., LaFayette and a daughter, Charlotte, wife of Rev.

John Waugh, the fourth pastor of the Presbyterian church at West Sauquoit, (1841,) and now of Canton, N. Y. He was a warm-hearted Freemason, made in old Amicable Lodge of New Hartford; his brother Nathan and his father, Amos, Sr., were also members of old Amicable, and his son Lewis was made a Mason in Sauquoit Lodge in 1864, of which Oliver G. was also a member. He made many improvements and inventions in cotton and woolen machinery, and in the power tools of the shop, and during his long and busy life, achieved the reputation of the foremost mechanic in the country. He was highly esteemed in the community, and went to his rest November 2, 1866, at the advanced age of 76. His children survive, with the exception of Amos, his other sons all residing in Providence, R. I. Amos Rogers died December 2, 1879, at the age of 64.

The following obituary appeared in the Utica Daily Observer of December 2, 1879:

Amos Rogers, who for nearly forty years maintained a high position as a leading manufacturer in Oneida county, died at his old home in Willowvale, in the town of New Hartford, at seven o'clock this morning.

Mr. Rogers was born at Laurens, Otsego county, in 1815. His father, a Rhode Islander by birth, made his home in this section early in the century. The five surviving brothers of Amos Rogers are now all residents of Providence, having gone one by one from homes widely scattered to the State of their ancestors. In 1816 Mr. Rogers' father removed to Willowvale, where he established a machine shop, which subsequently became a great manufactory of cotton and woolen machinery. Amos was educated at Clinton, under Professor Avery. He developed uncommon taste for mathematics and engineering, in which branches he made surprising progress. To the end of his life he was a master of these sciences, theoretically and practically.

In 1837 Mr. Rogers was married to Miss Emily Holt, of Willowvale. She survives him, and on the old homestead of her father, to which the young couple went after their marriage, the family still reside.

About the year 1840 Mr. Amos Rogers took charge of his father's business. Financial embarrassments had overtaken the concern. The young man worked with such energy and skill that in a comparatively short time every dollar of the indebtedness was liquidated and the business had grown to mammoth proportions. From that time to 1866 Mr. Rogers'

success was conspicuous. He made one addition after another to his establishment, till he gave employment to more than three hundred men, and was reckoned among the great capitalists of Oneida county. Then came reverses. In July, 1866, the extensive works were consumed by fire, involving a loss of more than \$150,000 and the destruction of the whole business. The insurance was inadequate, and it all went to secure the claim of a silent partner. Through this calamity Mr. Rogers, after thirty years of tireless work and enterprise, found himself in a single day reduced from affluence to comparative poverty. But adversity could not conquer his strong will nor crush his brave soul. He spent a year at Watertown as superintendent of Hoard's spinning manufactory. During the next two years he served as superintendent of the LaFayette Agricultural Works in Indiana. He was then engaged to remove the machine shops of the Michigan Central railroad from Detroit to Jackson. Returning from Jackson, he spent a year at Willowvale, and then accepted the place of superintendent of the Bay State Mill of the American Screw Company at Providence, R. I., which position he continued to hold till his death.

Mr. Rogers was a marked and conspicuous character. His generosity was boundless. He made no ostentatious display of charity, but it was his pride and ambition to do good to those around him. Among those who have been in his employ there are hundreds who will bear willing testimony to his kindness and his helpfulness. He was no sentimental philanthropist. He was strict and exacting in all the details of business. He required the best work of those whom he employed, but he never failed to appreciate and reward fidelity and industry. He shared his successes with his men, and when reverses came he carried to new fields of labor their sympathy and good wishes. He was a practical Christian, making the golden rule the guide of his life, and doing in all things as he would be done by. His studies covered a wide range of knowledge, beyond his business pursuits, and his conversation was always interesting and pointed.

Mr. Rogers leaves a family of six children to mourn the loss of as kind a father as ever lived. To them and to his devoted wife, the sympathy of the community will be freely given. His children are Mrs. Amelia* Grant, the widow of the late Bradley Grant; Mr. Julian A. Rogers, of Providence; Mr. Arthur A. Rogers, of Ecuador, who is making his first visit in ten years to his early home; Mr. A. deL. Rogers, of Willowvale; Miss Eureka and Miss Mary Rogers, of Willowvale.

* Cornelia Grant.

Amos Rogers leaves a name that will be cherished in this community, for it may be said of him with absolute truth, that he was faithful to every trust.

Next below is the site of a grist-mill and sawmill which stood near the toll-gate, and was erected early in the century by a Mr. Barnard. Salmon Holmes was the miller. The sawmill was owned by a "stock company," each stockholder running it in turn, one week at a time. Next below, and a little above the highway bridge, stood a sawmill at an early day; below the bridge is John Pringle's sawmill, erected within a few years. Next below, at Checkerville, (now Washington Mills,) was the woolen factory built by a Mr. Ducroix, and called the "Leeds Manufacturing Company." It was short lived, and soon after converted into a plaster mill and sawmill. A brook from the east near here flows in, on which is the noted wagon shop of Peter S. Eastman. Next below is the site of the old Kilborn grist mill, converted into a woolen factory by Frederick Hollister, afterwards carried on by Kernan & Helm, and now by the A. T. Stewart estate of New York city. Next below was the "Mechanics' Cotton Factory," built in 1813 by a company of mechanics, afterwards converted into a satinet factory and known as the "Dumb Factory," run by James S. Foster, D. C. Mason, and others. August 30, 1841, Frederick Hollister purchased the property of D. C. Mason and J. Manchester, and converted it into a woolen factory, painting the outside in "squares" (about one foot square,) of various bright colors, like the squares of a checker board, and the place came to be known as Checkerville. Later on, the factory—a frame building—was destroyed by fire, and Mr. Hollister built a large stone factory on the site which he named "Washington Mills," from which the village, a few years since, was named. These mills burned down, and another stone factory built on the site, which in turn burned down, and Mr. Hollister, having failed, the stone of the ruined walls were crushed in a machine (large toothed rollers,) by James Rhodes, and used to macadamize the old plank road. Next below was the sawmill and plaster mill erected early in the century by "Forest" Kellogg, (called "Forest" from the circumstance of being the

first white child born in the town of New Hartford, then a wilderness,) and the site is now occupied by the extensive hoe and fork works of Huntley & Babcock. Next below was the grist mill and sawmill, also erected by "Forest" Kellogg. The grist mill remained for many years, and was finally destroyed by fire. Below this site stood an oil mill many years ago. Two brooks, one east and one west, and Mud creek below New Hartford, flow in. Next below, at New Hartford, was the paper mill erected by Samuel Lyon in 1800. Next below is the cotton factory erected in 1816 by a stock company, Samuel Hicks being the first manager. It has been much enlarged, and is now operated by the 'New Hartford Cotton Manufacturing Company.' Next below is the grist mill erected by Judge Sanger in 1790, afterwards run by Samuel Lyon, and now run by J. McLean; next was the Richardson sawmill, and then a batting factory, where coarse yarn was also made by Reed & Allen; below this was the Stephen Childs tannery, now the knitting factory of Armstrong, Baker & Co. Next below was the door and sash factory of A. Sweet, afterwards the batting factory of ex-Supervisor J. C. Roby. Next was Sherrill's carding mill, afterwards Lane & McLean's calender and coloring factory, and below this stood a paper mill and sawmill. Next is the "Capron Factory," erected in 1814 by the "Capron Cotton Manufacturing Company." The heaviest stockholders were Seth Capron, of Whitesboro, Jeremiah Van Rensselaer and Asahel Seward, of Utica. It was later on owned by E. B. Sherman & Co. Since 1865 it has been owned by the "Utica Cotton Company," C. C. & H. M. Tabor, cotton brokers, of 141 Pearl street, New York, proprietors. Their agent and manager is ex-Supervisor J. C. Roby. Its capacity is 156 looms, employing about 130 operatives, using about 500,000 pounds of cotton annually, and producing about 46,000 yards of sheeting weekly. Next below was a sawmill, then the "Burr Stone" grist mill, then McLean's dye works, and then Griffith & Heath's bleachery, then upper mills, middle mills and lower mills, (old Oneida factory,) all now known as "New York Mills"—the largest manufacturing establishment on the Sauquoit creek. The oldest of the mills was established by the "Oneida Manufacturing Society," in 1808, of which Hon.

Thomas R. Gould, Hon. Theodore Sill, Gen. George Doolittle and Jesse W. Doolittle were principal stockholders. Mr. Benjamin S. Walcott, of Cumberland, Rhode Island, was the first agent, and built the stone mill known as the "Oneida Factory," which went into operation in 1809, spinning the yarn which was put out in the neighborhood to be wove by the hand looms. Power looms were put in operation here in 1818, being the first in use west of the Hudson river. March 13, 1828, the factory was burned, but was rebuilt and enlarged and again in operation the next year. In 1821, Mr. B. S. Walcott resigned the agency of this factory and was succeeded by his brother, William Walcott. B. S. Walcott, Benjamin Marshall and Joseph Marshall then built the "New York Mills," one-half mile above. In 1851, the "Oneida Manufacturing Society" sold out to the "New York Mills Company." In 1852-3, Mr. Marshall retired from the firm, and Mr. Walcott's son, W. D. Walcott, and Hon. Samuel Campbell became partners with Mr. Walcott, Sr., whose death, in 1862, (at the age of 76,) left the firm Walcott & Campbell, (W. D. Walcott and Hon. Samuel Campbell.) The upper stone mills were built in 1842, and the bleachery at the lower mill in 1860. The goods produced by this company, known in market as "New York Mills" sheetings, &c., have a world-wide reputation, and in their manufacture furnish employment to about one thousand operatives, both steam and water-power being used. Next below on the stream is the old Wetmore grist mill, erected in 1788 (being the first mill built on the stream) by John Beardsley, the pioneer millwright and builder and member of old Amicable Lodge, No. 25, F. & A. M.,—in 1793. Amos Wetmore and Judge White each had a one-fourth interest in the mill; they also had a saw mill near by. From here the Sauquoit creek flows across the interval and empties into the Mohawk river, and forms at this place the northern boundary of Cosby's Manor, which comprised forty-two thousand acres of land, extending from this point down the Mohawk six miles in width (three miles wide on each side of the Mohawk river,) into Frankfort and Schuyler, and embracing the site of Utica. The patent was issued January 2, 1734, by the Colony of New York to Joseph Worrell, William Cosby, Sheriff of Amboy, and others, and

was signed "in obedience to the royal instruction" by William Cosby, "Captain General and Governor in Chief of New York, New Jersey, and the territories thereto depending, Vice Admiral of the same." The Wm. Cosby, Sheriff of Amboy, was a relative of Governor William Cosby. A quit rent of two shillings and six pence per hundred acres was reserved by the Colony, but it was never paid. As soon as the patents had been issued and recorded, the patentees conveyed the land to Governor Cosby, and thus it became Cosby's Manor. In 1772 it was sold for quit rents and bid off by General Philip Schuyler, who took the deed July 20, 1772—executed by the Sheriff of Albany county—in trust for General Bradstreet, Rutger Bleecker, John Morrin Scott, and holding one-quarter himself. There has been much complication and litigation over the title, from time to time, ever since.

Just before the Sauquoit enters the Mohawk, it is crossed by the New York Central Railroad,—formerly by a wooden bridge—the scene of the "Terrible Railroad Accident" on the morning of May 11, 1858, which rendered the name of Sauquoit creek historical. The Utica Observer relates: "The Cincinnati Express train then due at Utica at 6:20 A. M., while passing this bridge met the Freight and Accommodation train going west. Each train was on its proper track and going at full speed as usual. The engines of the trains passed each other safely. One of the middle main timbers of the bridge—forty feet span—broke square off, being badly decayed, and the trains were thrown together in collision in the creek with terrible consequences. The Express was brought to a full stop, the baggage car scraped against the freight cars until one side of it was torn completely off, but succeeded in passing the falling bridge. The smoking car also cleared the bridge—leaving its trucks, however, in the chasm—and was laid flat across the track. The inside of the car was demolished by the concussion, but no one was killed or dangerously injured in this car. The second car went headlong into the chasm, the forward end striking the eastern stone abutment with the full momentum accompanying a speed of forty miles an hour. The forward part of the car was shattered as if by gunpowder. The third and fourth cars followed in, all telescoping together. The cars were broken and piled up on one another as high as

the telegraph wires, presenting a scene such as the oldest railroad men declare they never witnessed before. Nine persons were killed and many injured and maimed for life." The Sauquoit creek from the summit to this point, a distance of seventeen miles, descends 1,014 feet; including the eight brooks that "make up" the city brook and Walden brook, fifty brooks have poured in their waters, and first and last there has been one hundred and forty-one mills and factories of all descriptions in operation on the Sauquoit creek and its tributaries.

CHAPTER XXIX.

REINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF COLONEL ISAAC PARIS.

At a meeting of the officers of St. Paul's Church, Paris, Rev. J. B. Wicks, Rector, Mr. J. V. H. Scoville submitted for the consideration of the meeting, a communication from the Hon. Chas. W. Hutchinson, in which he stated that the remains of Colonel Isaac Paris had been removed from Fort Plain, and that if it met the views of the citizens of the town of Paris, the remains should have a final resting place with the town and village that bear his name, (the surviving relatives having assented,) and further that a suitable lot in the Parish Cemetery be set aside for that purpose. The committee in charge of the grounds were authorized to appropriate a suitable lot for receiving the remains of Colonel Paris, and a committee of five, consisting of Messrs. Lorenzo Rouse, J. V. H. Scoville, D. C. Addington, I. L. Addington and Charles Seymour, were appointed, with power to add to its number, who subsequently met and organized for business by the appointment of Mr. D. C. Addington, as chairman, *pro tem*. The following gentlemen were afterward added to the committee: Rev. J. B. Wicks, Rev. William Cooke, Rev. B. F. Willoughby, Frederick Simmons, J. E. Head, O. D. Head, Seth W. Smith, William F.

Mould, Eli Avery, Henry Barnett, Paris; J. M. Porter, New Hartford; F. P. Drew, William S. Bartlett, Joseph S. Avery, Edward North, Kirkland; James J. Hanchett, George Peck, Marshall; A. O. Osborn, O. B. Gridley, Sangerfield. Rev. William Cooke was made secretary, and Seth W. Smith, treasurer, of the committee, and Messrs. J. V. H. Scoville, D. C. Addington and S. W. Smith were appointed a committee on invitations.

The choir of St. Paul's church was requested to unite with the choir of the Congregational society in the singing, and Colonel I. L. Addington was chosen Marshal.

The old bier, which was used in Paris in 1802, and which had carried so many of the town's people to their final resting place, was used on the occasion of the re-interment of the remains of Colonel Paris, in conveying them from the church to the grave.

EXERCISES.

The memorial ceremonies, which took place Friday, October 1, 1880, at Paris, at the re-interment of the remains of Colonel Isaac Paris, after whom the town of Paris was named, will long be remembered by the people of that town. In brief, the ceremonies were in honor of the remains of a young man who fed the starving settlers of Paris nearly a century ago, and who died in 1789. As illustrating the fact that gratitude is a virtue which has not been obliterated by long years of prosperity, the event is one of which all interested may well feel proud.

The weather was charming in every respect and no more beautiful day could have been selected, and over two thousand people were present. The Utica Citizens' Corps, under command of Captain Douglass, paraded with goodly numbers and acted as a guard of honor, led by the Old Utica band. They marched to Oneida Square and took the street cars provided for them by Superintendent Schuyler. At New Hartford delegations with vehicles from Paris met the Uticans and conveyed them to Paris Hill. The ride over the hills was one of the most lovely and picturesque that can be imagined. Nature is in the midst of its fall "opening," and the magnificent colors and hues of the wealth of foliage near and

far heightened beyond description the magnificence of the panorama which was spread out in every direction. The road is in splendid condition, and few if any counted the miles to Paris Hill.

The Corps reached the village about 1:30 P. M., and was heartily welcomed by President Rouse and the committee of arrangements and Colonel Addington, marshal of the day, with his staff. The company was formed and after a brief parade marched to the Paris school house in the rear of the church, where a collation was in waiting.

The people of St. Paul's congregation, with other hospitable residents of the town, supplied an abundance of the most palatable food, and it was served in good style by very agreeable ladies. Soldiers, musicians, orators, clergymen, guests and residents of the town found comfort in this school house, and the most kindly reception from all interested in the arrangements.

At 2 P. M., the Old Utica band played an appropriate air in front of St. Paul's church, which called the assemblage together.

The services were opened in the church by the rector, Rev. John B. Wicks, assisted by Rev. William Cooke, Rev. Charles H. Gardner, of Trinity church, Utica, and Rev. J. H. Lemon, of Clark's Mills. Rev. Mr. Gardner read the opening service, Rev. J. H. Lemon the creed, and Rev. Mr. Cooke the psalter.

At the close of the services, Rev. Mr. Wicks introduced Hon. Charles W. Hutchinson, Vice President of the Oneida Historical Society, who delivered the following address:

HON. CHARLES W. HUTCHINSON'S ADDRESS.

As a member of the Oneida Historical Society, when requested to present to you an outline of the Paris family, I could not refuse to embody such events, in consideration of their honorable historic record, as well as the immediate act the commemoration of which is to be perpetuated by the descendants of those early settlers who were the recipients of his bounty. I ask your attention to the prominent circumstances in which they were active participators. The traditional history of the family of Paris from which your town derived its name, records the fact that three brothers Paris emigrated from Strasburg in Alsace to America, about the year 1737. One of them settled in Georgia, one in Pennsylvania and the third at Stone Arabia, in the town of Palatine, in the province of New York. Here he engaged in establishing one of the largest and most important stores and trading posts west of Schenectady.

It was situated about two miles northeasterly of the Mohawk river at Fort Plain, and was located upon the site now occupied by the farmhouse of John Gremps, and was stockaded and known as Fort Paris during the revolutionary war. By the courtesy of Hon. Samuel Earl, of Herkimer, the Oneida Historical Society has become possessed of one of his original written advertisements, unusually well expressed, and which is of sufficient interest to copy herewith in full:

ADVERTISEMENT.

"Just imported from London and to be sold by the subscriber, Isaac Paris, at his house in Stone Arabia—A large Assortment of European Goods, viz: Black and Blue Persian; Silk Damascas, Silk Venetian Poplin; Fine Cloth and Blue Sagathy; Chints; Printed Cotton; French Cambric; French Clear Lawn; British Sheeting. Russia Sheeting; German Ozuaburg; Black Callimanco; Black Silk fringed Handkerchiefs; Men's and Women's 3. thd white-Thread Stockings; Men's brown ditto; Men's Cotton Stockings; Men's Random Thread Stockings; Black ripp'd Worsted hose; Black and figured Ribbons; Tea Kettles; Men's and Women's Buckles; Pistol Cap'd Knives; Castorbatts; powder; Shot of various sort; Horncombs; Ivory combs; Writing paper—Also, New York Rum; Loaf and Muscovadoe Sugar; and likewise a Large Assortment of pewter work and French Blankets with Sundry Articles too tedious to enumerate, Which he will sell by Wholesale or Retail, on very cheap and the lowest terms, in cash, or (if required) for credit, or any merchantable Country produce."

ISAAC PARIS.

We have reason to believe from records of Captain John Eisenlord, who was a clerk in the store of Mr. Paris, that this advertisement was written about the year 1770.

This young patriot, at a meeting held on the 26th day of August, 1775, for the election of officers for a company of militia for the precinct of North Germantown, was elected captain, with John Kayser first lieutenant, Adam Bellinger second lieutenant, and John Sorneth ensign. He was afterwards promoted major, and we shall have occasion again to speak of him. This paper was formerly in the possession of the late Rev. W. B. Van Benschoten, pastor of the Reformed churches in Stone Arabia and Ephratah. He was also in possession of a subscription list for the maintenance of the fifth minister of the Stone Arabia Reformed church, which was in the same handwriting of the advertisement, and is of sufficient interest to present in this connection. It reads as follows:

"WHEREAS, this Eighth Day of June in the Twelfth Year of His Majesty's Reign, King George the Third, &c., anno Domini one thousand seven hundred and seventy-two, is unanimously concluded and agreed by US, the subscribed Members of the Congregation of the Reformed Church of Stonearaby, in the County of Tryon and Province of N. York, to call a Minister of the Gospel for our said Congregation of Stonearaby, and to keep him for a Yearly Salary and other Convenient and necessary maintainances as hereafter expressed:

"We Therefore jointly and each of us in particular to ourselves, our heirs, executors and administrators, do hereby in Consideration of such Divine Service, promise and agree to pay, or cause to be paid unto the respective Churchwardens of our Congregation, and their Successors, for a Yearly Salary to our Minister,

from the Day of the Date of the Calling of such Minister, Yearly and every Year the Respective sum and sums of Money, N. York Currency, as is hereunto specified and to our Names annexed, to be paid quarterly the proportional share and due of the said Yearly Money hereby granted; AND Concerning the other Maintanances that each of us shall and will Yearly and every Year, during the service of said Minister, cut and carry in due season Two Loads of Firewood before the dwelling house of the Minister, and also cut and split the same to pieces, in fire length in the house yard of said Minister, if desired,

“And also that we jointly and severally shall and will make, repair, amend, keep up and hold in good order, all the necessary Fences and Buildings upon our Church Land, and to cut, carry and lay up the fence logs, and to do wilfully all other needful, accidentall works concerning and upon the said Land and Buildings directly on Request, Directions and Command of our said Churchwardens, without delay, neglect or refusal. &c., &c., &c.”

To which among the other fifty-seven subscribers, and at the head of the list, appears the name of Hon Isaac Paris for five pounds sterling, an amount more than double any other attached thereto.

It may be of interest to some to state that this church was founded about the year 1729, and that the first missionary pastor was the Rev. Johan Jacob Ehle,* who remained in charge until the year 1742, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Johannes Schuyler, under whose pastorate the church was first regularly organized in the year 1743. He officiated until the year 1751, when he was succeeded by the Rev. John A. Wernig, whose ministry terminated in the year 1758, and his successor was the Rev. Abram Rosencrantz, whose wife was a sister of General Nicholas Herkimer. He remained in charge until the year 1770. The Rev. Mr. Lappius succeeded him until 1777. Rev. Mr. Kennipe was pastor from 1784 to 1788. The Rev. D. C. A. Peck from 1788 to 1796, and the Rev. John David Gross from 1796 to 1802.

The new church was erected in 1788. The old one was burned by the Indians October 20, 1780, as was also the church of the same denomination on the other side of the river, the German Reformed church at Fort Plain, commonly known as “The old Sand Hill church,” and from whose burial ground the remains of Colonel Isaac Paris were removed. These churches were destroyed by the expedition of Sir John Johnson of tories and Indians, the latter being led by Captain Joseph Brant and John, the Cornplanter.

In this connection we copy the three sections of the agreement for the erection of the old Palatine Lutheran church (at Palatine Church.)

* This Pastor, who signed himself John Jacob Oel, was a “Priest in the English Church,” the testimonials of which are still in the possession of the family, written upon parchment in Latin, and read as follows; “By these presents, We John, by Divine Permission Bishop of London, make known to all persons, that on this 12th day of August, A. D 1722, at the Chapel within our Palace at Fuiham, in the County of Middlesex, we, the aforesaid John, Bishop as aforesaid, representing by the help of Almighty God, the Holy Orders, have admitted and promoted John Jacob Ehle, beloved by us in Christ Jesus, a scholar, abundantly commended to us, as laudable in life, unblemished in morals and virtue, skilled in the knowledge and study of good letters, and sufficiently entitled, and moreover examined and approved by our own examiner, to the sacred order of Presbyter, according to the custom and rite wisely appointed and provided for in this part of the English Church: and him we did, then and there virtually and canonically ordain Presbyter.

In testimony whereof, we have caused to be affixed to these presents, the seal of our Episcopate according to the day and year aforesaid, and in the ninth year of our translation.

(Signed)

JOHN LONDON.

"1. The bowmasters or managers of this church building till finished conveniently, according to the majority of our votes: Peter Waggoner, Andrew Reeber and Christian Nellis, Jr.

"2. The respective sums of money hereafter of each of us promised shall be paid, or cause to be paid, unto the said bowmasters, or either of them, on demand to satisfy the costs and expenses of the said building.

"3. If in case the said church building, with the appurtenances, could not be finished with the money hereby promised: Then we, and each of us, our heirs and each of our heirs shall and will direct and pay to the same want and use, further a certain sum and sums of money, as much as the substance of each will allow, at such a time when demanded of the said bowmasters."

Following were thirty signatures: Peter Waggoner for fifty pounds; Andrew Reeber, Christian Nellis, Jr., and Hendrick W. Nellis for twenty-five pounds; John Eisculord, four pounds, and twenty-five other signers, for the total sum of two hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling.

The following is "a copy of the record made of the time and the building of the Lutheran Stone church in Palatine." Erected August 18, 1770. The names of the proprietors and the sums paid by each is as follows, to wit:

<i>Paid.</i>		<i>Paid.</i>	
Peter Waggoner, . . .	£100	Johannis Nellis, . . .	£60
Andrew Reeber, . . .	60	Henry Nellis, . . .	60
William Nellis, Jr., . . .	60	Christian Nellis, . . .	60
Andrew Nellis, . . .	60	Daniel Nellis, . . .	60
Johannis Hess, . . .	60		

"And William Nellis, the father of William, Andrew, Johannis and Henry Nellis, paid for the making of the spire, &c., to the steeple of said church."

I will read a curious copy of a subscription for the compensation of a minister of this church, of a later date:

"Know all men by these presents, that we the subscribers, am held and firmly bound unto the said Drusteis of the Lutern Church in Paletine for ever third Sontay to pay him twenty-five pounds currency yearly from the First of September in the year of Our lort 1797, and to Find him the third of the Firewood and likewise the Fansing and twenty skippels of Whead Yearly."

Signed, forty-seven signatures for money and fifteen for "skipels whead" and "loads of wood." £24 1s. in money and seventeen skipels of wheat and seventeen loads of wood were subscribed.

The early history of the Reformed and Lutheran churches of the Mohawk valley and the colonial records bring the histories of such men as Hon. Isaac Paris, Hon. John Frey, Colonel Peter Wagner and others into prominence, proving their familiar intercourse and united action in public affairs. And also substantially proved by their earnest efforts and liberal contributions, their great interest in providing suitable structures for public religious worship, and the maintenance of their pastors, or dominies, as familiarly called.

The following records copied from the family record of the Paris family is curiously quaint and is of historic interest:

"I Isaac Paris and Catharine my wife were joined together in the Holy Bands of Matrimony by the Rev Mr Ehl Minz of the Gospel at Cannajoharry in the County of Albany and Province of New York North Amerika March 28, 1758.

"Sept 26 1759—Was born my son Peter and was baptised by the Rev Mr Lappius. Sponsors Mr John Thrier and his spouse.

"Dec 25 1761—Was born my 2d son Isaac and was baptised the succeeding New Years Day by the Rev Mr Rosencrantz. Sponsors Mr Ludwig Feil and spouse.

"Febry 7 1766—Was born my daughter Margaret and was baptised by the Rev Mr Rosencrantz. Sponsors Mr Conrad Lepper and spouse.

"Dec 17 1767—Was born my 3d son Francis Lewis and was baptised by the Rev Mr Rosencrantz Sponsors Peter Sutz and spouse.

"February 2, 1773—Was born my fourth son, John Daniel, and was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Daniel Gros; sponsors, the said Rev. Mr. Daniel Gros and his spouse.

"August 6, 1777—Isaac Paris and Peter Paris, his son, were slain at Oriskany in an action between General Herkimer, commanding the Tryon county militia, and Colonel St. Ledger, commanding the British and Indians.

"October 5, 1789—Departed this life Margaret Paris.

"March 28, 1790—Departed this life, Isaac Paris, the younger.

"July 14, 1796—Departed this life Francis Paris.

"Upon the time worn marble slab now in the Paris church yard is plainly inscribed: 'In memory of Isaac, Margaret and Francis Paris. Erected 1806.

"October 1, 1796—†John Daniel Paris was married to Catharine Irving, daughter of William Irving, of the city of New York and have died."

The latter family are the only known lineal descendants of Hon. Isaac Paris.

The high estimation of the character of Hon. Isaac Paris was fully shown by the many positions of political and honorable trust conferred upon him by his appreciative friends and neighbors, and his whole life was animated by unswerving love and devotion to the interests of his adopted country during the most critical period of our revolutionary struggle. His property was freely given for patriotic and religious purposes, and although the minor details of his life are yet unwritten, we plainly read a most noble character, worthy the kindly appreciation and remembrance of the people of the State of New York.

The first meeting of the committee of safety for Tryon county was held August 27, 1774, at the house of Adam Loucks, at Stone Arabia. Resolutions were adopted and a committee of correspondence was chosen, with Christopher P. Yates chairman, and Isaac Paris, Peter Wagner, John Frey, Andrew Fink, Jr., Jacob Klock, Christopher W. Fox, George Ecker, Jr., Andrew Reeber, Daniel McDougale and Anthony Van Fechten.

Hon. Isaac Paris, with his friend and neighbor, Lieutenant Colonel Peter Wagner, of Palatine, attended the first general meeting of the committee, held at the house of Werner Tygert, in the Canajoharie district, June 2, 1775, which was situated near the upper Indian Castle, west of the Howadaga, now Indian Castle, creek, and was the former home of King Hendrick "the Dreamer," the Indian friend of Sir William Johnson, and afterwards was the residence of Captain Joseph Brant, immediately previous to his leaving the Mohawk valley for his last residence at Brant-

† John Daniel Paris was the first County Clerk of Montgomery county in the year A. D. 1800 Was also State Senator, years 1810, '11, '12, '13.

ford, near Montreal, in Canada, and was about two miles east of the residence of General Herkimer.

Mr. Paris was also elected delegate to the second and third provincial congresses held in the city of New York in the years 1775-76 and also to the fourth congress and representative convention for years 1776-7.

Ebenezer Cox, chairman *pro tem.* of the Tyron county committee, writes November 7, 1775: "That John Moore and Isaac Paris were chosen delegates to the provincial congress, Mr. Moore being re-elected and Mr. Paris a new member."

Another letter dated Fishkill, October 24, 1776, (10 o'clock at night,) from John McKesson, clerk of the provincial congress, was addressed to General Ten Broeck, James Duane and Isaac Paris and other esquires. (This was the general committee of safety at Albany.)

And a letter respecting Militia Fines, signed Isaac Paris, chairman, and addressed to the honorable convention of New York, at Fishkill, was dated "Tryon county committee, January 22, 1777."

He was also elected a member of the first State Senate held at Kingston, under the constitution of 1777, representing the western district, of the counties of Albany, Tryon and Ontario.

The culmination of the sacrifices made by this noble and patriotic man for the country of his adoption, was to leave all his family and interests in the charge and keeping of his second son Isaac, and without a demand for any official rank or position, with his clerk, Major John Eisenlord, and his elder son Peter Paris, joined the forces of General Herkimer as volunteers in their march to the relief of Fort Stanwix. The two former were killed at Oriskany, and the Hon. Isaac Paris was taken a prisoner by the enemy on the retreat to Oneida lake toward Canada. In the memoir of Moses Younglove, surgeon of General Herkimer's brigade, we copy from his original deposition, which is still preserved in the office of the Secretary of State, the following :

"That Isaac Paris, Esquire, was also taken the same road without receiving from them any remarkable insult, except stripping, until some Tories came up who kicked and abused him, after which the savages, thinking him a notable offender, murdered him most barbarously."

Of such noble and patriotic parentage, and surrounded by the highest examples of devotion and love of country, we now turn our attention to the more particular subject of the event we commemorate, Colonel Isaac Paris, who at the death of his father and brother assumed charge of their large interests in the Mohawk valley. His father had purchased in the year 1738, the lands and stone mansion at Fort Plain, built by Lieutenant Governor George Clarke, which building was subsequently demolished on account of its reputation of being haunted, and of its materials a tannery was constructed by Doctor Joshua Webster and Jonathan Stickney, of that village.

Colonel Paris removed from the former residence of his father in Stone Arabia, to his lands at Fort Plain about the year 1787, and erected a large mansion and trading post upon the rising ground at the southerly part of the village. Near this building he erected a grist mill upon the Ottsuago creek. It was located about seventy-five feet westerly from the site of the present mill, near the bridge crossing the creek upon the old road from Fort Plain to Cooperstown. This mansion or "castle" as it is some-

times called, was situated near the Otsquago creek, about half a mile westerly of the great Central Mohawk Indian castle called Tah-rahg-jo res, from which the Ko-nosh-i-o-ni, or Five Nations sallied forth upon their predatory expedition to Canada in the year 1762. It was situated upon the great Indian trail to the Susquehanna and Pennsylvania, and following this trail down the creek about three miles to its junction with the Otstongo creek, is located the ancient fortress of the primitive Indians, upon what is now known as Indian Hill, where most interesting relics of primitive construction have been discovered here by antiquarians and archæologists, and the position of the entrance to the fortress is still easily to be observed. It has an historic fame among the ancient monuments of America, and for those interested in the pre historic history is well worthy a visit.

The house of Colonel Paris is said to have received as guests many persons distinguished in the historic public events of those times, and among them we note the Indian chief, Captain Joseph Brant or Thay-en-dan-ega, and his friend, the famous John The Cornplanter, or Gy-ant-wah-chia, whose father, John Abeel, the Indian trader, lived about half a mile north westerly of the house of Colonel Paris, and was situated near the old fort and not far from the old Sand Hill (Reformed) church. Colonel Marinus Willett, it is said, when stationed at this fort, married, for his second wife, a daughter of John Abeel. He was also mentioned as a visitor, as was also Baron Steuben. This property of Colonel Isaac Paris was afterwards sold to Jost Driesback, who was a trumpeter at the battle of Saratoga under Burgoyne. Jost was the father of Herr Jacob Driesback, the famous lion-tamer, who was born in the Paris mansion. During the latter's "professional" visits to Fort Plain, he always called upon his father's family physician, together with others of his early friends and acquaintances.

Jost sold the property in the year 1805 to Joseph Wagner, the son of Lieutenant Colonel Peter Wagner, the friend and co-adjutor of Colonel Paris, and who had been associated with him in many public trusts, and was also with him at the battle of Oriskany, accompanied by two of his sons.

The old Paris mansion is still standing and in a fair state of preservation, but the grist mill was long since demolished.

The latter was the partial source of the supply so freely and benevolently furnished to the early settlers of their town by Colonel Paris, and the following extract from the Annals of Oneida county, written by Hon. Pomroy Jones and published in 1851, is worthy a place in the memory of each resident of the county of Oneida. And although frequently heretofore published, needs no apology for its re-appearance in this connection.

"The summer of 1789 was in one respect more trying to the settlers than its predecessors. Famine with all its horrors was upon them. The crops of the previous year were insufficient for their own wants, and those of the daily increasing emigrants. The hoarded little stock of flour, and their last year's crop of potatoes were consumed, and the corn and meal were nearly exhausted, while the forthcoming crop was not matured. At planting time such were their straits and their care to husband their limited supply, that the eyes of the potatoes were cut out for planting, and the remainder carefully preserved for the table.

"To slaughter their few cattle would be at once to destroy their future prospects, and nothing but the last extremity could have

induced them to do so. Money was almost out of the question, and it is believed that if they had been compelled to contribute their all, not enough could have been found to purchase a barrel of flour, even at present prices.

"The forests were searched for ground nuts and leeks, the fishing rod put in requisition, and most fortunate was the hunter who succeeded in securing a bear or her cubs, to aid in their extremity. Notwithstanding, children cried for food, and strong men put themselves on a stinted allowance, that the helpless might be fed. All this did not suffice ; something further must be done.

"A small party was sent to Fort Plain, Montgomery county, to see if supplies could not there be obtained. At that place resided a large farmer and miller, named Isaac Paris, and to him imploringly they appealed. He responded most liberally ; and with a promptness which did honor to his heart, he loaded a small flat boat with flour and meal, and sent it up the Mohawk to the mouth of the Oriskany. Here it was met by a party of the settlers, transhipped into a long canoe of their own construction, and from thence with the aid of setting poles, paddles and ropes, this "ark of plenty" was taken up the creek as far as the site of the bridge upon the Lairdsville road, and from this landing it was transported in carts to the settlement. Language is too feeble to describe the rejoicings upon the arrival of this timely supply of bread stuffs. Clinton has never before or since witnessed such an overflow of gratitude.

"The settlers did not go to Mr. Paris as beggars. Silver and gold had they none, but they had industry, and strong hands and arms, and they agreed to pay for the meal and flour in ginseng, to be delivered the next fall. This root in the early days of Oneida was a considerable article in commerce. Although our cattle have almost extirpated it from our forests, it was at that early day found in great abundance. It was shipped to those countries afflicted with the plague, where it was for a long time considered the best antidote against that disease. In 1792, a new town including Clinton, was formed from Whitestown, and in gratitude to their benefactor the name of Paris was given to it. The original town of Paris has since been divided, and the town of Kirkland, including Clinton, taken from it.

"At this time such is the veneration of the name of Paris, that many of the descendants of those who enjoyed his beneficence, although rightfully proud of the name of Kirkland, regret that the name of Paris had not been retained by that portion of the original town, including Clinton."

Colonel Paris was undoubtedly a young man of recognized force of character and intellectual culture, for we find him sent by his constituents to the assembly as a member from Tryon county, when he attained the age of but 23 years, in the year 1784, and when that county became obsolete, April 2, 1784, was returned a member from Montgomery county at sessions 1784-5, and 1788.

As heretofore noted, Colonel Paris was born on Christmas day, 1761, and was baptized on the New Year's day following. An auspicious birthday for a man whose benevolent action has endeared his memory to the people of this town and the county in which it is located. His life closed in the year 1790, being but 29 years of age, and he died leaving an honorable name, which will be justly handed down for the veneration and grateful memory of your posterity.

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord even so saith the Spirit ; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

On leaving the church the assemblage gathered under the shade of the beautiful trees in front of St. Paul's church, where a platform had been erected and seats provided. On the platform were the clergymen, orators, distinguished citizens of the town and invited guests. The assemblage in front of the stage was large. Many ladies graced the occasion by their presence, and all were well repaid for their attention by hearing the very interesting and admirable addresses.

HON. LORENZO ROUSE'S ADDRESS.

Hon. Lorenzo Rouse, one of the veteran residents of the town and president of the day delivered the following address of deep interest, speaking as follows:

Friends and Fellow Citizens: We are assembled on this occasion, not to participate in any festival, or for the purpose of any jubilee. Neither are we assembled to celebrate the anniversary of any important era in either the political or civil history of the nation, or of our own locality. The occasion on which we are assembled partakes much more strongly of a serious, or indeed, of a solemn, than of a festive character. We are assembled to show our veneration for the memory, and our consequent respect for the remains of one who furnished to the pioneer settlers of the old town of Paris, the most tangible evidence of his exalted character, not only for humanity of feeling, but for genuine Christian charity and benevolence, by ministering to their necessities in the time of their sorest need.

Let us, before proceeding further, premise by saying that we disclaim any intention of giving any sectarian or denominational religious aspect to our proceedings on this occasion. On the contrary we have studiously sought to avoid so doing, for we do not understand that Isaac Paris, in his religious preferences, could be claimed as affiliating very closely with any one of the several religious denominations, originally established, or now having organization within the limits of the old town which adopted his name. Being of German descent, he is understood to have affiliated more directly with a majority of the German emigrants and their descendants living in his vicinity, at Fort Plain. But, judging from his character, we believe that he would have preferred that some sort of religious exercises should be had on any and every occasion connected with his obsequies.

Neither let it for a moment be supposed that we have any political object in view, for, in this regard, we only know that Isaac Paris was a true patriot, and of a patriotic race, for his father and elder brother both laid down their lives fighting for the liberties of their country, in 1777.

It is not the purpose of your speaker, on this occasion, to aim

at any lofty flights of eloquence, nor to attempt any high eulogism upon the character and merits of him whose remains we are met to reinter; nor even to give a sketch of his biography, except incidentally, for one better prepared has already favored us in that regard. But we shall endeavor to narrate to you a brief, plain and simple statement of facts connected with the early history of the old town of Paris, and to show the connection that Colonel Paris had with that early history—a statement of facts which, from their frequent reiteration, may, perchance, be considered by some as having become somewhat hackneyed and stale, but by others as being eminently worthy to be kept in lasting remembrance by frequent repetition. It is a well-established fact that the first permanent white settlement in Oneida county was commenced at Whitestown in the early summer of 1784, by Judge Hugh White and his five sons, Daniel C., Joseph, Hugh, Ansel and Philo. He had also three daughters—Rachel, Aurelia and Polly. We will not stop to inquire why he, a man fifty-one years of age, at an age when the ardor and restlessness of youth may be supposed to have in some degree subsided—why he should decide to emigrate, with his young family, from old Middletown, on the Connecticut river, so immediately after the close of the revolutionary war, and locate in the unbroken wilderness of this far west, so far from any white settlement and in such close proximity to the untutored and dreaded Indians, many of whom had recently been so hostile. It seems to us passing strange. Suffice it for us to know that he *came*, and that he effected a permanent settlement, and becoming the owner of a tract of fifteen hundred acres of most valuable land, he gave his name to a town, which in its extent of territory exceeded that of the present entire county of Oneida; including, among the rest, the whole of what subsequently became the old town of Paris, and extending almost indefinitely to the west. Indeed, all the country now designated as Central New York was for many years known at the east as the “Whitestown country,” and was supposed to be the “El-dorado” of the west, as the “Genesee country” afterwards was deemed the *Ultima thu’e*, all west of that being the *Terra incognita*, or the unknown land. The fame of the “Whitestown country” soon reached the east, and in 1785 the first clearing to the extent of half an acre of land, was made near the foot of what is now Genesee street, Utica, and in 1786 that settlement contained three log houses. In the following year, 1787, Moses Foot and his three sons, Bronson, Ira and Luther, with his son-in-law, Barnabas Pond, and his friends, James Bronson, Luther Blodgett and Levi Sherman, commenced a settlement near the Oriskany creek, where the village of Clinton now stands. This was the first settlement made in the territory which originally adopted the name of the Town of Paris. A document which was executed soon after this settlement was begun, shows that the place was at first designated as “Coxeborough, in Montgomery county and State of New York.” It was, of course, in Whitestown at that time, although the name of the town does not appear in the document. In the following year, 1788, a settlement was commenced in New Hartford, by Jedediah Sanger and others, and during the same season, the settlement at Coxeborough, now Clinton, was increased by the addition of about twenty families.

Early in the spring of 1789 the first settlement of what is now the town of Paris was commenced, about one mile northeasterly from where we are now assembled, by Captain Royce, on the

farm now owned by Colonel I. L. Addington. He was followed, about the 20th of March of the same season, by Benjamin Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, Jr. and John Humaston. This was the commencement of what was known as the "South Settlement." In the fall of the same year, Phineas Kellogg came on and built a log house, further to the east, in the vicinity of Sauquoit, or Sadagh-quada, as the Indians then called it. In March, 1790, John Butler, Sylvester Butler, Asa Shepard and Joseph Plumb came on and located in the same vicinity. Others followed in 1791, and soon after the tide of immigration seemed to turn toward the "Brothertown tract," now in the town of Marshall, and being the southwestern portion of the old town of Paris. The first settler, in what was then called "Hanover Settlement," now in the town of Marshall, was David Barton, soon followed by Warren Williams, Rev. Hezekiah Eastman, Stephen Barrett, Levi Barker, Captain Simon Hubbard, and the three brothers, Abel, Adam and Aaron Simmons. The first white child born in what is now known as the town of Marshall, was Lester Barker, commonly known as Colonel Barker, who afterwards removed to Clinton, where he died. The only instance I have been able to find in which a son of one of these original settlers of the old town of Paris has continued to reside on the same premises where his father first located, in the latter part of the last century, (thus connecting the past with the present,) is that of Marinus Hubbard, living on the road to Waterville, about midway from this place, now at the age of eighty-six, and son of the Captain Simon Hubbard heretofore mentioned as one of our first settlers.

We have thus reviewed, as succinctly as we were able, the history of the first settlement of the old town of Paris. Let us now explain, as briefly as may be practicable, the connection which Colonel Isaac Paris had with that history, and why we meet, on this occasion, to do honor to his memory. The first pioneers in the town, consisting, as we have seen, of eight families, had enough to do, in the then unbroken wilderness, to provide shelter for their families, and the necessary food to sustain life, without accumulating any great surplus for the future. They eked out their subsistence by occasional resorts to the forest and the stream, but added little to any permanent store. The influx of emigration in 1788, as we have seen, quadrupled the population, and their united exertions were insufficient to remove the heavily-timbered forests, clear the land and prepare it in season to cultivate crops sufficient to supply food for all. True, an occasional meal of fish assisted, and now and then a rich bearsteak was considered as a God-send. But they found the latter was fully overbalanced by the extreme fondness of the bears for green corn and young pigs, thus too often blasting their anticipations. Although they laid in a good supply of ground nuts and leeks from the forest, they found their scanty stores rapidly diminishing, so that when planting time came in the spring of 1789, they carefully cut out the eyes of the potatoes for planting, thus reserving the bulk of the tubers for food. For breadstuff they were obliged to resort to the primitive Indian method of using the hominy block, or if fine meal was wanted, to back the grist seven miles through the forest to the nearest mill, which had just been erected at Whites-town. But soon their supply of corn failed them, and they could not wait for their growing crops to mature. The children began to cry for bread, and something must be done to avert starvation. A deputation was accordingly appointed to go, on foot, to the

German Flats, now in Herkimer county, which although it had been much longer settled, had suffered greatly during the revolutionary war. The deputation had no money to offer, and could only pledge their credit for the future payment. The cautious German settlers, although sympathizing in their distress, did not deem the security sufficient from those whom they looked upon with suspicion as only a parcel of "treacherous Yankees." Despondent in feeling at their want of success, where they most hoped for it, the deputation passed on to Fort Plain, on the opposite side of the river, where it would seem that Providence directed them to a young man, then only twenty-eight years of age, variously termed a farmer, a miller, and a merchant, but as he was a man of means, he probably combined all of those branches of business. To him they told their sorrowful tale, and his kind heart at once melted. He answered them that they must have help. But they, recollecting their recent repulse, frankly told him, "Silver and gold we have none, but such as we have we will give unto thee—when we can get it." His prompt answer was, "No matter about the pay. Your women and children *must not* be permitted to starve. Take what you need to feed them, and if, at any time in the future, you are able to pay for it, it will be well. If you are never able it will also be well, but your families *must not* be allowed to starve." With the greatest dispatch he proceeded to load a batteau, or flat boat, with flour, meal, and meat, for the needy settlers, and with light hearts and joyous feelings, the deputation eagerly assisted, with the use of setting poles, in propelling the boat up the stream to the mouth of the Oriskany creek, where one of their number had already notified the settlers to meet them with canoes of their own construction, and thus they conveyed the provisions up to a point near where the Clinton factory now stands, from whence they were removed to the settlement with an ox team, and distributed among the hungry people. It should be mentioned that it was subsequently agreed and insisted upon by the settlers that the debt for the provisions might and should be paid in the root of the wild ginseng, which at that early day grew abundantly in the forests, and which, from its supposed rare medicinal virtues, was in great demand for exportation to European ports not only, but even to China, where it was considered more valuable than gold. The women and children of the settlement at once set themselves to work to scour the forest and search with avidity for the precious root, and to their credit be it said, that within a short time a sufficient quantity of it was gathered to liquidate the entire debt.

Within one short year thereafter, the settlers were pained to hear that their kind benefactor had been removed from earth, and called to his last accounting of his stewardship. This was in the year 1790, at his early age of twenty-nine years. But though dead he was not forgotten by those whom he had so kindly befriended. Two years after, in 1792, the settlement had been so much increased that a separate town organization was applied for and granted, embracing within its limits all of the southern portion of Whitestown.

When the citizens came together to consult and agree on a name for their new township, it was found that they were substantially unanimous in their preference for the name of their deceased benefactor, and Paris became the name of the new organization. Let it be ever perpetuated! I have found that many persons, outside of the place, err greatly as to the origin of the

name, supposing it to have been adopted from that of the chief city of France. This mistake is an innocent one for him who has observed how prone are the citizens of our different localities to endeavor to gain a sort of fictitious importance for those localities, by giving to them either high sounding classical names, or the more modern names of foreign cities or places of importance. Thus we have gained a modern Troy, an Ilion, a Utica, a Rome, a Syracuse, and an Ithaca. Thus we have also a New England, a New Scotland, a New York, a New London, a New Berlin, a New Brunswick, a New Hamburg and a New Lisbon, besides a multitude of others, which omit the prefix. But the early settlers of the old town of Paris, and their descendants, seem to have acted on a different principle in their selection of names for their several localities, to wit, a laudable desire to perpetuate the name of some worthy individual. Thus Paris and Kirkland and Marshall gained their names, with Whitestown on the north and Sangerfield on the south. Thus Hamilton College gained its name from the eminent statesman who was among its first trustees and patrons. Thus Clinton gained its name from Governor George Clinton, who, at one time, in company with General George Washington, owned real estate in sight of the village and in its immediate vicinity. Thus, while Kirkland has her Clinton and her Franklin, Paris has her Clayville and her Cassville, Marshall has her Deansville and her Dicksville.

It may very naturally be asked, why have the remains of Colonel Isaac Paris been exhumed? and why are they brought hither for re-interment? To these questions we reply; to the first, that at the time of his death, less care and attention and forethought was given to the selection of burial places while the country was new, than there is at present. In consequence new cemeteries have often been located. In process of time, it seemed necessary to renew the place of burial at Fort Plain where he and others of his day were buried. It was deemed desirable, therefore, that the remains buried there should be removed to some other place lest all vestiges of their place of deposit should become obliterated and forgotten. The grave of Isaac Paris was found among the number. The idea occurred to some thoughtful persons that it would be a fitting thing to offer those remains to the citizens of Paris, to be deposited within the limits of the town which bears his name. His only surviving kindred consenting, the offer was accepted, and the act of re-burial is now about to be consummated. But why bury them here? In answer we say, it seemed desirable that the place of deposit should be at some point as near as practicable to the center of the old town to which his name was originally given. It seemed fitting that his remains should be deposited within the limits of the town which still bears, and in all human probability will continue to bear his name. It seemed fitting that their final resting place should be in the village which aids in perpetuating his memory, not only by its own name, but by the name which its post-office has always borne. The suffix, Hill, being no part of the proper name, but merely a surplusage, added by outsiders, to distinguish between the village and the town. As to why we have selected a particular location, we answer, that it appeared to the committee having the matter in charge to be the most eligible one obtainable. Had Colonel Paris been the donor of the public green to the public, then, perhaps, there might have been a sort of propriety in depositing his remains on that ground. But that ground was given to the public

by another and for a specific purpose, by the terms of the conveyance, and to appropriate it, or any portion of it, to cemetery purposes might, perchance, vitiate the title, of the validity of which we do not feel called upon now to speak. From what we can learn of Colonel Paris, we feel assured that his preference would have been that his remains should be deposited in grounds specially set apart and consecrated for burial purposes, where they would be under the constant care of some organized corporation, and not deposited on common or public grounds, under the special charge of nobody in particular, and liable to be again disturbed in the future. With the subject of a monument to the deceased, its fashion or its cost, or the place or its location, the committee claims no special powers, its duties ceasing with the interment. But let us hope that those honored remains will ever hereafter be permitted to rest in peace, until the last great trumpet shall sound, and until the archangel shall appear, and proclaim that Time shall be no more, and until the earth and the sea shall be required to yield up their dead.

ADDRESS BY PROF. EDWARD NORTH.

Professor Edward North, of Hamilton College, was introduced and spoke as follows:

The true American rejoices in whatsoever tends to dethrone the old world's heresy, that republican communities are ungrateful. It satisfies our idea of the fitness of things and our sense of gratitude that the bones of Isaac Paris should finally rest in the soil of Paris Hill. So it satisfied the Greek idea of national gratitude that the bones of Theseus, their hero king, should be welcomed home from Scyros with a grand dramatic festival, and be reburied in the heart of Athens, that

"Dear city of man without master or lord,
Fair fortress and fostress of sons born free,
A wonder enthroned on the hills and the sea."

It is true, as has been already stated, that the timely supplies sent by Isaac Paris ninety-one years ago, were received by pioneers who had built their log-cabins in the valley six miles below, near the banks of the Oriskany. Could the votes of these pioneers of Clinton be taken to-day, with the votes of their descendants—the Benedicts, the Blanchards, the Blodgets, the Brockways, the Bristols, the Bronsons, the Bulleins, the Butlers, the Carpenters, the Cassetays, the Cooks, the Curtises, the Deweys, the Foots, the Gleasons, the Gridleys, the Hubbards, the Kirklands, the Langfords, the Marshes, the Millards, the Nortons, the Ponds, the Sandfords, the Shermans, the Stebbinses, the Tuttlés—could the voices of these numerous living and far scattered descendants be telephoned to us this afternoon, it need not be doubted they would decide that the bones of Isaac Paris should sleep with those who have loyally and gratefully clung to the name of their early benefactor. Let him sleep, they might say, where his monument can look down upon the valley and the Oriskany, even as

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea."

The town of Kirkland is not grasping, and not unreasonable. It had another benefactor in the far-seeing, great-hearted missionary who created a larger local indebtedness, and placed his

name with those the world will not willingly let die, by planting a college fortress for "the kingdom of the Blessed Redeemer" on the opposite hillside. This child of prayer and faith has proved to be not only a fountain of intelligence and culture, but a magnet for drawing in good families and perennial income from surrounding counties. Whatever of distinction and interest Paris Hill may gain from the historic grave that is covered to-day, and the historic monument that ought to attract many pilgrims in future years, the town of Kirkland will make no envious or unfraternal complaint. In fact, Kirkland has taken time by the forelock and achieved its satisfaction in advance, through its inveterate habit of recruiting its population from the best blood of Paris Hill. Like many other rural districts, to which the latest census is a rhymeless elegy, Paris Hill has been a *nutrix leonum*, a prolific nursery of heroes for the battles of business, of enterprise, and professional skill.

Not content with seeing the conflicts at a safe distance, after buckling their armor on, the sons of Paris Hill have slipped down into the waiting valleys, by a law of gravitation for which the town of Kirkland can not be held accountable. No sooner was Kirkland organized into a separate township than it began to receive volunteer recruits from its eastern neighborhood. Henry Mc Niel and Theophilus Steele—both men of the Puritan type and granite integrity—set an example that was afterwards followed by others equally worthy. Other villages and distant cities have had stout reinforcements from the same prolific mother. The good names of Handy and Head and Bartlett have taught the world how wealth honestly won can be wisely and generously used. Yes, we of the Oriskany valley and the hillside beyond are deeply in debt to Paris Hill. We would return thanks for the morning sunlight, both physical and social, that comes to us from our unselfish neighbor. Were we only Greeks, we might easily coax our Homer into singing "of rosy fingered Aurora, daughter of Paris Hill." The thousands of jocund daybreaks that have greeted us from our near eastern horizon, the cherished memories that run to and fro along "the old Line of Property," the hallowed graves of our common ancestry, are ties of sympathy "stronger than hooks of steel," and we heartily rejoice in the new bond that henceforth holds us in still closer attachment and fellowship.

We are not here this Friday afternoon to receive Sabbath instruction, but there is a sermon for us, full of tenderest teaching, in the simple act of generosity and trust that makes the bones of Isaac Paris a priceless deposit in the soil ennobled by his name. This sermon, soon to be a century old, repeats the voice of that older, diviner sermon on the mount, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." The name of Isaac Paris comes to us as that of a square-dealing, kindly farmer and miller, whose father and brother had given their lives to their country on the Oriskany battlefield. To him the Oriskany was another Acheron, "a woeful river." Possibly that cry of distress from dwellers on the banks of the Oriskany, so soon after his father's and brother's death, came to him like a voice from eternity, with a pathos even deeper than that one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Call it a shrewd business transaction if you will, an exchange of meal for ginseng; it was the shrewdness of one who lends to the Lord, by lending without any earthly security to distant suffering strangers.

Isaac Paris was not an ambitious man, yet he is laureled to-day with spontaneous homage, which thousands have selfishly toiled for and died without winning. It is not true, that the good men do "is oft interred with their bones." God never permits that a good deed or a kind word should be wasted. On this golden afternoon in October, when the "valleys are covered over with corn and the paths drop fatness," we are all conscious of having larger, warmer hearts to-day, because we feel the sweet, soft sunshine of a remembered charity that brought joy to our starving pioneers ninety-one years ago.

When the time comes to erect a monument over the grave of Isaac Paris—whether it be this year, or next year, or in 1889, there will be cheerful contributions from hill top and valley. And when the monument is ready for its inscription, what better can be found, outside of Holy Writ, than to copy from England's greatest poet:

"The quality of mercy is not strained.
It falleth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

One good deed often gives inspiration for another. After this day's memorial has been completed, an effort should be made to find the lost grave of Reverend Samson Occom, whose fame as a fervid Indian preacher lives in the early history and traditions of Oneida county. It is recorded that in 1786, one year before the first white emigrants settled in Clinton, Samson Occom, like another Moses, led out a colony of Indians from New England and Long Island, and found a new home for them on the banks of the Oriskany, within what is now the town of Marshall. Here they lived for half a century or more, until they were transferred to Green Bay, under the direction of Thomas Dean, of Deansville.

The story of Samson Occom's life has never been fully written. Born near Norwich, Conn., in 1723, educated in Dr. Wheelock's Indian school in New Lebanon, Conn., he was ordained as a preacher by the presbytery of Suffolk, Long Island, in 1759. He spent eighteen months in England, where he preached over three hundred sermons, and collected £10,000 for the schooling of American Indians. King George III. was so delighted with one of the Indian orator's sermons, that he gave him a library and a gold-headed cane. He was a poet, as well as an orator, and a leader. One of his hymns, to be found in Hastings' Church Melodies,

"Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,"

is often sung by church choirs, without a thought of its Indian origin.

I am indebted to a grandson of one of Clinton's pioneers, Dr. Asahel Norton Brockway, of New York, for a letter which Rev. Samson Occom sent home to his two daughters while he was in England. It seems to be an Indian father's playful effort to interest a pair of little girls:

"My dear Mary and Esther:

Perhaps you may query whether I am well. I came from home well, was by the way well, got over well, am received at London well, and am treated extremely well—yea, I am caressed too well. And do you pray that I may be well, and that I may do well, and in time return home well. And I hope you are well, and wish you well, and as I think you began well, so keep on well, that you may end well, and then all will be well. And so farewell.

SAMSON OCCOM."

The style of this letter ought not to be severely criticised. It

was not written for publication or for a memorial service. It is a noticeable fact that Samson Occom died in 1792, the year in which the township of Paris was taken from Whitestown and organized under its present name. The place of his burial cannot now be told. Rev. A. D. Gridley's history of Kirkland states that Samson Occom died in Stockbridge in July, 1792, but says nothing of the place of burial. Judge Jones has reasons for thinking that he died and was buried in the Indian orchard in Vernon, on land formerly owned by Hendrick Smith, a half-civilized Indian who removed to Green Bay.

Others remembering how closely his life was linked with the Brothertown Indians, suppose that he sleeps in Deansville, in one of those unmarked and neglected Indian graves which "implore the passing tribute of a sigh." There has been sad neglect somewhere. Other researches remain for Ex-Mayor Hutchinson and the Oneida Historical Society. Schenandoa has his monument near to that of his Christian teacher in the college cemetery, and it is to be hoped that the enthusiasm so apparent in this day's exercises, will keep itself alive and at work, until a permanent inscription, in granite or marble, rescues from dumb forgetfulness not only the last resting place of Isaac Paris, but also that of his companion in our county's early history, Rev. Samson Occom.

HON. THEODORE W. DWIGHT'S ADDRESS.

Hon. Theodore W. Dwight, of Columbia College Law School, was introduced and spoke as follows:

Whitestown, Kirkland, Clinton, Hamilton, and Paris! These are some of the names that characterize the subduing and civilizing influence of man in one of the finest agricultural regions in the world. The early settlers in this region had the judgment and good sense permanently to stamp these picturesque hills and smiling valleys with the names of the most eminent citizens of their own locality and State. They did not go to Africa, searching in its broad morasses for a buried Utica; they did not look to Italy to borrow ludicrously the names of its Rome and Verona, nor delve in Sicily for an extinct Syracuse. Instead of all this, they chose their representative men, each showing forth in his own special way the vigor and beauty of the highest type of their life; Kirkland symbolizing their aggressive faith and civilizing zeal, Clinton and Hamilton their assured hope for the stability of their political institutions and their coming glory, White their force as leading the great army of pioneers still moving in endless procession, and Paris representing their Christian charity. Thus are we championed; there still abideth among us faith, hope and charity. Kirkland was indeed a wonderful man, and made a great impression on his contemporaries. Governor Livingston, of New Jersey, said of him in a public letter in 1768, while Kirkland was yet a young man, "that for three years past with indefatigable industry and sometimes at the peril of his life, he has been propagating the Christian faith among the tribes of the Six Nations." We all know how in later life his views widened so as to embrace the education and culture of our entire population. Of Paris, I know but little. I imagine him to have been an earlier Peter Cooper, with flowing locks and benevolent countenance and guileless disposition, successful as a merchant and at the

same time with open hand distributing his gains for the public good. His act of kindness that we celebrate to-day, though like a farthing light in the great blaze of charity that now illuminates the world, is of a warm and penetrating beam.

"How far this little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

But good Mr. Paris did not intend to pauperize the objects of his benevolence. He knew that a dependence by them on the gifts of the charitable would be the ruin of all manly and honest endeavor. Accordingly, he made them stipulate that they should pay him the next year in ginseng root, and I presume he received his compensation in overflowing measure.

A lesson can be learned from the traffic in this root, and from its influence on the Indians and the early settlers. Jonathan Edwards, the elder, the great theologian, who essayed to unravel the mysteries of the human will and to analyze and combine the persons of the Divine Trinity, had another and more lovable side to his character. He was a zealous missionary to the Indian tribes, and though laboring among the Stockbridge Indians in Massachusetts, he knew well what affected them all and their interests in this part of the country. He particularly deprecated the effect of the search for "ginseng" upon the Six Nations. Writing in 1752, he says: "Some things have happened which have much prejudiced the cause of religion among the Indians, and among other things the discovery of the famous tartarian root called 'ginseng,' which was found in our woods last summer and is since found in the woods in many of these western parts of New England and in the country of the Six Nations. The traders in Albany have been eager to purchase all they could of this root to send to England, where they make great profit by it. This has occasioned our Indians of all sorts, young and old, to spend abundance of time in wandering about the woods and sometimes to a great distance, in the neglect of public worship *and of their husbandry* and also in going much to Albany to sell their roots, (*which proves worse to them than their going into the woods,*) where they are always much in the way of temptation and drunkenness, especially when they have money in their pockets." It is a relief to know that the early Albanians allowed no penniless Indians to get drunk. Edwards adds: "The consequence has been that many of them have laid out their money which they have got for their roots of ginseng for rum, where-with they have intoxicated themselves." Other sources of information disclose that the Brothertown Indians united with the Oneidas in the search for ginseng, collecting one thousand bushels annually at two dollars per bushel, and that the harvest was commonly followed by quarrelling and sometimes by murder, particularly among the Oneidas. All of these results could not have happened to the Indians without affecting the white men. May not the "neglect of husbandry," to which Edwards alludes in 1752, have been to a certain extent the cause of the famine which Mr. Paris relieved? The search for ginseng clearly produced a powerful effect on the habits of the people, an effect which long lingered in these valleys. I can well remember as a boy in Kirkland that this root was pointed out to me, and its great commercial value extolled. Though purchased by English traders, it was solely used by the Chinese, who make some seventy useless and probably pernicious preparations from it. The

ginseng in these valleys is now forgotten, being displaced by the hop, the grape vine and the corn. The American people for the most part have lost all taste for irregular industry, and only tolerate such work as mining when its operations are guided by the hand of science. In the early days of our history the missionaries steadily set their faces against intermittent labor. They also did not allow their parishioners to mix rum with their religion, but required them to accept it free from every sort of adulteration. The good effect of these principles are still visible throughout our society.

The people who founded our local institutions were from the beginning friends of order and desired to lay the social foundations in a strong and lasting manner. These qualities were exhibited in a marked way in the first settlement of a minister, Rev. Dan Bradley, in 1792, in Whitestown, once embracing the town of Paris. This clergyman was settled over the Whitestown church by proxy or representation, a committee having proceeded to Hampden, Conn., to act for the congregation and to listen to an excellent installation sermon from Jonathan Edwards, the younger, subsequently President of Union College, but then the pastor of a church at New Haven. He compliments them as the first of all that new country who have formed themselves into a regular church and society. With prophetic vision he cries out that very few ministers in the United States are placed in a sphere of so great usefulness as their pastor—few called to such strenuous exertions. He exhorts them to liberality, strict discipline and to an intense interest in a sound education for their children. It would be interesting to know who composed the committee to take this long and tiresome journey, simply to comply with an accustomed form and for due observance of seemingly church order. After all, it matters not, for a like spirit has pervaded the whole region from the beginning until now. A careful observer wrote about seventy years ago of the inhabitants of the town of Paris in this wise: "The inhabitants are industrious, sober, orderly and prosperous." On this love of order they have built all their institutions, civil and religious. There is a marked steadiness in this our civilization, only one change being visible, that of onward movement and regular progress.

Citizens of Paris! You have done well to institute this celebration in honor of the man who set so fruitful an example to us all. True, it is not likely that any one will need to be stimulated by his conduct to save his immediate neighbors from famine, our resources being so varied and manifold. But neighborhood is now very large, and our fellowmen, if not our fellow citizens, need succor in a variety of forms. The little boat drawn painfully up the scantily flowing Oriskany by willing hands, is the forerunner of mighty ships freighted with grain and other articles of food, while the Oriskany itself has expanded into the Shannon, the Danube and the Ganges, with famishing men within their shores stretching out their hands to receive gratuitously our life-sustaining products. Charity has been dignified by becoming a national act. Differences in religious creeds have faded out in the mellow and uniform glow of an all-pervading philanthropy. We cannot credit all this to Mr. Paris. Still he performed his part well in the beneficent work of life, and we may safely imitate him. We cannot all follow closely after great men, but we can all walk abreast with charitable men. Each of us can join the white-robed procession, though he have at command only the two

mites that make a farthing. You have therefore done well in recalling Mr. Paris to the memory of the busy men of our time, in setting the seal of your approbation upon his act, in placing him high on the list of your local worthies and in making a beautiful and simple charitable deed a matter of public commemoration. The citizens of Oneida county are to be congratulated on their growing interest in their local history. They are also fortunate in the fact that so many noble and eminent men have lived and worked among them who have performed acts and possessed characters worthy to be kept in perpetual remembrance.

It was the policy of the earlier nations to build sepulchral monuments along frequented avenues. The dead thronged the streets almost as when alive. The living could not depart from home without looking into the marble faces of the dead and recalling their virtues.

We in the United States have pursued a widely different course. Our sepulchral memorials are scattered far apart on hills, in valleys and sequestered nooks, awaiting the visit of the admirer, the antiquarian, or the passing traveler. Thus it happens that Kirkland is at rest upon one of these hills, Paris upon another, while White sleeps in the valley which he was the first to explore. Will we not at some future day combine these thoughts by erecting in the principal city of our county fit statues as memorials of the men to whom we owe so much, each exemplifying the special trait of character or mode of action which made him useful to his generation and makes him famous with posterity?

ADDRESS OF SAMUEL EARL.

Samuel Earl, of Herkimer, was then introduced and spoke substantially as follows :

Ladies and Gentlemen, citizens of the town of Paris : I came here as one of the invited guests, and to be a spectator of what was to be done, and to hear what was to be said on this interesting occasion. It has been a great pleasure to me to listen to what has been said by the distinguished gentlemen who have preceded me. Their eloquent words I shall long remember, and I am glad that I have been permitted to be here. I have heard much I never knew before, of the history of Isaac Paris, the noble benefactor of the pioneer settlers of your town. I do not know why I was called upon on this occasion to address you, unless it is because I am an old resident of Herkimer county, to which the town of Paris and the surrounding territory within view of this elevated place, once belonged, and for that reason I am supposed to know something of the history which this occasion calls forth. But this is a mistake. What I now know on that subject I have learned here to-day, and with you I take a pride in commemorating the virtues and noble acts of Isaac Paris, whose memory is preserved in the name of your town. You have been told that the first settlers of this town were famine stricken ; that to save their lives the husbands and fathers of the families here started out in pursuit of food, passing by the German settlement on the Mohawk river at Herkimer, and going to Fort Plain, where they made their necessities known, and where their wants were generously supplied by Isaac Paris, and thus the famine here was stayed. It must not be supposed that because the wants of the

people here were not supplied by the Germans at Herkimer that it was from any want of feeling or inhumanity towards them. The truth is the settlement of the German Flats, as it was called, was then desperately poor. The inhabitants there had just gone through the revolutionary war, and they came out poor, destitute as to everything except their naked lands, and food with them was scarce. They had no surplus. The German settlers there suffered all the hardships and trials which their exposed situation could bring on a people thus situated, during a merciless frontier war with savages. Many of the inhabitants were killed, and many widows and orphans were made, and those had to be provided for. The war ended in 1783, but Indian depredations continued for several years after, so that the Germans could not cultivate their lands so as to have a surplus on hand; and they had none at the time the committee from the starving people of this town called for assistance. I am satisfied that the relief which was so generously afforded by Isaac Paris would not have been refused by the Germans of Herkimer if it had been in their power to bestow it.

But the committee had not far to go for the needed food for their starving families here. The next settlement on the Mohawk river below was that at Fort Plain, where they found in Isaac Paris a generous friend. His garner was full and he opened them, and from his store, freely given, the famishing settlers here were supplied. For that noble and generous act on his part his name was given to your town, and where now and until the final resurrection his dust will remain, and his memory be honored and respected.

At that early day, and when those pioneer settlers came to this town as we have been told to-day, the territory west of Herkimer was almost a trackless and unbroken wilderness, and occupied by Indians. The settlers came here poor, but they had brave hearts and were a hardy people, and they were well calculated to subdue the wilderness and they did. To their honor be it said they made homes for themselves and fortunes for their posterity.

REMARKS OF REV. DR. HARTLEY.

After the address of Judge Earl, the Rev. Dr. Hartley, of Utica, was called upon, who spoke substantially as follows:

I do not know, my friends, why I should have been summoned so unexpectedly to address you at this hour, unless it be that I am a member of the Reformed church, with which, in early days, Colonel Isaac Paris was so closely identified. As you have heard, I am to be the last speaker; if, therefore, it is from any conviction that the good wine has been reserved for the end of the feast, never were you the victims of a greater imposition. But be the cause what it may, the occasion which has brought us together to-day is of no mean significance. We have met to pay a last tribute of honor and respect to one whose name has long been a proverb in many of our homes, and which, I hope, as the years pass, will receive a brighter and a still brighter lustre.

We have come to honor the brave and the bold in his country's interest, and one likewise none the less devoted to the welfare and extension of our common religion. If high heaven notes the actions of men, surely few sights can be more sublime than that which this beautiful hill now presents—of men, women and chil-

dren of different nationalities, of different creeds, religious and political, of different hopes, and from different walks in life, losing sight for the time being of all their private duties, and meeting about an open grave in the interests of virtue, valor, patriotism and practical Christianity. Republics may be ungrateful, but in time, benevolence, patriotism, and Christian faith receive full recognition. As I have thought of the services in which we are now engaged, I have said to myself, how true it is that history is constantly repeating itself. To-day some of the grandest monuments that dot the earth, and whose tapering shafts point heavenward, betokening a future glory, and another life, were erected decades of years, and in some cases even centuries after the decease of those who sleep at their base. So here, after many, many years, Isaac Paris finds an honored recognition among these familiar hills, and his remains are to sleep in yonder grave, surrounded by the fields he fought to free. Time conceals, and it may even dissolve the lesser virtues of our humanity, but it can not corrode love of country, nor can it destroy the open hand of charity, still less the energies and memories of an humble Christian. A man may be an honored patriot without any defined religion, but a patriot in whose soul pure and undefiled religion dwells, and which is constantly filling it with its holy incense, as was the inner temple of old, that is the man whom mankind loves, and whom every nation delights to honor. And from what has been said in our presence to-day, such was he about whose remains we are now assembled.

Indeed, my friends, as I have been watching the scenes which the last hour has been unfolding, my thoughts took me beyond Marathon, of which Professor North spoke; yes, far beyond the dark blue waters of the *Ægean*; in imagination, I passed away down into the Land of the Sun, and thought of the occasion when the children and the children's children, not of Isaac, but of good old Jacob met together to carry home the remains of the patriarch, and to lay them beside the dust of Abraham and Sarah in the rock-hewn sepulchre at Machpelah. And I said to myself, in some respects, how similar! Honored dust is precious, and our fathers should sleep near the homes of their children. And memory brought to me still another scene. Some years ago had you and I been strolling through one of the southern counties of our State, on a certain day, we might have seen the few friends of a patriot gathering up his crumbled form, and having placed it in a box, sending it across the waves of the broad Atlantic. Yes; and had we followed the same, we would have witnessed its surrender to a certain English lord; had we followed it still further, we would have seen it entrusted to a servant—till now, we are assured, no one can say—here, there—lie the remains of Thomas Paine. How true it is, may I say again, that a genuine patriotism, perfumed and tinted with pure religion, invests one with a glory that never will be forgotten, and rescues his dust from a grave which otherwise might have become unknown. As we recall the name of the author of the "Age of Reason" and that of Isaac Paris, how different their history! Of the one it is quite true "no man knoweth of his sepulchre," while of the other we can declare with great emphasis, his "sepulchre is with us unto this day."

But without following out these impromptu thoughts, what has especially endeared the name of Colonel Paris to this community was, as we have been informed, his interest in our common Chris-

tianity. Here, he assumed many burdens, but he carried them all with uncomplaining fortitude. He knew the value of an organized faith, and labored zealously for its extension. He was among the first, and at an early period, the most liberal subscriber for the building and support of a Reformed church in this portion of the State. Nor should we ever forget the sufferings and dangers which, even in his time, were connected with Christianity, and the difficulties under which it labored for extension. To the credit of the early explorers of our State, as the brave and pious Samuel Champlain, be it said, missions engaged their thoughts, as well as the knowledge and acquisition of territory. Through his immediate instrumentality the Indians to the north and west of us came to know the Christian religion, and to covet its instructions. But the same cruelties which the soldier met in this valley, the missionary also was called upon to bear. In fact, such were the dangers and the severities practiced that this very part of our State came to be known as the "Mission of the Martyrs," from the number of missionaries slain in the prosecution of their work. Hear good old Father Joques, as he bids his associates farewell to begin a tour from the valley of Onondaga, through the very fields nigh unto us: "Ibo, nec redibo:" I shall go but shall not return. Nor did he; as he was about entering a certain wigwam, a chief cleft him with an axe, and after decapitating him, impaled his body on a stump, to be thrown in a few days into the murmuring waters of the Mohawk. On the east our own Mogapolensis labored with similar devotion; and in the end, after united labors, Reformed churches were founded in Schenectady, Schoharie, Montgomery, and in Stone Arabia, to which church the lamented Paris belonged, as early as 1740.

But, my friends, I cannot say to you what I would. Long may the memories of this day survive. Be faithful to your traditions, and imitate those who have gone before you, so long as they imitate Him who spake never as man spake, and who went about doing good. Gather up your history, and see that it is preserved; and may God grant that you may all so live, that in future years your children may speak as well of you as you speak to-day of him whom we are now to commit, amid the sweet strains of martial music, to his final rest.

The procession marched from the church around the green, and returned to the burying ground in rear of the church, where a hollow square was formed about the grave, the Corps standing at present arms. Rev. Dr. Isaac S. Hartley said the burial service. The remains were then lowered, the band playing a dirge.

Irving Paris, of New York, spoke briefly, thanking those present for the respect shown to the deceased and for the beautiful tribute paid to his memory. The family was pleased to have the remains sent here among his friends. He congratulated the people of Paris on the prosperity of their town. He hoped their example would be followed.

A deputation of the Citizens Corps fired three volleys over

the grave. The procession then formed again and marched to the village green, where the Corps formed in line. Lieutenant McQuade, acting as adjutant, read the following general order :

I. The marshal commanding desires to express to the Utica Citizens Corps the thanks of the citizens of the town of Paris, Kirkland and Marshall for their attendance and the kind and noble part taken by them in the memorial services of the day. And the marshal expressly desires to express to the officers and privates alike his appreciation of their courtesy and soldierly conduct and bearing throughout the day.

Paris, October 1, 1880.

I. L. ADDINGTON, Marshal.

The parade was then dismissed, and the members of the Citizens Corps and other visitors were soon on their way homeward.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
CHAPTER I.	
Errors made by previous Historians corrected	9
CHAPTER II.	
The First Settler in the Sauquoit Valley. A Black Slave's Early Home	11
CHAPTER III.	
Southern Paris. The Great Water-shed of the State. A View of the Country. The Coal Fields. Disappearing Forests	14
CHAPTER IV.	
Town of Paris as first formed from Whitestown. Isaac Paris. The first Town-meeting. The present town of Paris. First Settlers..	21
CHAPTER V.	
Town of Paris. Population and products. Votes for Governor. Members of Assembly from Paris. Supervisors of the town.....	25
CHAPTER VI.	
Paris Hill, (P. O. Paris.) The first settlement in the Town of Paris. Early History. Pioneers and First Settlers. Major Royce, Colonel Tuttle, Eli Moore, Henry Addington Darius Scovill, Salmon Hecox, Martin Porter, Simmons brothers, Stephen Barrett, Fobes and Jonathan Head, Henry McNeil, Samuel Stiles, Captain Uri Doolittle, Captain Seymour, Jesse Thomson, William Babbitt Doctors Hull, Sampson and Judd, Seth Smith, John Wicks and many others. A Bear Hunt. The great Wolf Hunt. Another wild animal killed on Beaver creek. St. Paul's Church (Episcopal,) Organization and Early History of, Memorial Inscriptions, Obituaries from the Press. Paris Religious Society, (Congregational,) Early History. Rev. Eliphalet Steele. Good Templars, Paris Lodge. Early Recollections of Paris Hill, by Hon. Lorenzo Rouse,	30
CHAPTER VII.	
Three young Paris Pioneers. Asa Shepard, John and Sylvester Butler, Lemuel Shepard, George Macomber and others. A Bear Hunt. The Butlers. Historical Tree. Present owners of Farms in the town	60
CHAPTER VIII.	
Settling Sauquoit. Theodore Gilbert, the Valley Pioneer. The Gilberts and Marshes. Killing a Panther. Charcoal burning. A Wolf Hunt. The Cemetery	68
CHAPTER IX.	
Glen and Lake. Some of the Curious Formations in Oneida County. Cascades and Moss-covered Lakes. How Indians travel. How Deacon Simeon Coe built on the Hill-top. The old Indian Trail..	80
CHAPTER X.	
Baxter Gage. The champion Chopper of the Sauquoit Valley. A Reminiscence of a Sturdy Pioneer	90

CHAPTER XI.

- Captain Abner Bacon and Hon. David Ostrom. Revolutionary Soldiers and Pioneers of West Sauquoit. Bacon Genealogy..... 96

CHAPTER XII.

- Lieutenant Spencer Briggs. One of the Pioneers of East Sauquoit living in the Valley when it was a dense Wilderness. Desperate encounters with Bears and Panthers..... 105

CHAPTER XIII.

- Sauquoit the second Settlement in the town of Paris. Early History. Anecdotes, &c. The First Store in Sauquoit. Distilleries. Old-time Merchants, Landlords, Manufacturers, Physicians and Schoolmasters..... 111

CHAPTER XIV.

- Moses Campbell and other Pioneers. Elkanah Hewitt, Howe Nichols, Jonathan King, Dr. Isaac Farwell, Daniel Cloyce, John Birdseye, David Dunham. Anecdotes of Early Settlers. Camp Parmelee. Ensign Josiah Hull. Hobart Graves. Morris Maltby. Elisha Wetmore, a Pioneer of the Dry Lots. Hiram Gilbert and brothers. 132

CHAPTER XV.

- History of the Methodist Church at East Sauquoit. Deed of the ground by Lieutenant Spencer Briggs. Laying of the corner stone by Father Kirtland Griffin, List of the old Members, Ministers and Presiding Elders. Biography of Elder Zachariah Paddock, D. D., and Obituaries of Rev. Isaac Foster and Samuel Wadsworth..... 145

CHAPTER XVI.

- An interesting Educational Reminiscence. The Old Methodist Church. Detailed account of the Founding of the Sauquoit Academy thirty-four years ago, and its History down to the present time.... 154

CHAPTER XVII.

- History of the Presbyterian Church of West Sauquoit, by Rev. B. F. Willoughby, the present Pastor 166

CHAPTER XVIII.

- The Sauquoit Valley. Masonic. Early History of the Order in the Sauquoit Valley. An Interesting Masonic Reminiscence. Old Amicable Lodge; Federal Lodge; Paris Lodge; Sauquoit Lodge; Amicable Lodge. Lines by Rev. Mr. Magill,..... 185

CHAPTER XIX.

- Soldiers of the Revolutionary War, 1775-82. The Roll of Honor. Forty-two Revolutionary Soldiers from the town of Paris. Sergeant Richard Risley, Ephraim Warren, Captain John Mosher, David Bishop, Captain John Strong, James Barnett, Ephraim Walker. Anecdotes and Incidents. Elijah Davis, Captain Uri Doolittle, 'Squire Asahel Curtiss, Josiah Mosher, Kirtland Griffin, Benjamin Merrill, Deacon David Curtiss 214

CHAPTER XX.

- Veterans of the War of 1812. The Roll of Honor. Four Survivors. Dr. L. Bishop, John King, Captain Asahel Dexter, Prof. Charles Avery. Seventeen who have passed away. Muster Roll of Captain Zachariah P. Townsend's Company. Manner of Drafting.... 232

CHAPTER XXI.

- "Boys in Blue" in the Great Rebellion of 1861-65. The Roll of Honor. Record of Soldiers and Officers from town of Paris. Drafted men and their Substitutes. Foreign enlistments to the credit of the Town of Paris. Recapitulation. Saving the day at Gettysburg by the 140th (Monroe Co.) and the 146th (5th Oneida) Regiments. Sauquoit Boys to the Front. Magnificent record of the 117th (4th Oneida) Regiment. Distinction won by the Clayville Boys. General Hiram C. Rogers. A Sauquoit Boy's Record in the Great Rebellion 236

CHAPTER XXII.

- Old People of Sauquoit.... 256

CHAPTER XXIII.

- Uncle Henry's Wagon Wheel..... 257

CHAPTER XXIV.

- Sauquoit Good Templars and Grange. Saghdaquada Lodge, No. 269, I. O. of G. T. Charter Members. First Worthy Chiefs. Grange Society, No. 415. Charter Members and others... 263

CHAPTER XXV.

- Holman City (Log City.) The Third settlement in the Town of Paris. Pioneers and Early Settlers. Seth Leonard Cutler, Lenthil Eells, David Holman, Horace Rice, Sampson Johnson, Tunis Le Roy, Inventor of the Power Drill. The Great Snow Storm. Tragedy near Babcock Hill 264

CHAPTER XXVI.

- Clayville (Paris Furnace.) The Fourth Settlement in the Town of Paris. Pioneers and Early Settlers. Mr. Hill, Thomas Spofford, Judge Sweeting, Deacon Joseph Howard, Mr. Scollard. Raising the Tavern. 'Squire Albert Barnett. Colonel Gardner Avery, a Pioneer of the Sauquoit Valley, at Clayville. David J. and Sterling A. Millard, manufacturers of scythes and agricultural implements. Frederick Hollister. The present Empire Woolen Company. Henry Clay visits Clayville. The Religious Societies. St. John's Episcopal Church. Presbyterian Church. St. Patrick's (Catholic) Church. The Methodist Episcopal Church. Odd Fellows Lodge, No. 320. Other Secret Societies, Good Templars. Pettee Post. The Union School. Colonel Bentley. Josiah Booth. Samuel Dexter..... 273

CHAPTER XXVII.

- Cassville (Paris Hollow.) The Fifth Settlement in the Town of Paris. Pioneers and Early Settlers. Amasa Burchard, Elias and Mark Hopkins, Eleazer Kellogg, Nathan Randall, Sion Rhodes, Monroe family, Budlong family, Sweet family, 'Squire Wm. Gallup, Hon. Justus Childs and others. The Stone Road. Josiah W. Bagg. George Smith. Religious Societies. History of the Baptist Church at Cassville, by Rev. Lansing Bailey, a former Pastor of that Church. 309

CHAPTER XXVIII.

- The Sauquoit Creek. Recapitulation of its Industries. Sketches of the Pioneer Manufacturers. Tassel Hill. Dry Brook. Green's Saw Mill. The Cyclone. The Green family. Burdick's Mill. Jones' Saw Mill. Jennings' Grist Mill. S. A. Millard's Scythe Works and Hoe Shop. Upper Mills of the Empire Woolen Co. The Empire

	Page.
Mills. The Farmers' Factory. The Jenks family. Paper Mills. N. W. Moore. Frederic Savage. The Quaker Factory. The Foster family. The Franklin Factory. The Brownell family. David Seaton. Mould brothers' Grist Mill and Saw Mill. Messrs. L. R. Stelle & Sons' Sauquoit Silk Manufacturing Company. The Batting Factory. Asa Tucker. John Greenleaf. The Eagle Mills. John Chadwick. Daniel Blackman's Foundry. Rogers' Machine Shop. Oliver Rogers, Amos Rogers. Pringle's Saw Mill. Eastman's Wagon Shop. Woolen Factory. Hoe and Fork Works. Cotton Factory. McLean's Grist Mill. Knitting Factory. Capron Factory. New York Mills. Wetmore's Grist Mill. Railroad Accident on the Sauquoit Creek	317

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Town of Paris. Memorial Celebration at the Re-Interment of the Remains of Colonel Isaac Paris, Hon. Charles W. Hutchinson's Address. Hon. Lorenzo Rouse's Address. Address by Prof. Edward North. Hon. Theodore W. Dwight's Address. Remarks by Rev. Dr. Hartley. Remarks by Hon. W. J. Bacon. Irving Paris' Remarks at the Grave,	378
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